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THE GUARDIAN.

N° 116. FRIDAY, JULY 24.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius—— HOR. *Sat.* 10. *l.* 1. *v.* 14.

A jeſt in ſcorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the moroſeſt ſatire's ſting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to ſee removed; but at the ſame time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic diſcourſe, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a pariſh, where the top-woman of it uſed always to appear with a patch upon ſome part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almoſt a twelvemonth; but inſtead of fetching out the ſpot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parſon Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Top-knot, for reaſons of the ſame nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's uſurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and ſhowing the vanity of thoſe outward ornaments in which the ſex ſo much delights. I have heard a whole ſermon againſt a white-waſh; and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The

clergy of the preſent age are not tranſported with theſe indiſcreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is ſevere upon ſubjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than ſerioufneſs. For this reaſon I look upon myſelf to be of great uſe to theſe good men: while they are employed in extirpating mortal ſins, and crimes of a higher nature, I ſhould be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial tranſgreſſions. While the Doctor is curing diſtempers, that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry-Andrew has his ſeparate packet for the megrims and toothache.

Thus much I thought fit to premiſe before I reſume the ſubject which I have already handled; I mean the naked boſoms of our Britiſh Ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I ſtill beg that they will be covered. I ſhall here preſent them with a letter on that particular, as it was yeſterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows:

'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginneſt to have a glimmering of the light in thee: We ſhall pray for thee, that thou mayeſt be more and more enlightened. Thou giveſt good advice to the women of this world, to clothe themſelves like unto our friends, and not to expoſe their fleſhly temptations, for it is againſt the record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the ſink of Babylon; for the ſcarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

"Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is publiſhed "here, forbidding women of whatſoever quality, to "go with naked breaſts; and the prieſts are ordered "not

" not to admit the tranſgreſſors of this law to con-
" feſſion, nor to communion; neither are they to en-
" ter the cathedrals under ſevere penalties."

'These lines are faithfully copied from the night-
'ly paper, with this title written over it, " The
" Evening-Poſt, from Saturday July the eighteenth,
" to Tueſday July the twenty-firſt."

'Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this diſtance, we
'hope the fooliſh women in thy own country will
'liſten to thy admonitions. Otherwiſe thou art de-
"ſired to make him ſtill roar, till all the beaſts of
'the foreſt ſhall tremble. I muſt again repeat unto
'thee, friend Neſtor, the whole brotherhood have
'great hopes of thee, and expect to ſee thee ſo in-
'ſpired with the light, as thou mayeſt ſpeedily be-
'come a great preacher of the word. I wiſh it
'heartily.

'Thine,

'in every thing that is praiſe-worthy,

'Tom's coffee-houſe, in Birchen-
'lane, the 23d day of the month
'called July.

'TOM TREMBLE.'

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I ſhould have the ſame thought much about the ſame time. My enemies will be apt to ſay, that we hold a correſpondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I ſhall not be aſhamed to join with his Holineſs in thoſe particulars which are indifferent between us, eſpecially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the ſame age, and conſider this faſhion in the ſame view. I hope that it will not be able to reſiſt his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take an occaſion from hence, to ſhow their zeal for the proteſtant religion, and pretend to expoſe their naked boſoms, only in oppoſition to popery.

N° 117. SATURDAY, JULY 25.

Cura pii diis ſunt—— OVID. *Met. l.* 8. *v.* 724.

The good are heav'n's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing, riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe; and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime, in four verſes from the Athalia of Monſieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to Joab the high-prieſt, that the queen was incenſed againſt him, the high-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des mechans arreter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte.

"He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo "how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſub- "mit myſelf with reverence to his holy will. O Ab- "ner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him." Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs

neſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man: it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon; it diſarms the tyrant and executioner, and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution, very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omniopent? a Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? a Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments; but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him; but he may reſt ſatisfied, that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition, whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch, to him who has human

nature

nature under his care; in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has made himſelf, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have incloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan hiſtory which more pleaſes me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his houſe a private chapel, in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed by the deity, whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of, in ſeveral occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one, which I ſhall relate out of Plutarch.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at Timoleon's feet, and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger, upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination; but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the abovementioned purpoſe. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occaſion,

occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of providence; which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould, for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, until, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind; or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance, as I have here related.

N° 118. MONDAY, JULY 27.

——Largitor ingenî
Venter—— PERS. *Prol. v.* 10.

Witty want. DRYDEN.

I AM very well pleaſed to find that my lion has given ſuch univerſal content to all that have ſeen him. He has had a greater number of viſitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morſels.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

'Mr. GUARDIAN,

'I AM a daily peruſer of your papers. I have read 'over and over your diſcourſe concerning the 'Tucker; as likewiſe your paper of Thurſday the '16th inſtant, in which you ſay it is your intention 'to keep a watchful eye over every part of the fe'male ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now,

'Now, Sir, being by profeſſion a mantua-maker, 'who am employed by the moſt faſhionable ladies a-'bout town, I am admitted to them freely at all 'hours; and ſeeing them both dreſſed and undreſſed, 'I think there is no perſon better qualified than my-'ſelf to ſerve you (if your honour pleaſes) in the na-'ture of a Lioneſs. I am in the whole ſecret of their 'faſhion, and if you think fit to entertain me in this 'character, I will have a conſtant watch over them, 'and doubt not I ſhall ſend you, from time to time, 'ſuch private intelligence as you will find of uſe to 'you in your future papers.

'Sir, this being a new propoſal, I hope you will 'not let me loſe the benefit of it; but that you will 'firſt hear me roar before you treat with any body 'elſe. As a ſample of my intended ſervices, I give 'you this timely notice of an improvement you will 'ſhortly ſee in the expoſing of the female cheſt, which, 'in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncover-'ed yet more and more; ſo that, to tell you truly, 'Mr. IRONSIDE, I am in ſome fear, leſt my profeſſion 'ſhould in a little time, become wholly unneceſſary. 'I muſt here explain to you a ſmall covering, if I 'may call it ſo, or rather an ornament for the neck, 'which you have not yet taken notice of. This con-'ſiſts of a narrow lace, or a ſmall ſkirt of fine ruffled 'linen, which runs along the upper part of the ſtays 'before, and croſſes the breaſts, without riſing to the 'ſhoulders; and being as it were a part of the tuck-'er, yet kept in uſe, is therefore by a particular name 'called the Modeſty-piece. Now, Sir, what I have 'to communicate to you at preſent is, that at a late 'meeting of the ſtripping ladies, in which were pre-'ſent ſeveral eminent toaſts and beauties, it was re-'ſolved for the future, to lay the modeſty-piece whol-'ly aſide. It is intended at the ſame time to lower 'the ſtays conſiderably before; and nothing but the 'unſettled weather has hindered this deſign from be-

'ing

'ing already put in execution. Some few indeed 'objected to this laſt improvement, but were over-'ruled by the reſt, who alledged it was their inten-'tion, as they ingeniouſly expreſſed it, to level 'their breaſt-works intirely, and to truſt to no de-'fence but their own virtue.

'I am, SIR,

'(if you pleaſe) your ſecret ſervant,

'LEONILLA FIGLEAF.'

'Dear SIR,

'AS by name and duty bound, I yeſterday brought 'in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but 'by the forwardneſs of his paws he ſeemed ready to 'put it into his own mouth, which does not enough 'reſemble its prototypes, whoſe throats are open ſe-'pulchres. I aſſure you, Sir, unleſs he gapes wider, 'he will ſooner be felt than heard. Witneſs my 'hand,

'JACKALL.'

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

'Sage NESTOR,

'LIONS being eſteemed by naturaliſts the moſt 'generous of beaſts, the noble and majeſtic ap-'pearance they make in poetry, wherein they ſo often 'repreſent the hero himſelf, made me always think 'that name very ill applied to a profligate ſet of men, 'at preſent going about ſeeking whom to devour. 'And though I cannot but acquieſce in your account 'of the derivation of that title to them, it is with 'great ſatisfaction I hear you are about to reſtore 'them to their former dignity, by producing one of 'that ſpecies, ſo public-ſpirited, as to roar for refor-'mation of manners. "I will roar,' (ſays the clown

'in

'in Shakeſpeare) 'that it will do any man's heart "good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make "the Duke ſay, Let him roar again, let him roar "again." Such ſucceſs, and ſuch applauſe, I do not 'queſtion but your lion will meet with, whilſt, like 'that of Samſon, his ſtrength ſhall bring forth ſweet-'neſs, and his entrails abound with honey.

'At the ſame time that I congratulate with the 'republic of beaſts, upon this honour done to their 'king, I muſt condole with us poor mortals, who by 'diſtance of place, are rendered incapable of paying 'our reſpects to him, with the ſame aſſiduity as thoſe 'who are uſhered into his preſence by the diſcreet 'Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironſide, I 'am become a ſuitor to you, to conſtitute an out-'riding lion, or, if you pleaſe, a Jackall or two, to 'receive and remit our homage in a more particular 'manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our 'tenders of duty every now and then miſcarry by 'the way; at leaſt, the natural ſelf-love that makes 'us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us, 'worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe ſo. Me-'thinks it were likewiſe neceſſary to ſpecify, by what 'means a preſent from a fair hand may reach his 'brindled majeſty; the place of his reſidence being 'very unfit for a lady's perſonal appearance.

'I am your moſt conſtant reader,

'and admirer,

'N. R.'

'Dear Nestor,

'IT is a well known proverb in a certain part of 'this kingdom, 'Love me, love my dog;' and 'I hope you will take it as a mark of my reſpect 'for your perſon, that I here bring a bit for your 'lion.' * * * *

What follows being ſecret hiſtory, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publiſh his private intelligence.

N° 119. TUESDAY, JULY 28.

——*Poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ*
Sit mihi—— HOR. *Sat.* 4. *l.* 1. *v.* 141.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call. CREECH.

THERE is nothing which more ſhows the want of taſte and diſcernment in a writer, than the decrying of any author in groſs; eſpecially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in ſeveral ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undiſtinguiſhing critics. Becauſe Homer, and Virgil, and Sophocles, have been commended by the learned of all times, every ſcribbler, who has no reliſh of their beauties, gives himſelf an air of rapture when he ſpeaks of them. But as he praiſes theſe he knows not why, there are others whom he depretiates with the ſame vehemence, and upon the ſame account. We may ſee after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publiſh, in this paper, a continuation of that PROLUSION which was the ſubject of the laſt Thurſday. I ſhall therefore give my reader a ſhort account in proſe, of every poem which was produced in the learned aſſembly there deſcribed; and if he is thoroughly converſant in the works of theſe ancient authors, he will ſee with how much judgment every ſubject is adapted to the poet who makes uſe of it; and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characteriſed in the cenſure that is paſſed upon it.

it. Lucan's repreſentative was the firſt who recited before that auguſt aſſembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the ſame time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonſo was the governor of a town inveſted by the Moors. During the blockade, they made his only ſon their priſoner, whom they brought before the walls, and expoſed to his father's ſight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred ſons, he would rather ſee them all periſh, than do an ill action, or betray his country. But, ſays he, if you take a pleaſure in deſtroying the innocent, you may do it if you pleaſe: behold a ſword for your purpoſe. Upon which he threw his ſword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at ſuch a juncture, to ſit down to the repaſt, which was prepared for him. He was ſoon raiſed by the ſhoots of the enemy, and the cries of the beſieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he ſaw his ſon lying in the pangs of death; but, far from betraying any weakneſs at ſuch a ſpectacle, he upbraids his friends for their ſorrow, and returns to finiſh his repaſt.

Upon the recital of this ſtory, which is exquiſitely drawn up in Lucan's ſpirit and language, the whole aſſembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confuſed murmur. The poem was praiſed or cenſured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or diſadvantage of the author. Theſe were ſo very great, that ſome had placed him in their opinions above the higheſt, and others beneath the loweſt of the Latin poets. Moſt of them however agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time, too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art, and that his ſtyle was like his genius,

genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal, too tragical and bluſtering. In a word, that he choſe rather a great than a juſt reputation; to which they added, that he was the firſt of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The repreſentative of Lucretius told the aſſembly, that they ſhould ſoon be ſenſible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a ſtranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his ſubject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a ſpeculation of one of my predeceſſors.

Strada, in the perſon of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadſtone, which had ſuch a virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe needles, make a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner, that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were ſome hundred miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making

a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence, to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetic needle moving of itſelf to every letter, which that of his correſpondent pointed at: by this means they talked together acroſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities, or mountains, ſeas or deſarts.

The whole audience were pleaſed with the artifice of the poet who repreſented Lucretius, obſerving very well how he had laid aſleep their attention to the ſimplicity of his ſtyle in ſome verſes, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his ſubject, and to the experiment which he related. Without ſuch an artifice, they were of opinion, that nothing would have ſounded more harſh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain, that the more learned part of the aſſembly were quite of another mind. Theſe allowed, that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching ſomething; that no other ſtyle was ſo proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleaſure to thoſe who had a true reliſh for the Roman tongue. They added farther, that if Lucretius had not been embarraſſed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian ſucceeded Lucretius, having choſen for his ſubject the famous conteſt between the Nightingale and the Lutaniſt, which every one is acquainted with, eſpecially ſince Mr. Philips has ſo finely improved that hint in one of his paſtorals.

He had no ſooner finiſhed, but the aſſembly rung with acclamations made in his praiſe. His firſt beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearneſs and perſpicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the

ſmoothneſs

ſmoothneſs of his verſe, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of thoſe eliſions and cuttings off ſo frequent in the works of other poets. There were ſeveral however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infuſion of foreign phraſes with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and ſpoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and ſatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewiſe added, a frequent and unſeaſonable affectation of appearing ſonorous and ſublime.

The ſequel of this PROLUSION ſhall be the work of another day.

Nº 120. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

—Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote. MILTON.

A Bit for the LION.

'SIR,

'AS ſoon as you have ſet up your Unicorn, 'there is no queſtion but the ladies will make 'him puſh very furiouſly at the *men*; for which 'reaſon, I think it is good to be beforehand with 'them, and make the Lion roar aloud at *female* ir'regularities. Among theſe, I wonder how their 'gaming has ſo long eſcaped your notice. You 'who converſe with the ſober family of the Lizards, 'are perhaps a ſtranger to theſe viragos. But what 'would you ſay, ſhould you ſee the Sparkler ſhak'ing her elbow for a whole night together, and

'thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would 'you like to hear the good widow-lady herſelf re- 'turning to her houſe at midnight, and alarming 'the whole ſtreet with a moſt enormous rap, after 'having ſat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? 'Sir, I am the huſband of one of theſe female game- 'ſters, and a great loſer by it both in my reſt and 'my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one 'upon this ſubject might be of uſe both to her, and

'Your humble ſervant.'

I ſhould ill deſerve the name of GUARDIAN, did I not caution all my fair wards againſt a practice which, when it runs to exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill conſequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I ſhall conſider them, firſt, as they relate to the *mind*; ſecondly, as they relate to the *body*.

Could we look into the mind of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her ſlumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards; and no ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch an uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior being think, were he ſhown this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told, that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips

pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their paſſions ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent break out all at once in a fair aſſembly upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card? Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives: when I behold the face of an angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make, that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her huſband. My friend Theophraſtus, the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep, if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. "When ſhe returns to me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe, ſays he, from the ſight of her huſband, but from the good luck ſhe has had at cards. On the contrary, ſays he, if ſhe has been a loſer, I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, diſpleaſed with all I can do or ſay; and in reality, for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my eſtate." What charming bed-fellows and companions for life, are men likely

to

to meet with, that chuſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come, in the next place, to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered, that almoſt every thing which corrupts the ſoul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now, there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair, at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: The huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to conſider the conſequences.

N° 121. THURSDAY, JULY 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iraque leonum. VIRG. *Æn.* 7. *v* 15.

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

ROARINGS of the LION.

'Old NESTOR,

'EVER since the first notice you gave of the 'erection of that useful monument of yours 'in Button's coffeehouse, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London Prentice, 'and boldly venture my hand down the throat of 'your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation 'of a club whereof I am a member, and which has 'made a considerable noise of late; I mean the Si'lent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, 'the number of members twelve, and the place of 'our meeting is Dumb's Alley in Holborn. We 'look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Py'thagoreans, and have this maxim in common with 'them, which is the foundation of our design, That "talking spoils company." The president of our 'society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and 'owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of 'us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, 'that the greater part of us are married men, and 'such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. 'Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the 'two greatest and most valuable blessings, company 'and retirement. When that eminent relation of 'yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, 'and gave us that remarkable account of his silence

'(for

'(for you muſt know, though we do not read, yet 'we inſpect all ſuch uſeful eſſays) we ſeemed un-'animous to invite him to partake our ſecrecy. But 'it was unluckily objected, that he had juſt then 'publiſhed a diſcourſe of his at his own club, and 'had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, 'which we expected from a man of his underſtanding. 'You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this 'debate; but it will be eaſily accounted for, when 'I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as 'infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other 'mens tongues are; yet even this mechanic elo-'quence is only allowed upon the weightieſt occa-'ſions. We admire the wiſe inſtitutions of the 'Turks, and other eaſtern nations, where all com-'mands are performed by officious mutes; and we 'wonder that the polite courts of Chriſtendom ſhould 'come ſo far ſhort of the majeſty of barbarians. 'Ben Johnſon has gained an eternal reputation a-'mong us by his play called The Silent woman. 'Every member here is another Moroſe while the 'club is ſitting; but at home, may talk as much, 'and as faſt as his family-occaſions require, without 'breach of ſtatute. The advantages we find from 'this quaker-like aſſembly are many. We conſider, 'that the underſtanding of man is liable to miſtakes, 'and his will fond of contradictions: that diſputes, 'which are of no weight in themſelves, are often 'very conſiderable in their effects. The diſuſe of 'the tongue is the only effectual remedy againſt theſe. 'All party concerns, all private ſcandal, all inſults 'over another man's weaker reaſons, muſt there be 'loſt, where no diſputes ariſe. Another advantage 'which follows from the firſt (and which is very 'rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the 'ſame level in converſation. A wag of my acquain-'tance uſed to add a third, *viz.* That if ever we do 'debate, we are ſure to have all our arguments at

'our

'our fingers ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we 'are moſt enamoured with that excellent paſſage, 'where he mentions Ajax's ſilence as one of the 'nobleſt inſtances of the ſublime; and (if you will 'allow me to be free with a nameſake of yours) I 'ſhould think that the everlaſting ſtory-teller, Neſt-'or, had he been likened to the aſs inſtead of our 'hero, he had ſuffered leſs by the compariſon.

'I have already deſcribed the practice and ſenti-'ments of this ſociety, and ſhall but barely men-'tion the report of the neighbourhood, that we are 'not only as mute as fiſhes, but that we drink like 'fiſhes too; that we are like the Welchman's owl, 'though we do not ſing, we pay it off with think-'ing. Others take us for an aſſembly of diſaffected 'perſons; nay, their zeal to the government has 'carried them ſo far as to ſend laſt week a party of 'conſtables to ſurprize us. You may eaſily ima-'gine how exactly we repreſented the Roman ſena-'tors of old, ſitting with majeſtic ſilence, and un-'daunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. 'If you approve of our undertaking, you need not 'declare it to the world; your ſilence ſhall be inter-'preted as conſent given to the honourable body of 'mutes, and in particular to

'Your humble ſervant,

'Ned Mum.'

P. S. 'We have had but one word ſpoken ſince 'the foundation, for which the member was expel-'led by the old Roman cuſtom of bending back the 'thumb. He had juſt received the news of the bat-'tle of Hockſtet, and being too impatient to com-'municate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into 'a *lapſus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of 'the Roman Manlius; and though we approved of

'the

'the cauſe of his error as juſt, we condemned the 'effect as a manifeſt violation of his duty.'

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared ſo well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correſpondent, like Shakeſpear's Lion in Pyramus and Thiſbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

'Mr. IRONSIDE, July 28. 1713.

'I WAS afraid at firſt you were only in jeſt, and 'had a mind to expoſe our nakedneſs for the 'diverſion of the town; but ſince I ſee that you 'are in good earneſt, and have infallibility of your 'ſide, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you 'for the care you take of us, having a friend who 'has promiſed me to give my letters to the lion, un-'til we can communicate our thoughts to you 'through our own proper vehicle. Now you muſt 'know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to 'ſuppreſs this exorbitant growth of the female cheſt, 'all that is left of my waiſt muſt inevitably periſh. 'It is at this time reduced to the depth of four 'inches, by what I have already made over to my 'neck. But if the ſtripping deſign mentioned by 'Mrs. Figleaf yeſterday, ſhould take effect, Sir, 'I dread to think what it will come to. In ſhort, 'there is no help for it, my girdle and all muſt go. 'This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity 'on me then, my dear GUARDIAN, and preſerve me 'from being ſo inhumanly expoſed. I do aſſure 'you, that I follow your precepts as much as a 'young woman can, who will live in the world with-'out being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat; 'and when I am a matron, will wear broad tuckers 'whether you ſucceed or no. If the flying pro-'ject takes, I intend to be the laſt in wings, being

'reſolved

'resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

'Your most obedient ward.'

N° 122. FRIDAY, JULY 31.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa.
HOR. *Ep.* I. *l.* 2. *v.* 248.

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble. POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show, at least, how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

The Sequel of STRADA's Prolusion.

The poet who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone, which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

As I was ſitting by a well (ſays he) when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father faſtening a certain ſtone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no ſooner touched the ſurface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in ſuch a manner, that he drew it out like a fiſh. My father ſeeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing ſtones over their heads, the men who roſe from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the ſtones fell. Thoſe which fell in the fields became ploughmen and ſhepherds. Thoſe which fell into the water produced ſailors and fiſhermen. Thoſe that fell among the woods and foreſts, gave birth to huntſmen. Among the reſt, there were ſeveral that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and ſilver in them. This laſt race of men immediately betook themſelves to the ſearch of theſe precious metals; but Nature being diſpleaſed to ſee herſelf ranſacked, withdrew theſe her treaſures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man however perſiſted in its former purſuits, and ranſacked her inmoſt bowels in queſt of the riches which they contained. Nature ſeeing herſelf thus plundered by a ſwarm of miners, was ſo highly incenſed, that ſhe ſhook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood of theſe deep mines, broke out at the ſame time with great fury, burning up the whole maſs of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into ſtone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines, were converted into thoſe common loadſtones which attract that metal. Thoſe which were in ſearch of gold became chryſo-magnets, and ſtill keep their former avarice in their preſent ſtate of petrefaction.

Ovid

Ovid had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but the aſſembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were ſo taken with his eaſy way of writing, and had ſo formed their taſtes upon it, that they had no reliſh for any compoſition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deſerved the name of a witty man; but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of thoſe things which coſt no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the laſt place, they all agreed, that the greateſt objection which lay againſt Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have ſucceeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius ſtood up next with a ſwelling and haughty air, and made the following ſtory the ſubject of his poem.

A German and a Portugueſe, when Vienna was beſieged, having had frequent conteſts of rivalry, were preparing for a ſingle duel, when on a ſudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portugueſe conſented to ſacrifice their private reſentments to the public, and to ſee who could ſignalize himſelf moſt upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidſt a whole army of Turks, until his left arm that held the ſhield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo ſtunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portugueſe ſeeing the condition of his rival, very generouſly flew to his ſuccour, diſperſed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while, the German recovered from his trance, and roſe up to the aſſiſtance of the Portu-

gueſe, who a little after had his right arm, which held his ſword, cut off by the blow of a ſabre. He would have loſt his life at the ſame time, by a ſpear which was aimed at his back, had not the German ſlain the perſon who was aiming at him. Theſe two competitors for fame, having received ſuch mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction; and as the one was only able to manage the ſword, and the other a ſhield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portugueſe covered the German, while the German dealt deſtruction among the enemy. At length, finding themſelves faint with loſs of blood, and reſolving to periſh nobly, they advanced to the moſt ſhattered part of the wall, and threw themſelves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the beſiegers.

When Statius ceaſed, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, ſuch as he had received in his lifetime, declaring him the only man who had written in a ſtyle which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others cenſured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expreſſions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombaſt of his expreſſions. There were, however, a few ſelect judges who moderated between both theſe extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his ſtyle much poetical heat and fire, but withal, ſo much ſmoke as ſullied the brightneſs of it. That there was a majeſty in his verſe, but that it was the majeſty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil

Virgil was the laſt of the ancient poets, who produced himſelf upon this occaſion. His ſubject was the ſtory of Theutilla, which being ſo near that of Judith in all its circumſtances, and at the ſame time tranſlated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miſcellanies, I ſhall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole aſſembly declared the works of this great poet a ſubject rather for their admiration than for their applauſe; and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be aſcribed to a deficiency in the art itſelf, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, ſome envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verſes in him which flagged or wanted ſpirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultleſs than beautiful. But theſe injudicious cenſures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not obſerve to my learned reader, that the foregoing ſtory of the German and Portugueſe is almoſt the ſame in every particular with that of the two rival ſoldiers in Cæſar's Commentaries. This PROLUSION ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of thoſe little witticiſms and conceits which have infected the greateſt part of modern poetry.

N° 123. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

——*Hic murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil conſcire ſibi—— HOR. *Ep.* 1. *l.* 1. *v.* 60.

IMITATED.

True, conſcious honour, is to feel no ſin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy ſcreen, and this thy wall of braſs. POPE.

THERE are a ſort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to thoſe in ro-

mance, are perpetually ſeeking adventures to bring virgins into diſtreſs, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure paſs away their lives in theſe criminal purſuits and practices, they ought to conſider that they render themſelves more vile and deſpicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low ſtation his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

" Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
" And plants thee in the faireſt point of light,
" To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous." CATO.

I have often wondered, that theſe deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the ſentiments of virtue and honour, are not reſtrained by compaſſion and humanity. To bring ſorrow, confuſion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and ſtain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a diſhonour that can never be wiped off, are circumſtances, one would think, ſufficient to check the moſt violent paſſion in a heart which has the leaſt tincture of pity and good nature. Would any one purchaſe the gratification of a moment at ſo dear a rate? and entail a laſting miſery on others, for ſuch a tranſient ſatisfaction to himſelf, nay for a ſatisfaction that is ſure, at ſome time or other, to be followed with remorſe? I am led to this ſubject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The laſt of them is, it ſeems, the copy of one ſent by a mother, to one who had abuſed her daughter; and though I cannot juſtify her ſentiments at the latter end of it, they are ſuch as might ariſe in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after ſo great a provocation. I preſent the reader with it as I received it, becauſe I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent ſuffers on ſuch an occaſion.

" SIR,

'SIR, ——ſhire, July 1713.

'THE other day I went into the houſe of one of 'my tenants, whoſe wife was formerly a ſervant 'in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindneſs) 'had her education with my mother from her infan-'cy; ſo that ſhe is of a ſpirit and underſtanding 'greatly ſuperior to thoſe of her own rank. I found 'the poor woman in the utmoſt diſorder of mind and 'attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition 'that looked rather like ſtupidity than grief. She 'leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a 'letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman, 'very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or, in 'plainer words, for debauching country girls; in 'which number is the unfortunate daughter of my 'poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter, 'written by her mother. I have ſent you here a 'copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may 'perhaps furniſh uſeful reflections to many men of 'figure and quality, who indulge themſelves in a 'paſſion, which they poſſeſs but in common with the 'vileſt part of mankind.

"MY LORD,

"LAST night I diſcovered the injury you have "done to my daughter. Heaven knows how "long and piercing a torment that ſhort-lived ſhame-"ful pleaſure of yours muſt bring upon me; upon "me, from whom you never received any offence. "This conſideration alone ſhould have deterred a "noble mind from ſo baſe and ungenerous an act. "But, alas! what is all the grief that muſt be my "ſhare, in compariſon of that, with which you have "requited her by whom you have been obliged? "Loſs of good name, anguiſh of heart, ſhame and "infamy, are what muſt inevitably fall upon her, "unleſs ſhe gets over them by what is much worſe,

"open

" open impudence, profeſſed lewdneſs, and abandon-
" ed proſtitution. Theſe are the returns you have
" made to her, for putting in your power all her
" livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputa-
" tion. O, my Lord, ſhould my ſon have practiſed
" the like on one of your daughters——I know you
" ſwell with indignation at the very mention of it,
" and would think he deſerved a thouſand deaths,
" ſhould he make ſuch an attempt upon the honour
" of your family. It is well, my Lord. And is
" then the honour of your daughter, whom ſtill,
" though it had been violated, you might have main-
" tained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater mo-
" ment to her, than to my daughter hers, whoſe
" only ſuſtenance it was? And muſt my ſon, void of
" all the advantages of a generous education, muſt
" he, I ſay, conſider; and may your Lordſhip be
" excuſed from all reflection? Eternal contumely at-
" tend that guilty title which claims exemption from
" thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prero-
" gative of brutes! Ever curſed be its falſe luſtre,
" which could dazzle my poor daughter to her un-
" doing! Was it for this that the exalted merits and
" godlike virtues of your great anceſtor were ho-
" noured with a coronet, that it might be a pander
" to his poſterity, and confer a privilege of diſho-
" nouring the innocent and defenceleſs? At this rate,
" the laws of rewards ſhould be inverted; and he who
" is generous and good, ſhould be made a beggar and
" a ſlave; that induſtry and honeſt diligence may
" keep his poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve them
" from ruining virgins, and making whole families
" unhappy. Wretchedneſs is now become my ever-
" laſting portion! Your crime, my Lord, will draw
" perdition even upon my head. I may not ſue for
" forgiveneſs of my own failings and miſdeeds, for
" I never can forgive yours, but ſhall curſe you with
" my dying breath; and at the laſt tremendous day,

" ſhall

" ſhall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child,
" and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under
" theſe preſent horrors of mind, I could be content
" to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock-
" reverence, and ſounding in your ears, to your un-
" utterable loathing, the empty title which inſpired
" you with preſumption to tempt, and overawed my
" daughter to comply.

" Thus have I given ſome vent to my ſorrow; nor
" fear I to awaken you to repentance, ſo that your
" ſin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been
" broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has
" been alſo done to me, and the juſt judge will not par-
" don that until I do.

" My Lord,

☞ " your conſcience will help you to my name."

N° 124. Monday, August 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentius?—— Juv. *Sat.* 8. *v.* 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

More Roarings of the Lion.

' Mr. Guardian,

' Before I proceed to make you my propoſals,
' it will be neceſſary to inform you, that an un-
' common ferocity in my countenance, together with
' the remarkable flatneſs of my noſe, and extent of
' my mouth, have long ſince procured me the name
' of Lion in this our univerſity.

' The vaſt emolument that, in all probability,
' will accrue to the public, from the roarings of my
' new-erected likeneſs at Button's, hath made me de-
' ſirous

'ſirous of being as like him in that part of his cha-
'racter, as I am told I already am in all parts of
'my perſon. Wherefore I moſt humbly propoſe to
'you, that (as it is impoſſible for this one Lion to
'roar, either long enough or loud enough againſt all
'things that are roar-worthy in theſe realms) you
'would appoint him a ſub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciæ*,
'in every county in Great-Britain; and it is my re-
'queſt, that I may be inſtituted his under-roarer in
'this univerſity, town and county of Cambridge,
'as my reſemblance does, in ſome meaſure, claim
'that I ſhould.

'I ſhall follow my metropolitan's example, in roar-
'ing only againſt thoſe enormities that are too ſlight
'and trivial for the notice or cenſures of our magiſ-
'trates; and ſhall communicate my roarings to him
'monthly, or oftener, if occaſion requires, to be in-
'ſerted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

'I ſhall not omit giving informations of the im-
'provement or decay of punning, and may chance
'to touch upon the riſe and fall of tuckers; but I
'will roar aloud, and ſpare not, to the terror of, at
'preſent, a very flouriſhing ſociety of people called
'Loungers, gentlemen whoſe obſervations are moſt-
'ly itinerant, and who think they have already too
'much good ſenſe of their own, to be in need of
'ſtaying at home to read other people's.

'I have, Sir, a Raven, that ſhall ſerve by way of
'Jackall, to bring me in proviſions, which I ſhall
'chaw and prepare for the digeſtion of my prin-
'cipal; and I do hereby give notice, to all under my
'juriſdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute
'to this good deſign, if they will affix their infor-
'mation to the leg or neck of the aforeſaid raven or
'Jackall, they will be thankfully received by their
'(but more particularly

'From my den at —— College in Cambridge, July 29.

'Your) humble ſervant,
'LEO the Second.

'*N. B.* The Raven will not bite.'

'Mr.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not queſtioning but his horn will prove a *cornucopiæ* to you, I deſire that, in order to introduce it, you will conſider the following propoſal.

'My wife and I intend a diſſertation upon horns; the province ſhe has choſen, is, the planting of them; and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, *&c.* The work is like to ſwell ſo much upon our hands, that I am afraid we ſhall not be able to bear the charge of printing it without a ſubſcription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and deſire thoſe who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural hiſtory, to communicate it to

'SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'HUMPHRY BINICORN.'

'SIR,

'I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a ſong into your Lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any Nightingale. It has fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our Engliſh lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all thoſe who admire the tranſlations of Italian Operas.

I.

'Oh the charming month of May!
'Oh the charming month of May!
'When the breezes fan the treeſes
'Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay——
'Full, *&c.*

II.

'Oh what joys our proſpects yield!
'Charming joys our proſpects yield!
'In a new livery when we ſee every
'Buſh and meadow, tree and field——
'Buſh, *&c.*

'Oh

III.

'Oh how freſh the morning air!
'Charming freſh the morning air!
'When the zephyrs and the heifers
'Their odoriferous breath compare——
'Their, &c.

IV.

'Oh how fine our evening walk!
'Charming fine our evening walk!
'When the nightingale delighting,
'With her ſong ſuſpends our talk——
'With her, &c.

V.

'Oh how ſweet at night to dream!
'Charming ſweet at night to dream!
'On moſſy pillows, by the trilloes
'Of a gentle purling ſtream——
'Of a, &c.

VI.

'Oh how kind the country laſs!
'Charming kind the country laſs!
'Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
'For a green gown on the graſs——
'For a, &c.

VII.

'Oh how ſweet it is to ſpy!
'Charming ſweet it is to ſpy!
'At the concluſion, her confuſion,
'Bluſhing cheeks, and down-caſt eye——
'Bluſhing, &c.

VIII.

'Oh the cooling curds and cream!
'Charming cooling curds and cream!
'When all is over, ſhe gives her lover,
'Who on her ſkimming-diſh carves her name——
'Who on, &c.'

'Mr. IRONSIDE, July 30.

'I HAVE always been very much pleaſed with the 'ſight of thoſe creatures, which, being of a fo-'reign growth, are brought into our iſland for ſhow. 'I may ſay, there has not been a tyger, leopard, e-

'lephant, or hyghgeen, for ſome years paſt, in this 'nation, but I have taken their particular dimenſions, 'and am able to give a very good deſcription of them. 'But I muſt own, I never had a greater curioſity to 'viſit any of theſe ſtrangers than your Lion. Ac-'cordingly I came yeſterday to town, being able to 'wait no longer for fair weather, and made what 'haſte I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conduct-'ed me to his den of ſtate. He is really a creature 'of as noble a preſence as I have ſeen; he has gran-'deur and good-humour in his countenance, which 'command both our love and reſpect; his ſhaggy 'mane and whiſkers are peculiar graces. In ſhort, I 'do not queſtion but he will prove a worthy ſup-'porter of the Britiſh honour and virtue, eſpecially 'when aſſiſted by the Unicorn. You muſt think I 'would not wait upon him without a morſel to gain 'his favour, and had provided what I thought would 'have pleaſed, but was unluckily prevented by the 'preſence of a bear, which conſtantly, as I approach-'ed with my preſent, threw his eyes in my way, and 'ſtared me out of my reſolution. I muſt not forget 'to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is 'at hard work about her tucker, having never from 'her infancy laid aſide the modeſty-piece.

'I am,

'Venerable NESTOR,

'Your friend and ſervant,

'P. N.'

'I was a little ſurpriſed, having read ſome of your 'Lion's Roarings, that a creature of ſuch eloquence 'ſhould want a tongue; but he has other qualifica-'tions which make good that deficiency.'

N° 125. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.

——*Nunc formoſiſſimus annus.* VIRG. *Ecl.* 3. *v.* 57.

Now the gay year in all her charms is dreſt.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleaſure from fine weather, than from any other ſenſual enjoyment of life. In ſpite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy ſky; and taſte no luxury like a blue firmament and ſun-ſhine. I have often, in a ſplenetic fit, wiſhed myſelf a dormouſe, during the winter; and I never ſee one of thoſe ſnug animals wrapt up cloſe in his fur, and compactly happy in himſelf, but I contemplate him with envy, beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the uſe that I ſhould make of it would be to attend the ſun round the world, and purſue the ſpring through every ſign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the ſpring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth, from being bound with froſt, or covered with ſnow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diverſified with ten thouſand various dyes; and to exhale ſuch freſh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like theſe, I make it a rule to loſe as little as I can of that bleſſed ſeaſon; and accordingly riſe with the ſun, and wander through the fields, throw myſelf on the banks of little rivulets, or loſe myſelf in the woods. I ſpent a day or two this ſpring at a country gentleman's ſeat, where I feaſted my imagination every morning with the moſt luxurious proſpect I ever ſaw. I uſually took my ſtand by the wall

wall of an old caſtle built upon an high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it; which, after being broken by a heap of miſhapen ſtones, glided away in a clear ſtream, and wandering through two woods on each ſide of it, in many windings, ſhone here and there at a great diſtance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for ſome miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vaſt mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our preſent ſubject of the ſpring, by this landſcape, ſince it is at this time of the year only that proſpects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewiſe its proper entertainment. The muſic of the birds at this time of the year, hath ſomething in it ſo wildly ſweet, as makes me leſs reliſh the moſt elaborate compoſitions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the ſun pours afreſh into their veins, prompts them to renew their ſpecies; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to ſwell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amuſement by no means below the dignity of a rational ſoul, to obſerve the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different paſſions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their neſts, and their care and tenderneſs of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his ſpouſe, and made many remarks upon the ſeveral gallantries he hourly uſed, before the coy female would conſent to make him happy. When I ſaw in how many airy rings he was forced to purſue her; how ſometimes ſhe tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat ſtep, and ſcarce ſeemed to regard the cowering of his wings, and the many awkward and foppiſh contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantaſtic Teraminta.

Often have I wiſhed that I underſtood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the ſame vows and reproaches which I often have vented againſt that unrelenting maid.

The ſight that gave me the moſt ſatisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and aſſiſtance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau gold-finch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and, with great diligence, adjuſting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himſelf with great trimneſs and nicety, he ſtretched his painted neck, which ſeemed to brighten with new glowings, and ſtrained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the neſt in ſeveral circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to ſee the trembling and the fluttering of the little ſtrangers, at their firſt appearance in the world; and the different care of the male and female parent, ſo ſuitable to their ſeveral ſexes. I could not take my eye quickly from ſo entertaining an object; nor could I help wiſhing, that creatures of a ſuperior rank, would ſo manifeſt their mutual affection, and ſo chearfully concur in providing for their offſpring.

I ſhall conclude this tattle about the ſpring, which I uſually call "the youth and health of the year," with ſome verſes which I tranſcribe from a manuſcript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds ſhould bread in the ſpring; whence he takes occaſion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digreſſion in praiſe of that ſeaſon. The verſes here ſubjoined are not all upon that ſubject; but the tranſitions ſlide ſo eaſily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digreſſion.

"In

" In ſpring let looſe thy males. Then all things prove
" The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love.
" Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhow'rs,
" Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrows her lap with flow'rs;
" Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
" More kindly breezes, and a ſoſter ſky.
" Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
" In lulling ſtreams the feather'd warblers woo.
" Fell tygers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
" And lions fawning, court their brinded dames.
" Great love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
" The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight:
" Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
" And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.

" All nature ſmiles. Come now, nor fear, my love,
" To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
" To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
" And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
" An altar bound, with recent flowers, I rear
" To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year.
" All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
" So ſoft, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
" In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great Sire aſſign'd
" The names and natures of the brutal kind.
" Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
" And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
" Wondrous to tell! but when with luckleſs hand,
" Our daring mother broke the ſole command,
" Then Want and Envy brought their meagre train,
" Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign.
" Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhorr'd the day,
" And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey.
" Rude arts at firſt; but witty Want refin'd
" The huntſman's wiles, and Famine form'd the mind.

" Bold Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
" The panther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
" He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
" And wheel the courſer in his mid career.
" Ah! had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
" Let me, ye pow'rs, an humbler wreath demand:
" No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield;
" Nor dang'rous laurels in the duſty field;
" Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
" Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
" To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
" A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name."

N° 126. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5.

Homo ſum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.
TER. *Heaut. Act.* I. *Sc.* I.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

IF we conſider the whole ſcope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal, we ſhall perceive throughout, a certain correſpondence of the parts, a ſimilitude of operation and unity of deſign, which plainly demonſtrate the univerſe to be the work of one infinitely good and wiſe Being; and that the ſyſtem of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the ſame divine power, which ordained thoſe by which the corporeal ſyſtem is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and coheſion of natural bodies, philoſophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the moſt diſtant parts at leaſt of this ſolar ſyſtem. All thoſe bodies that revolve round the ſun are drawn towards each other, and towards the ſun, by ſome ſecret, uniform, and never-ceaſing principle. Hence it is, that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, conſtantly rolls about the ſun, and the moon about the earth, without deſerting her companion in ſo many thouſand years. And as the larger ſyſtems of the univerſe are held together by this cauſe, ſo likewiſe the particular globes derive their coheſion and conſiſtence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may obſerve in the ſpirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby

by they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendſhips, and all the various ſpecies of ſociety. As in bodies where the quantity is the ſame, the attraction is ſtrongeſt between thoſe which are placed neareſt to each other; ſo it is likewiſe in the minds of men, *cæteris paribus*, between thoſe which are moſt nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the diſtance of many millions of miles, may nevertheleſs attract and conſtantly operate on each other, although this action do not ſhew itſelf by an union or approach of thoſe diſtant bodies, ſo long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the ſame time, attract them different ways, but would, on the ſuppoſed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human ſoul, whoſe affection towards the individuals of the ſame ſpecies, who are diſtantly related to it, is rendered inconſpicuous by its more powerful attraction towards thoſe who have a nearer relation to it. But as thoſe are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed, doth gradually diſcloſe itſelf.

A man who has no family is more ſtrongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and, if abſent from theſe, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with thoſe of his own city or country, who chance to be in the ſame place. Two Engliſhmen meeting at Rome or Conſtantinople, ſoon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being ſo, a good reaſon for their uniting in particular converſe. Farther, in caſe we ſuppoſe ourſelves tranſlated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chineſe, or other more diſtant native of our own planet, we ſhould look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendſhip with him. Theſe are natural reflections, and ſuch as may convince us, that we are linked by an imperceptible chain, to every individual of the human race.

The

The ſeveral great bodies which compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem, are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the author of nature hath impreſſed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, from their reſpective orbits round the ſun, upon the ceaſing of which motions, the general law of gravitation, that is now thwarted, would ſhew itſelf by drawing them all into one maſs. After the ſame manner, in the parallel caſe of ſociety, private paſſions and motions of the ſoul do often obſtruct the operation of that benevolent uniting inſtinct implanted in human nature; which, notwithſtanding, doth ſtill exert, and will not fail to ſhew itſelf when thoſe obſtructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by reſolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceaſes to diſpoſe and actuate his creatures in a manner ſuitable to their reſpective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cauſe. It is not the reſult of education, law, or faſhion; but is a principle originally ingraſted in the very firſt formation of the ſoul by the author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the moſt univerſal principle, which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phænomena of nature; ſo the correſponding ſocial appetite in human ſouls, is the great ſpring and ſource of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourſe with his ſpecies, and models every one to that behaviour which beſt ſuits with the common well-being. Hence that ſympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on ſelf-intereſt. It is this that makes us inquiſitive concerning the affairs of diſtant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is

this

this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards thoſe who are not yet in being, and conſequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence ariſes that diffuſive ſenſe of humanity ſo unaccountable to the ſelfiſh man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a ſort of monſter or anomalous production.

Theſe thoughts do naturally ſuggeſt the following particulars: Firſt, that as ſocial inclinations are abſolutely neceſſary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and intereſt of each individual to cheriſh and improve them to the benefit of mankind: the duty, becauſe it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the ſeeds of mutual benevolence in our ſouls: the intereſt, becauſe the good of the whole is inſeparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the ſame time promote his own private intereſt. Another obſervation I ſhall draw from the premiſſes, is, That it makes a ſignal proof of the divinity of the Chriſtian Religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have diſtinguiſhed the different ſects of philoſophy and religion. Our Lord's peculiar precept is, "Love thy "neighbour as thyſelf. By this ſhall all men know "that ye are my diſciples, if ye love one another."

I will not ſay, that what is a moſt ſhining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its profeſſors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane ſyſtem, in the general frame and conſtitution of the human ſoul, or, laſtly, in the ends and aptneſſes which are diſcoverable in all parts of the viſible and intellectual world; we ſhall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteriſtic of our religion, came from the Author

thor of nature. Some of our modern Free-thinkers would indeed inſinuate the Chriſtian morals to be defective, becauſe (ſay they) there is no mention made in the goſpel of the virtue of friendſhip. Theſe ſagacious men (if I may be allowed the uſe of that vulgar ſaying) "cannot ſee the wood for trees." That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inſpire its profeſſors with the moſt noble and diſintereſted ſpirit of love, charity, and beneficence to all mankind, or, in other words, with a friendſhip to every individual man, ſhould be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is ſurely a glaring evidence of the blindneſs and prejudice of its adverſaries.

N° 127. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6.

Luſit amabiliter———

He ſported agreeably.

AN agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more ſerious ſtudies, read me yeſterday the following tranſlation. In this town, where there are ſo many women of proſtituted charms, I am very glad when I gain ſo much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any compoſition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great ſtep towards gaining upon the paſſions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a miſtreſs, is getting a great way towards being in the intereſts of virtue. It is an hopeleſs manner of reclaiming youth which has been practiſed by ſome moraliſts, to declaim againſt pleaſure in general.

neral. No; the way is to ſhow, that the pleaſurable courſe is that which is limited and governed by reaſon. In this caſe, virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has, with all the ſame indulgences of deſire, the advantage of ſafety in honour and reputation. I have for this reaſon often thought of exerciſing my pupils, of whom I have ſeveral of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle the Seeing Cupid. Theſe compoſitions ſhould be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the ſtricteſt virtue, and all the circumſtances alluded to in them, ſhould have ſomething that might pleaſe her mind in its pureſt innocence, as well as celebrate her perſon in its higheſt beauty. This work would inſtruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a-wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reaſon ſhould go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwiſe, real diſcontent and averſion in marriage ſucceed the groundleſs and wild promiſe of imagination in courtſhip.

The COURT of VENUS, from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.

" IN the fam'd Cyprian iſle a mountain ſtands,
" That caſts a ſhadow into diſtant lands.
" In vain acceſs by human feet is try'd,
" Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
" On bounteous Nile, thro' ſeven wide channels ſpread,
" And ſees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
" Along its ſides no hoary froſts preſume
" To blaſt the myrtle ſhrubs, or nip the bloom.
" The winds with caution ſweep the riſing flow'rs,
" While balmy dews deſcend, and vernal ſhow'rs.
" The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
" Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal ſpring.
" Unfading ſweets in purple ſcenes appear,
" And genial breezes ſoften all the year.
" The nice, luxurious ſoul, untoy'd may rove;
" From pleaſures ſtill to circling pleaſures move;
" For endleſs beauty kindles endleſs love.

" The

" The mountain, when the ſummit once you gain,
" Falls by degrees, and ſinks into a plain;
" Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
" Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold;
" Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe ſupplies,
" And yellow harveſts, unprovok'd, ariſe.
" For by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming ſoil
" Yields ev'ry grain, nor aſks the peaſant's toil.
" Theſe were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
" Theſe Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
" For ſuch a bliſs, he ſuch a gift beſtow'd;
" The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

" A ſylvan ſcene, in ſolemn ſtate diſplay'd,
" Flatters each feather'd warbler with a ſhade;
" But here no bird its painted wings can move,
" Unleſs elected by the queen of love;
" Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
" She hears the ſongſter, and approves the ſong.
" The joyous victors hop from ſpray to ſpray;
" The vanquiſh'd fly with mournful notes away.

" Branches in branches twin'd, compoſe the grove;
" And ſhoot, and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
" The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;
" And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
" The diſtant platanes ſeem to preſs more nigh;
" And to the ſighing alder, alders ſigh.
" Blue heav'ns above them ſmile; and, all below,
" Two murm'ring ſtreams in wild meanders flow.
" This, mix'd with gall; and that, like honey, ſweet.
" But ah! too ſoon th' unfriendly waters meet!
" Steep'd in theſe ſprings (if verſe belief can gain)
" The darts of love their double pow'r attain:
" Hence all mankind a bitter ſweet have found,
" A painful pleaſure, and a grateful wound.

" Along the graſſy banks, in bright array,
" Ten thouſand little loves their wings diſplay:
" Quivers and bows their uſual ſports proclaim;
" Their dreſs, their ſtature, and their looks the ſame;
" Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
" And tender, as the nymphs from whom they ſprung.
" For Venus did but boaſt one only ſon,
" And roſy Cupid was that boaſted one.
" He, uncontroll'd, thro' heav'n extends his ſway,
" And gods and goddeſſes by turns obey:

" Or if he ſtoops on earth, great princes burn,
" Sicken on thrones, and, wreath'd with laurels, mourn.
" Th' inferior pow'rs o'er hearts inferior reign,
" And pierce the rural fair, or homely ſwain.

" Here love's imperial pomp is ſpread around,
" Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
" And ſudden ſtorms of wrath, which ſoon decline;
" And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine;
" Unartful tears and heƈtic looks, that ſhow
" With ſilent eloquence the lover's woe;
" Boldneſs unfledg'd, and to ſtol'n raptures new,
" Half trembling ſtands, and ſcarcely dares purſue;
" Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
" Which check our ſwelling hopes, but not deſtroy;
" And ſhort-breath'd vows, forgot as ſoon as made,
" On airy pinions flutter through the glade;
" Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
" And rolling eyes, that glow with ſoft deſire,
" Shines forth exalted on a pompous ſeat;
" While ſullen cares, and wither'd age retreat.

" Now from afar the palace ſeems to blaze,
" And hither would extend its golden rays;
" But by reflection of the grove is ſeen
" The gold ſtill vary'd by a waving green.
" For Mulciber with ſecret pride beheld,
" How far his ſkill all human wit excell'd;
" And, grown uxorious, did the work deſign
" To ſpeak the artiſt, and the art divine.
" Proud columns, tow'ring high, ſupport the frame,
" That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
" The beams are em'ralds, and yet ſcarce adorn
" The ruby walls, on which themſelves are borne.
" The pavement, rich with veins of agate, lies;
" And ſteps, with ſhining jaſpers, ſlipp'ry, riſe.

" Here ſpices in parterres promiſcuous blow,
" Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;
" The wanton winds thro' groves of Caſſia play,
" And ſteal the ripen'd fragrancies away.
" Here with its load the mild amomum bends;
" There cinnamon, in rival ſweets contends;
" A rich perfume the raviſh'd ſenſes fills,
" While from the weeping tree the balm diſtils.

" At theſe delightful bow'rs arrives at laſt
" The god of love, a tedious journey paſt;

" Then ſhapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
" Doubles his majeſty, and walks in ſtate.
" It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
" Venus her golden treſſes did unbind.
" Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
" Th' Idalian ſiſters, rang'd in order, ſtand.
" Ambroſial eſſence one beſtows in ſhow'rs,
" And laviſhly whole ſtreams of nectar pours;
" With iv'ry combs another's dext'rous care
" Or curls, or opens the diſhevel'd hair;
" A third, induſtrious with a nicer eye,
" Inſtructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
" Yet leaves ſome few, that, not ſo cloſely preſt,
" Sport in the wind, and wanton from the reſt.
" Sweet negligence! by artful ſtudy wrought,
" A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
" The judgment of the glaſs is here unknown;
" Here mirrors are ſupply'd by ev'ry ſtone.
" Where'er the goddeſs turns, her image falls,
" And a new Venus dances on the walls.
" Now while ſhe did her ſpotleſs form ſurvey,
" Pleas'd with love's empire, and almighty ſway,
" She ſpy'd her ſon, and, fir'd with eager joy,
" Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy.'

N° 128. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7.

Delenda eſt Carthago——

Demoliſh Carthage.

IT is uſually thought, with great juſtice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the ſtate. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is ſo daring, and ſo apparently deſigned for the moſt traiterous purpoſe imaginable, that I do not care what miſinterpretation I ſuffer, when I expoſe it to the reſentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, ſafety, or glory of

of their Queen. It is certain, there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his preſent moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, who is renowned for the moſt inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in caſe of his deceaſe, now the power of France and Spain is in the ſame family, it is poſſible an ambitious ſucceſſor, (or his miniſtry in a King's minority) might diſpute his being bound by the act of his predeceſſor in ſo weighty a particular.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'YOU employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolouſly, when you conſider ſo often little circumſtances of dreſs and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow ſubjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifeſting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an inſolence done to them both with the diſdain it deſerves. The incloſed printed paper in French and Engliſh has been handed about the town, and given *gratis* to paſſengers in the ſtreets at noon-day. You ſee the title of it is, 'A moſt humble addreſs, "or memorial, preſented to her Majeſty the Queen "of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magiſtrates of Dunkirk.' The nauſeous memorialiſt, with the moſt fulſome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of wiſdom, and clemency, adored by all the earth; at the ſame time, that he attempts to undermine her power, and eſcape her wiſdom, by beſeeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealouſy to her people. What the ſycophant deſires, is, That the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be ſpared; and it ſeems the Sieur Tugghe, for ſo the petitioner is called, was thun-

'der-ſtruck by 'the denunciation (which he ſays) the "Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke made to him,' That 'her Majeſty did not think to make any alteration 'in the dreadful ſentence ſhe had pronounced againſt 'the town. Mr. IRONSIDE, I think, you would do 'an act worthy your general humanity, if you would 'put the Sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and 'let him know, That her Majeſty has pronounced 'no ſentence againſt the town, but his moſt Chri-'ſtian Majeſty has agreed that the town and harbour 'ſhall be demoliſhed.

'That the Britiſh nation expect the immediate 'demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that with-'in three months after the ſigning of the peace, the 'works towards the ſea were to be demoliſhed; and, 'within three months after it, the works towards 'the land.

'That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of March, 'O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the 'Queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands 'of the French King.

'That the Sieur Tugghe has the impudence to 'aſk the Queen to remit the moſt material part of 'the articles of peace between her Majeſty and his 'maſter.

'That the Britiſh nation received more damage 'in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from 'almoſt all the ports of France, either in the ocean, 'or in the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty ſail have come to-'gether out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and 'taken ſhips of war as well as merchant-men.

'That the Pretender ſailed from thence to Scot-'land; and that it is the only port the French have 'until you come to Breſt, for the whole length of

'St.

'St. George's Channel, where any conſiderable naval armament can be made.

'That deſtroying the fortifications of Dunkirk 'is an inconſiderable advantage to England, in compa- 'riſon to the advantage of deſtroying the mole, dykes 'and harbour; it being the naval force from thence 'which only can hurt the Britiſh nation.

'That the Britiſh nation expect the immediate 'demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who ſuffered equally with us 'from thoſe of Dunkirk, were probably induced to 'ſign the treaty with France, from this conſideration, 'That the town and harbour of Dunkirk ſhould 'be deſtroyed.

'That the ſituation of Dunkirk is ſuch, as that 'it may always keep runners to obſerve all ſhips 'ſailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the ſuggeſtions which the Sieur Tugghe 'brings concerning the Dutch, are falſe and ſcandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the 'trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk ſhould be 'demoliſhed; it is neceſſary for the ſafety, honour, 'and liberty of England, that it ſhould be ſo.

'That when Dunkirk is demoliſhed, the power 'of France, on that ſide, ſhould it ever be turned 'againſt us, will be removed ſeveral hundred miles 'further off of Great Britain, than it is at preſent.

'That after the demolition, there can be no con- 'ſiderable preparation made at ſea by the French on 'all the Channel, but at Breſt; and that Great Bri- 'tain being an iſland, which cannot be attacked but 'by a naval power, we may eſteem France effectu- 'ally removed, by the demolition, from Great Bri- 'tain, as far as the diſtance from Dunkirk to Breſt.

'Pray, Mr. IRONSIDE, repeat this laſt particular, 'and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition 'of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles 'farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *that 'the Britiſh nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.*

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your 'Queen and country, that you inſert this letter, or 'ſpeak to this purpoſe, your own way; for in this 'all parties muſt agree, that however bound in friend-'ſhip one nation is with another, it is but prudent 'that in caſe of a rupture, they ſhould be, if poſ-'ſible, upon equal terms.

'Be honeſt, Old NESTOR, and ſay all this; for 'whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all 'value our eſtates and liberties, and every true man 'of each party muſt think himſelf concerned that 'Dunkirk ſhould be demoliſhed.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in 'the miniſtry to haſten this matter, and not let the 'credulity of an honeſt brave people be thus infa-'mouſly abuſed in our open ſtreets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God 'that our mercy to France may not expoſe us to the 'mercy of France.

'Your humble ſervant,

'ENGLISH TORY.'

N° 129. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8.

——*Animaſque in vulnere ponunt.*

VIRG. *Georg.* 4. *v.* 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is ſo uneaſy a gueſt in the heart, that he may be ſaid to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric diſpoſition. The moraliſts have defined it to be "a deſire of revenge for ſome in-"jury offered." Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly deſirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themſelves injured; whereas the cool and ſedate

ſedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means, it often happens, that the choleric inflict diſproportioned puniſhments, upon ſlight, and ſometimes imaginary offences: But the temperately revengeful have leiſure to weigh the merits of the cauſe, and thereby either to ſmother their ſecret reſentments, or to ſeek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have ſuſtained. Weak minds are apt to ſpeak well of the man of fury; becauſe, when the ſtorm is over, he is full of ſorrow and repentance: But the truth is, he is apt to commit ſuch ravages during his madneſs, that when he comes to himſelf, he becomes tame then, for the ſame reaſon that he ran wild before, "only to give himſelf eaſe;" and is a friend only to himſelf in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends ſhould bear with their infirmities. Their friends ſhould in return deſire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuſes, that they cannot help it, that it was ſoon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a maſtiff; but ſhall never reconcile me to an intellectual ſavage. Why, indeed, ſhould any one imagine, that perſons, independent upon him, ſhould venture into his ſociety, who hath not yet ſo far ſubdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do ſomething the next minute, which he can never repair; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do miſchief as faſt as he can? Such a man may be feared; he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I meant to recommend ſlow and deliberate malice. I would only obſerve, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the raſh and inconſiderate; but if they do not huſband the talent that Heaven hath beſtowed upon them, they are as much more odious

odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to ſay which of the two, when injured, is more troubleſome to himſelf, or more hurtful to his enemy. The one is boiſterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance; now all tempeſt, again all ſunſhine: the other hath a ſmoother, but more laſting anguiſh, lying under a perpetual gloom. The latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beaſt. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be ſure but that he may do ſomething the next minute, which he ſhall lament during his life; what ſhall we think of him, who hath a ſoul ſo infected, that he can never be happy until he hath made another miſerable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breaſt? what dark ſtratagems, unworthy deſigns, inhuman wiſhes, dreadful reſolutions! A ſnake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to ſting a traveller, and to hiſs him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of ſuch an artful unſearchable projector. Were I to chuſe an enemy, whether ſhould I wiſh for one that would ſtab me ſuddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poiſon, ſubtile and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the ſtroke of a ſtilletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third ſort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two; I mean the miſtaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breaſts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, reſtrain their wrath ſo far as to ſeek convenient times for vengeance. The ſingle combat ſeems ſo generous a way of ending controverſies, that until we have ſtricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wiſh I could not ſay, of wretched ſpirits, will be increaſed. Of all the medals which have been ſtruck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him ſo true renown as that upon the ſuc-

ceſs

ceſs of his edicts for 'aboliſhing the impious prac-
'tice of duelling.'

What inclined me at preſent to write upon this ſubject, was the ſight of the following letters, which I can aſſure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by paſſing different climes, and waiting convenient ſeaſons) for murdering each other, when we conſider them as moved by a ſenſe of honour, muſt raiſe in the reader as much compaſſion as horror.

A Mr. Monſieur SACKVILLE.

'I THAT am in France hear how much you
'attribute to yourſelf in this time, that I have
'given the world leave to ring your praiſes * *
'* * * * * * * * * If you call to memory,
'whereas I gave you my hand laſt, I told you I re-
'ſerved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now
'be that noble gentlemen, my love once ſpoke you,
'and come and do him right that could recite the
'trials you owe your birth and country, were I not
'confident your honour gives you the ſame courage
'to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be
'maſter of your own weapons and time; the place
'whereſoever I will wait on you. By doing this,
'you ſhall ſhorten revenge, and clear the idle opi-
'nion the world hath of both our worths.

'ED. BRUCE.'

A Mr. Monſieur le Baron de Kinloſs.

'AS it ſhall be always far from me to ſeek a
'quarrel, ſo will I always be ready to meet
'with

'with any that deſire to make trial of my valour 'by ſo fair a courſe as you require. A witneſs 'whereof yourſelf ſhall be, who within a month 'ſhall receive a ſtrict account of time, place, and 'weapon, where you ſhall find me ready diſpoſed 'to give you honourable ſatisfaction by him that 'ſhall conduct you thither. In the meantime, be 'as ſecret of the appointment as it ſeems you are 'deſirous of it.

'ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Mr. Monſieur le Baron de Kinloſs.

'I AM ready at Tergoſo, a town in Zealand, to 'give you that ſatisfaction your ſword can ren-'der you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my 'ſecond, in degree a knight; and for your com-'ing I will not limit you a peremptory day, but 'deſire you to make a definite and ſpeedy repair for 'your own honour, and fear of prevention; until 'which time you ſhall find me there. Tergoſo, 10th 'of Auguſt, 1613.

'ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Mr. Monſieur SACKVILLE.

'I HAVE received your letter by your man, and 'acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, 'and now I come with all poſſible haſte to meet 'you.

'ED. BRUCE.'

N° 130. MONDAY, AUGUST 10.

——*Vacuum ſine mente popellum.* MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ.

An empty, thoughtleſs tribe.

AS the greateſt part of mankind are more affected by things which ſtrike the ſenſes, than by excellencies

cellencies that are to be diſcerned by reaſon and thought, they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent inſtance of this, is that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are leſs uſeful members of ſociety, than thoſe of a different courſe of life. The buſineſs therefore of my preſent paper ſhall be to compare the diſtinct merits of the ſpeculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages ariſing from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the intereſt of their own country, they leſſen or obſtruct that of other nations: whereas the light and knowledge that ſpring from ſpeculation are not limited to any ſingle ſpot, but equally diffuſed to the benefit of the whole globe. Beſides, for the moſt part, the renown only of men of action is tranſmitted to diſtant poſterity, their great exploits either dying with themſelves, or ſoon after them; whereas ſpeculative men continue to deſerve well of the world thouſands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them; but a free gift to thoſe, whoſe beneficence has not outlived their perſons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæſar or Alexander, that we ſhould make them the conſtant themes of our praiſe! while the name of Pythagoras is more ſparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may ſeem ſtrange to a vulgar reader; but the following reflection will make it plain. That philoſopher invented the forty-ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and conſequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The

The mathematics are ſo uſeful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir William Temple acknowledges in ſome part of his writings, all thoſe advantages which diſtinguiſh polite nations from barbarians, to be derived from them. But as theſe ſciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our proſpects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and ſublime ſentiments in the ſoul.

The divine ſages of antiquity, who, by tranſmitting down to us their ſpeculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are moſt eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtleſs applauſes that are every day beſtowed on the ſlaughterers and diſturbers of mankind, they will never want the eſteem and approbation of the wiſe and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the ſpeculative part of mankind, who make uſeful truth the end of their being, and its acquiſition the buſineſs as well as entertainment of their lives, ſeems not improper, in order to rectify the miſtake of thoſe, who meaſure merit by noiſe and outward appearance, and are too apt to depretiate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that ſpecies by thoſe who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not ſufficiently convinced, that whatſoever is good or excellent proceeds from reaſon and reflection.

Even thoſe who only regard truth as ſuch, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will ſeem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they paſs their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of thoſe who by abſtracted thoughts become uſe-

leſs, is inconſiderable, in reſpect of them who are hurtful to mankind, by an active and reſtleſs diſpoſition.

As in the diſtribution of other things, ſo in this the wiſdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual purſuits, bear a ſmall proportion to thoſe who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter ſort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas thoſe of the mind are permanent and univerſal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a ſort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But if to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will, is the moſt laſting and diffuſive benefit, there will not be found ſo uſeful and excellent an inſtitution as that of the Chriſtian Prieſthood, which is now become the ſcorn of fools. That a numerous order of men ſhould be conſecrated to the ſtudy of the moſt ſublime and beneficial truths, with a deſign to propagate them by their diſcourſes and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to poſſeſs their minds with the ſenſe of a future ſtate, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewiſe to perſuade mankind to the practice of them by the moſt powerful and engaging motives, is a thing ſo excellent and neceſſary to the well-being of the world, that no body but a modern Free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which theſe points ſhould be expoſed to the view of one who is prejudiced againſt the names *religion*, *church*, *prieſt*, and the like, is to conſider the clergy as ſo many philoſophers, the churches as ſchools, and their ſermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made proviſion for philoſophers to read lectures of morali-

ty and theology every ſeventh day, in ſeveral thouſands of ſchools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures, all ranks and ſexes, without diſtinction, were obliged to be preſent for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think thoſe men who would endeavour to defeat the purpoſe of ſo divine an inſtitution!

It is indeed uſual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their deſign is only to reform the church, and expoſe the vices, and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day (which without my mentioning the title, will on this occaſion occur to the thoughts of thoſe who have read it) hopes to inſinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or aſhamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly ſhew what it is he aims at. The firſt is, that he conſtantly uſes the word *prieſts* in ſuch a manner, as that his reader cannot but obſerve he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impoſtors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great ſpleen and induſtry, all thoſe actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illneſs, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impreſſion of the diſpenſers of the goſpel: All which he pathetically addreſſes to the conſideration of his wife and honeſt countrymen of the laity. The ſophiſtry and ill-breeding of theſe proceedings are ſo obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need ſay no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of Gentlemen and Mechanics. This diſtinction ariſes from the different occupations wherein they exert themſelves. The former of theſe ſpecies is univerſally acknowledged

ledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a baſe and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally ſo in the diſtribution of particular perſons under their reſpective denominations. It is a clear ſettled point, that the Gentleman ſhould be preferred to the Mechanic. But who is the Gentleman, and who the Mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philoſophers diſtinguiſh two parts in human nature, the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reaſon of the thing, we ſhall find it difficult to aſſign a more juſt and adequate idea of theſe diſtinct ſpecies, than by defining the Gentleman to be him whoſe occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the Mechanic, him who is employed in the uſe of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring aſſent of the world, in preferring Gentlemen to Mechanics, ſeems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is intitled to above the animal; when we conſider it in itſelf, as it is the ſeat of wiſdom and underſtanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brighteſt impreſs of the Deity.

It claims the ſame dignity and pre-eminence, if we conſider it with reſpect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas reaſon inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great author of our exiſtence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in caſe that noble faculty ſubmit itſelf to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a ſlow and painful manner of action; but ſhifts the ſcene, and applies itſelf to the moſt diſtant objects with incredible eaſe and diſpatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like thoſe of the

hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole ſpecies.

And as we have ſhewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than thoſe of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the ſame will ſtill hold if we conſider their office. It is the province of the former to preſide and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Thoſe who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who deſigned the plan in his cloſet. And in like manner, whatever there is, either in art or nature, of uſe or regularity, will be found to proceed from the ſuperior principle of reaſon and underſtanding. Theſe reflections, how obvious ſoever, do nevertheleſs ſeem not ſufficiently attended to by thoſe who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premiſes it follows, that a man may deſcend from an ancient family, wear fine clothes, and be maſter of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of *gentleman*. All thoſe whoſe principal accompliſhments conſiſt in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made uſe of be the eye, the muſcles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reaſon to be eſteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, declare that all men and women, by what title ſoever diſtinguiſhed, whoſe occupation it is, either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dreſs, cringe, adjuſt the muſcles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of Gentry; which is, from this time forward, appropriated to thoſe who employ the talents of the mind in the purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places

ces as they are diſtinguiſhed by moral and intellectual accompliſhments.

The reſt of the human ſpecies come under the appellation of Mechanics, with this difference, that the profeſſed Mechanics, who, not pretending to be Gentlemen, contain themſelves within their proper ſphere, are neceſſary to the well-being of mankind, and conſequently ſhould be more reſpected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than thoſe Mechanics who make a merit of being uſeleſs.

Having hitherto conſidered the human ſpecies as diſtinguiſhed into Gentlemen and Mechanics, I come now to treat of the *machines*; a ſort of beings that have the outſide or appearance of men, without being really ſuch. The Free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or ſpirit; but that all the operations they exert, proceed from the colliſion of certain corpuſcles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a conſiderable time that I have been their proſelyte in this point. I am even ſo far convinced that they are in the right, that I ſhall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itſelf inviſible, there is no other way to diſcern its exiſtence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where deſign, order and ſymmetry are viſible in the effects, we conclude the cauſe to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of theſe can be found, we aſcribe the effect to hazard, neceſſity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is converſant in the modern productions of our Free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of Chance, or at beſt of Mechaniſm, than of a thinking principle; and conſequently whether the authors of thoſe rhapſodies are not mere Machines?

The ſame point is likewiſe evident from their own aſſertion; it being plain that no one could miſtake thought for motion, who knew what thought was.

For theſe reaſons I do hereby give it in charge to all Chriſtians, that hereafter they ſpeak of Free-thinkers in the neuter gender, uſing the term *it* for *him*. They are to be conſidered as *automata*, made up of bones and muſcles, nerves, arteries and animal ſpirits; not ſo innocent indeed, but as deſtitute of thought and reaſon, as thoſe little machines which the excellent *author* from whom I take the motto of this paper, has ſo elegantly deſcribed *.

N° 131. TUESDAY, AUGUST 11.

Iter pigrorum quaſi ſepes ſpinarum. *Ex. Latin. Prov.*

The way of the ſlothful man is an hedge of thorns.
Prov. xv. 19.

THERE are two ſorts of perſons within the conſideration of my frontiſpiece; the firſt are the mighty body of lingerers, perſons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are ſuch pretty innocents, who, as the poet ſays,

——waſte away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being ſomething more vivacious, are ſuch as do not only omit to ſpend their time well, but are in the conſtant purſuit of criminal ſatisfactions. Whatever the Divine may think, the caſe of the firſt ſeems to me the moſt deplorable, as the habit of ſloth is more invincible than that of vice. The firſt is preferred even when the man is fully poſſeſſed of himſelf, and ſubmitted to with conſtant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr.

* Mr. Addiſon.

Mr. Hobbs calls a natural drunkenneſs; and therefore, conſequently, are more excuſable for any errors committed during the deprivation or ſuſpenſion of our reaſon, than in the poſſeſſion of it. The irregular ſtarts of vicious appetites are in time deſtroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of ſloth receives daily ſtrength from its continuance. 'I went '(ſays Solomon) by the field of the ſlothful, and 'the vineyard of the man void of underſtanding; 'and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and 'nettles had covered the face thereof, and the ſtone 'wall thereof was broken down.' To raiſe the image of this perſon, the ſame author adds, 'The 'ſlothful man hideth his hand in his boſom, and it 'grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of ſpending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleneſs, ſhould of itſelf be perſuaſion enough to the men of ſenſe to avoid it. I ſay, to the men of ſenſe; becauſe there are of theſe that give into it, and for theſe chiefly is this paper deſigned. Arguments drawn from future rewards and puniſhments, are things too remote for the conſideration of ſtubborn ſanguine youth: They are affected by ſuch only as propoſe immediate pleaſure or pain; as the ſtrongeſt perſuaſive to the children of Iſrael was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may ſay, there is more toil, fatigue, and uneaſineſs in ſloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himſelf upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, ſpleen is the neceſſary conſequence. This directs him inſtantly to the comtemplation of his health or circumſtances, which muſt ever be found extremely bad upon theſe melancholy inquiries. If he has any common buſineſs upon his hands, numberleſs objections ariſe, that make the diſpatch of it impoſſible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There 'is a lion in the way, a lion in the ſtreets;' that is, there

there is ſome difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himſelf to books, or buſineſs, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune; and, inſtead of giving himſelf up to

"Thick-ey'd muſing curſed melancholy," SHAKESPEAR.

has that conſtant life in his viſage and converſation, which the idle ſplenetic man borrows ſometimes from the ſunſhine, exerciſe, or an agreeable friend. A recluſe idle ſobriety muſt be attended with more bitter remorſe, than the moſt active debauchery can at any intervals be moleſted with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himſelf very little time to examine his own conduct, and will beſtow as few reflections upon himſelf, as the lingerer does upon any thing elſe, unleſs he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat, the misfortune to repent; becauſe I have put the great day of account out of the preſent caſe, and am now inquiring, not whoſe life is moſt irreligious, but moſt inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and ſomething ſplenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank ſix hampers of Spaw-water, ſeveral gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogſheads of bitters, at the rate of ſixty pounds an hogſhead; laid one hundred and fifty infallible ſchemes, in every one of which he was diſappointed; received a thouſand affronts during the north-eaſterly winds; and, in ſhort, run through more miſery and expence, than the moſt meritorious bravo could boaſt of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the univerſity, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a ſtate of ſuch tranquillity as prejudices them againſt the buſtle of that worldly buſineſs, for which this part of their education ſhould prepare them. As he could with the

the utmoſt ſecrecy be idle in his own chamber, he ſays he was for ſome years irrecoverably ſunk, and immerſed in the luxury of an eaſy-chair, though at the ſame time, in the general opinion, he paſſed for a hard ſtudent. During this lethargy he had ſome intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than ſuſpended the painful thoughts of a miſpent life. Thus his ſuppoſed relief became his puniſhment, and, like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

——" He felt by turns the bitter change
" Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce."

When he had a mind to go out, he was ſo ſcrupulous as to form ſome excuſe or other which the idle are ever provided with, and could not ſatisfy himſelf without this ridiculous appearance of juſtice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and inſinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the neceſſity of waſhing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always ſubmitted, after having decently oppoſed it, and made his exit with much ſeeming reluctance and inward delight. Thus did he paſs the noon of his life in the ſolitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is ſince awakened, by application, out of ſlumber; has no more ſpleen than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple obſerves, is not delicate or idle enough to ſuffer from this enemy, but 'is always 'well when he is not ill, always pleaſed when he is 'not angry.'

There is a Gentleman I have ſeen at a coffee-houſe near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good eſtate, and a diſinclination to books or buſineſs, to ſecure himſelf from ſome of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himſelf with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently diſpoſed to loquacity, he has a perſon conſtantly with him,

him, to whom he gives an annual penſion, for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by queſtion and anſwer, whatever he may utter that may ſeemingly require it. To ſecure to himſelf diſcourſe, his fundamental maxim ſeems to be, by no means to conſider what he is going to ſay. He delivers therefore every thought as it firſt intrudes itſelf upon him; and then, with all the freedom you could wiſh, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In ſhort, he took the ſame pleaſure in confuting himſelf, as he could have done in diſcomfiting an opponent: and his diſcourſe was as that of two perſons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have ſeen in the park, employing himſelf with the ſame induſtry, though not with the ſame innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horſe hair, which his periwig ſupplies him with. He hangs them over a little ſtick, which ſuſpenſion inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no poſſibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to theſe combats, he perceives the ſeveral turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether inviſible to a common ſpectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforeſaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the ſecret ſhocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glaſs, which preſented me with an engagement between two of the moſt rueful monſters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourſelves to appoint and perform ſuch taſks as would be of conſiderable advantage to us; let us reſolve upon ſome other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unſettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulſe of our wills, may,

in

in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reaſon.

When I am diſpoſed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it ſhall be under this head, *Pereunt & imputantur;* which is an inſcription upon a ſun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in ſuch a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlaſting hurry of buſineſs or pleaſure, the buſy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

'Mr. IRONSIDE, Auguſt 10, 1713.

'I AM obliged to you for inſerting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the ſeventh inſtant; but you will find upon peruſal, that you have printed the word *Three* where you ſhould have printed the word *Two;* which I deſire you would amend, by inſerting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two "months after the ſigning of the peace, the works "towards the ſea were to be demoliſhed, and with-"in three months after it the works towards the "land.

"That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of March "O. S."

'I beg pardon for giving you ſo much trouble, 'which was only to avoid miſtakes, having been very 'much abuſed by ſome whiggiſh ſenſeleſs fellows, 'that give out I am for the Pretender.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'ENGLISH TORY.'

N° 132.

N° 132. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes—— VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 743.

All have their manes. DRYDEN.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languiſhing illneſs, which both himſelf and thoſe who attended him, thought it impoſſible for him to outlive. If you think ſuch an image of the ſtate of a man's mind in that circumſtance, be worth publiſhing, it is at your ſervice, and take it as follows:

'Dear SIR,

'YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made 'a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than 'the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well. 'Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpe'tually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weak'neſs of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I 'have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider 'myſelf in theſe different views, and hope I have re'ceived ſome advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller 'ſays be true, that

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:"

'then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old 'age, to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the 'body, may diſcover the incloſed ſtructure more plain'ly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches 'us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us

'with the thoughts of a future, better than a thou-
'ſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives
'ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vani-
'ty, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of for-
'tifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little de-
'pendence on our outworks. Youth, at the very
'beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and
'ſmoother manner than age: It is like a ſtream that
'nouriſhes a plant upon its bank, and cauſes it to
'flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame
'time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My
'youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me:
'It has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and
'given me an advantage not very common to young
'men, that the attractions of the world have not
'dazzled me very much; and I began where moſt
'people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs
'of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory na-
'ture of all human pleaſures.

'When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy
'tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am
'even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian,
'who (being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years
'ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his
'head) made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe?
"I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the beſt time to
'die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſ-
'ſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſci-
'ence, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought
'that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for,
'are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I
'reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle
'man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks
'it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch
'a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my
'exit, the ſun will ariſe as bright as ever, the flow-
'ers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the
'world will proceed in its old courſe, people will

'laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were 'uſed to do. 'The memory of man,' as it is ele-'gantly expreſſed in the Wiſdom of Solomon, 'paſ-"ſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tar-"rieth but one day.' There are reaſons enough, in 'the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any 'young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in "length of time, or is meaſured by number of years. "But wiſdom is the gray hair to men, and an un-"ſpotted life is old age.' He was taken away ſpee-'dily, leſt that 'wickedneſs ſhould alter his under-"ſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul."

'I am yours.'

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq; Greeting.

'Old DAD,

'I AM ſo happy as to be the huſband of a woman 'that never is in the wrong; and yet is at conti-'nual war with every body, eſpecially with all her 'ſervants, and myſelf. As to her maids, ſhe never 'fails of having at leaſt a dozen or fourteen in each 'year, yet never has above one at a time; and the 'laſt that comes is always the worſt that ever ſhe had 'in her life; although they have given very good 'content in better families than mine for ſeveral years 'together. Not that ſhe has the pleaſure of turning 'them away; but ſhe does ſo ferrit them about, *for-'ſooth* and *miſtreſs* them up, and ſo find fault with 'every thing they do, and talks to them ſo loud and 'ſo long, that they either give her immediate warn-'ing, or march off without any wages at all. So 'that through her great zeal and care to make them 'better ſervants than any in the world, and their ob-'ſtinacy in being no better than they can, our houſe 'is a ſort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by

'that

'that time a maid comes to know where things ſtand, 'whip, ſhe is gone, and ſo we have not another in 'four or five days, and this all the year round. As 'to myſelf, all the world believes me to be one of 'the beſt of huſbands; and I am of the world's mind, 'until my dear patient Grizzel comes to give her o-'pinion about me, and then you would believe I am 'as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. IRONSIDE, never 'was a woman uſed as ſhe is! The world does not 'think how unhappy ſhe is! I am a wolf in ſheep's 'clothing. And then her neighbours are ſo ill-'natur'd, that they refuſe to ſuffer her to ſay what 'ſhe pleaſes of their families, without either return-'ing her compliments, or withdrawing from her ora-'tory! So that the poor woman has ſcarcely any 'ſociety abroad, nor any comfort at home; and all 'through the ſaucineſs of ſervants, and the unkind-'neſs of a huſband that is ſo cruel to her, as to de-'ſire her to be quiet. But ſhe is coming. I am, in 'haſte,

'SIR, your humble ſervant,

'NICHOLAS EARRING.'

'SIR,

'I HOPE you will not endure this Dumb Club: for 'I am the unlucky ſpouſe of one of thoſe gentle-'men; and when my dear comes from this joyleſs ſo-'ciety, I am an impertinent, noiſy rattle-ſnake; my 'maid is a ſaucy ſow; the man is a thick-ſculled 'puppy, and founders like a horſe; my cook is a 'taſteleſs aſs; and if a child cry, the maid is a care-'leſs bear. If I have company, they are a parcel of 'chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gaggling 'gooſe; when I return, 'You are a fine gallopper; "women, like cats, ſhould keep the houſe.' This is 'a frequent ſentence with him. Conſider ſome re-'medy againſt a temper that ſeldom ſpeaks, and then

'ſpeaks only unkindneſs. This will be a relief to 'all thoſe miſerable women who are married to the 'worſt of tempers, the ſullen, more eſpecially to

'Your diſtreſſed appellant,

'GOODY DUMP.'

'Friend NESTOR,

'OUR brother Tremble having lately given thee 'wholſome advice concerning tuckers, I ſend 'thee a word of counſel touching thyſelf: verily thou 'haſt found great favour with the godly ſiſters. I 'have read in that myſterious book called Æſop's 'fables, how once upon a time, an aſs arrayed him-'ſelf in the ſkin of a lion, thereby deſigning to ap-'pear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity 'of this world was found light, the ſpirit of untruth 'became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious 'animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd voice of 'an aſs braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, 'friend, let the moral of this ſink deep into thy mind; 'the more thou pondereſt thereon, the fitter thou wilt 'become for the fellowſhip of the faithful. We have 'every day more and more hopes of thee; but be-'tween thee and me, when thou art converted, thou 'muſt take to thee a ſcripture name. One of thy 'writing brethren bore a very good name; he was 'entitled ISAAC, but now ſleepeth. JACOB ſuiteth 'thy bookſeller well. Verily NESTOR ſoundeth Ba-'byloniſh in the ears of thy well-wiſher and conſtant 'reader,

'The third day of the week, 'prophanely called Tueſday.

'RUTH PRIM.'

'SIR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING your grave advice to the fair 'ſex, not to lay the beauties of their necks ſo 'open, I find they mind you ſo little, that we young

'men

'men are in as much danger as ever. Yeſterday, a-'bout ſeven in the evening, I took a turn with a 'gentleman juſt come to town in a public walk. We 'had not walked above two rounds, when the ſpark 'on a ſudden pretended wearineſs; and as I impor-'tuned him to ſtay longer, he turned ſhort, and 'pointing to a celebrated beauty, 'What (ſaid he) "do you think I am made of, that I ſhould bear the "ſight of ſuch ſnowy breaſts? Oh! ſhe is intolerably "handſome!' Upon this we parted, and I reſolved to 'take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the 'danger by caſting my eyes downwards: but to my 'unſpeakable ſurpriſe, I diſcovered, in the ſame fair 'creature, the fineſt ancle and prettieſt foot that ever 'fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the 'ſtays, thus diminiſh, what ſhall we do, dear NES-'TOR? If it is neither ſafe to look at the head nor 'the feet of the charmer, whither ſhall we direct our 'eyes? I need not trouble you with any further de-'ſcription of her; but I beg you would conſider that 'your wards are frail and mortal.

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

'EPIMETRIUS.'

N° 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.

Oh fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!
Only deſtructive to the brave and great.

ADDISON's *Campaign.*

THE letters which I publiſhed in the GUARDIAN of Saturday laſt, are written with ſuch ſpirit and greatneſs of mind, that they had excited a great curioſity in my Lady Lizard's family, to know what occaſioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who

wrote them, and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day liſtening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies uſed in the ſingle combat, when the kings of England permitted ſuch trials to be performed in their preſence. He took occaſion from the chance of ſuch judicial proceedings, to relate a cuſtom uſed in a certain part of India, to determine law-ſuits, which he produced as a parallel to the ſingle combat. The cuſtom is, "That the plaintiff "and defendant are thrown into a river, where each "endeavours to keep under water as long as he is "able; and he who comes up firſt loſes the cauſe." The author adds, "That if they had no other way of "deciding controverſies in Europe, the lawyers might "e'en throw themſelves in after them."

The mirth, occaſioned by this Indian law, did not hinder the ladies from reflecting ſtill more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed that it muſt be a miſtreſs which cauſed the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already ſettled in her mind the faſhion of their arms, their colours and devices. My Lady only aſked with a ſigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children?

In order to give them what ſatisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occaſion of the difference, I ſhall preſent the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the ſurvivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may ſerve to raiſe in our minds a yet higher deteſtation of that falſe honour, which robs our country of men ſo fitted to ſupport and adorn it.

Sir

Sir EDWARD SACKVILLE's relation of the fight betwixt him and the Lord BRUCE.

'Worthy SIR,

'AS I am not ignorant, ſo ought I to be ſenſible 'of the falſe aſperſions ſome authorleſs tongues 'have laid upon me, in the reports of the unfortu-'nate paſſage lately happened between the Lord 'Bruce and myſelf; which as they are ſpread here, 'ſo may I juſtly fear they reign alſo where you 'are. There are but two ways to reſolve doubts 'of this nature, by oath, or by ſword. The firſt 'is due to magiſtrates, and communicable to friends; 'the other to ſuch as maliciouſly ſlander, and im-'pudently defend their aſſertions. Your love, not 'my merit, aſſures me, you hold me your friend, 'which eſteem I am much deſirous to retain. Do 'me therefore the right to underſtand the truth of 'that; and in my behalf inform others, who either 'are, or may be infected with ſiniſter rumours, much 'prejudicial to that fair opinion I deſire to hold a-'mongſt all worthy perſons. And on the faith of a 'gentleman, the relation I ſhall give is neither more 'nor leſs, than the bare truth. The incloſed con-'tains the firſt citation, ſent me from Paris by a 'Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Der-'byſhire at my father-in-law's houſe. After it fol-'lows my then anſwer, returned him by the ſame 'bearer. The next is my accompliſhment of my 'firſt promiſe, being a particular aſſignation of place 'and weapons, which I ſent by a ſervant of mine, 'by poſt from Rotterdam, as ſoon as I landed there. 'The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledg-'ment of my too fair carriage to the deceaſed Lord, 'is teſtified by the laſt, which periods the buſineſs 'until we met at Tergoſa in Zealand, it being the 'place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accom-

'panied

'panied with one Mr. Crawford, an Engliſh gentle-
'man, for his ſecond, a ſurgeon, and a man, arrived
'with all the ſpeed he could. And there having
'rendered himſelf, I addreſſed my ſecond, Sir John
'Heidon, to let him underſtand, that now all fol-
'lowing ſhould be done by conſent, as concerning
'the terms whereon we ſhould fight, as alſo the
'place. To our ſeconds we gave power for their
'appointments, who agreed we ſhould go to Ant-
'werp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where
'in the mid-way, but a village divides the States
'territories from the Archduke's. And there was
'the deſtined ſtage, to the end, that having ended,
'he that could, might preſently exempt himſelf from
'the juſtice of the country, by retiring into the do-
'minion not offended. It was farther concluded,
'that in caſe any ſhould fall or ſlip, that then the
'combat ſhould ceaſe, and he whoſe ill-fortune had
'ſo ſubjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have
'been in the other's hands. But in caſe one party's
'ſword ſhould break, becauſe that could only chance
'by hazard, it was agreed that the other ſhould take
'no advantage, but either then be made friends, or
'elſe upon even terms go to it again. Thus theſe
'concluſions being each of them related to his party,
'was by us both approved, and aſſented to. Ac-
'cordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by
'reaſon, my Lord, as I conceive, becauſe he could
'not handſomely, without danger of diſcovery, had
'not paired the ſword I ſent him to Paris; bring-
'ing one of the ſame length, but twice as broad;
'my ſecond excepted againſt it, and adviſed me to
'match my own, and ſend him the choice, which I
'obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's pri-
'vilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the
'ſword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon,
'it pleaſed the Lord Bruce to chuſe my own, and
'then, paſt expectation, he told him, that he found
himſelf

' himſelf ſo far behindhand, as a little of my blood
' would not ſerve his turn; and therefore he was
' now reſolved to have me alone, becauſe he knew
' (for I will uſe his own words) ' that ſo worthy a
" gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to
" ſtand by and ſee him do that which he muſt, to
" ſatisfy himſelf and his honour.' Hereupon Sir
' John Heidon replied, that ſuch intentions were
' bloody and butcherly, far unfitting ſo noble a per-
' ſonage, who ſhould deſire to bleed for reputation,
' not for life; withal adding, he thought himſelf
' injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibit-
' ed from executing thoſe honourable offices he came
' for. The Lord, for anſwer, only reiterated his
' former reſolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving
' him the ſword he had elected, delivered me the o-
' ther, with his determinations. The which, not for
' matter, but manner, ſo moved me, as though, to
' my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten
' more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit
' for ſuch an action (ſeeing the ſurgeons hold a wound
' upon a full ſtomach much more dangerous than o-
' therwiſe) I requeſted my ſecond to certify him, I
' would preſently decide the difference, and there-
' fore he ſhould preſently meet me on horſeback, on-
' ly waited on by our ſurgeons, they being unarmed.
' Together we rode, but one before the other ſome
' twelve ſcore, about two Engliſh miles: and then
' paſſion, having ſo weak an enemy to aſſail, as my
' direction, eaſily became victor, and uſing his pow-
' er, made me obedient to his commands. I being
' verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce ſhould
' thirſt after my life with a kind of aſſuredneſs, ſee-
' ing I had come ſo far, and needleſly, to give him
' leave to regain his loſt reputation; I bade him a-
' light, which with all willingneſs he quickly grant-
' ed, and there in a meadow, ancle deep in water at
' the leaſt, bidding farewel to our doublets, in our
' ſhirts

'ſhirts began to charge each other; having afore
'commanded our ſurgeons to withdraw themſelves
'a pretty diſtance from us, conjuring them beſides,
'as they reſpected our favours, or their own ſafe-
'ties, not to ſtir, but ſuffer us to execute our plea-
'ſures. We being fully reſolved (God forgive us!)
'to diſpatch each other by what means we could;
'I made a thruſt at my enemy, but was ſhort; and
'in drawing back my arm I received a great wound
'thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my
'ſhort ſhooting; but in revenge I preſſed in to him,
'though I then miſſed him alſo, and then received a
'wound in my right pap, which paſſed level through
'my body, and almoſt to my back. And there we
'wreſtled for the two greateſt and deareſt prizes we
'could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In
'which ſtruggling, my hand, having but an ordi-
'nary glove on it, loſt one of her ſervants though
'the meaneſt; which hung by a ſkin, and to ſight
'yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one
'day to recover the uſe of it again. But at laſt,
'breathleſs, yet keeping our holds, there paſſed on
'both ſides propoſitions of quitting each other's
'ſword. But when amity was dead, confidence could
'not live; and who ſhould quit firſt was the que-
'ſtion; which, on neither part, either would per-
'form; and reſtriving again afreſh, with a kick and
'a wrench together, I freed my long captivated
'weapon. Which incontinently levying at his throat,
'being maſter ſtill of his, I demanded, if he would
'aſk his life, or yield his ſword; both which,
'though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied
'to do. Myſelf being wounded, and feeling loſs
'of blood, having three conduits running on me,
'began to make me faint; and he courageouſly per-
'ſiſting not to accord to either of my propoſitions,
'through remembrance of his former bloody deſire,
'and feeling of my preſent eſtate, I ſtruck at his heart;
'but with his avoiding miſſed my aim, yet paſſed
'through

'through the body; and drawing out my ſword re-
'paſſed it again, through another place; when he
'cried, 'Oh, I am ſlain!' ſeconding his ſpeech with
'all the force he had to caſt me. But being too
'weak, after I had defended his aſſault, I eaſily be-
'came maſter of him, laying him on his back; when
'being upon him, I redemanded if he would requeſt
'his life; but it ſeemed he prized it not at ſo dear a
'rate to be beholden for it; bravely replying 'he
"ſcorned it.' Which anſwer of his was ſo noble
'and worthy, as I proteſt I could not find in my
'heart to offer him any more violence, only keep-
'ing him down, until at length his ſurgeon, afar off,
'cried out, 'he would immediately die if his wounds
'were not ſtopped.' Whereupon I aſked if he de-
'ſired his ſurgeon ſhould come, which he accepted
'of; and ſo being drawn away, I never offered to
'take his ſword, accounting it inhumane to rob a
'dead man, for ſo I held him to be. This thus
'ended, I retired to my ſurgeon; in whoſe arms, af-
'ter I had remained a while for want of blood, I
'loſt my ſight, and withal, as I then thought, my
'life alſo. But ſtrong water and his diligence
'quickly recovered me, when I eſcaped a great dan-
'ger. For my Lord's ſurgeon, when no body
'dreamed of it, came full at me with his Lord's
'ſword; and had not mine, with my ſword, inter-
'poſed himſelf, I had been ſlain by thoſe baſe hands,
'although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood,
'and paſt all expectation of life, conformable to all
'his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble,
'cried out, 'Raſcal! hold thy hand.' So may I
'proſper as I have dealt ſincerely with you in this
'relation; which I pray you, with the incloſed let-
'ter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain. And
'ſo, &c.

'Yours,

Louvain, the 8th of Sept. 1613.

'EDWARD SACKVILLE.'

N° 134. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis.
HOR. *Sat.* 2. *l.* 1. *v.* 94.

In virtuous dames, you ſee their face alone:
None ſhow the reſt, but women of the town.

MY Lion having given over roaring for ſome time, I find, that ſeveral ſtories have been ſpread abroad in the country to his diſadvantage. One of my correſpondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is ſilenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was ſent for by a meſſenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain ſeveral dangerous things in his maw. I muſt not omit another report which has been raiſed by ſuch as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is ſtarved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare theſe reports to be altogether groundleſs; and ſince I am contradicting common fame, I muſt likewiſe acquaint the world, that the ſtory of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this: My Lion has not roared for theſe twelve days paſt, by reaſon that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and ſuch as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithſtanding the admonitions I have given my correſpondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of ſcandal down his throat, others have choaked

choaked him with lewdneſs and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with ſo much nonſenſe, that they have made a very aſs of him. On Monday laſt, upon examining, I found him an arrant French Tory, and the day after, a virulent Whig. Some have been ſo miſchievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promiſed to reſtrain him from hurting any man's reputation, ſo my reader may be aſſured that I myſelf ſhall be the laſt man whom I will ſuffer him to abuſe. However, that I may give general ſatisfaction, I have a deſign of converting a room in Mr. Button's houſe to the Lion's library, in which I intend to depoſite the ſeveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. Theſe manuſcripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future hiſtorians who ſhall give an account of the preſent age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chaſtity, it has been obſerved, that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently againſt the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is ſtill determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

'Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I MUST acquaint you, for your comfort, that 'your Lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar a-'mong the women where I live. When my wife 'comes home late from cards, or commits any o-'ther enormity, I whiſper in her ear, partly be-'tween jeſt and earneſt, that 'I will tell the Lion '" of her.' Dear Sir, do not let them alone until 'you have made them put on their tuckers again. 'What can be a greater ſign, that they themſelves 'are ſenſible they have ſtripped too far, than their

'pretending to call a bit of linen, which will hardly 'cover a ſilver groat, their modeſty-piece? It is ob-'ſerved that this modeſty-piece ſtill ſinks lower and 'lower, and who knows where it will fix at laſt?

'You muſt know, Sir, I am a Turkey merchant, 'and lived ſeveral years in a country where the wo-'men ſhew nothing but their eyes. Upon my re-'turn to England, I was almoſt out of countenance 'to ſee my pretty country-women laying open their 'charms with ſo much liberality, though at that 'time many of them were concealed under the mo-'deſt ſhade of the tucker. I ſoon after married a 'very fine woman, who always goes in the extremi-'ty of the faſhion. I was pleaſed to think, as e-'very married man muſt be, that I ſhould make 'daily diſcoveries in the dear creature, which were 'unknown to the reſt of the world. But ſince this 'new airy faſhion is come up, every one's eye is as 'familiar with her as mine; for I can poſitively af-'firm, that her neck is grown eight inches within 'theſe three years. And what makes me tremble 'when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle 'are now expoſed to the ſight of the whole world, 'which made my very heart dance within me, when 'I firſt found myſelf their proprietor. As in all 'appearance the curtain is ſtill riſing, I find a par-'cel of raſcally young fellows in the neighbourhood 'are in hopes to be preſented with ſome new ſcene 'every day.

'In ſhort, Sir, the tables are now quite turned 'upon me. Inſtead of being acquainted with her 'perſon more than other men, I have now the leaſt 'ſhare of it. When ſhe is at home ſhe is continual-'ly muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning 'gowns, and handkerchiefs; but ſtrips every after-'noon to appear in public. For ought I can find, 'when ſhe has thrown aſide half her clothes, ſhe 'begins to think herſelf half dreſſed. Now, Sir,

'if

'if I may preſume to ſay ſo, you have been in the 'wrong to think of reforming the faſhion, by ſhow-'ing the immodeſty of it. If you expect to make 'female proſelytes, you muſt convince them, that 'if they would get huſbands, they muſt not ſhew 'all before marriage. I am ſure, had my wife been 'dreſſed before I married her, as ſhe is at preſent, 'ſhe would have ſatisfied a good half of my curio-'ſity. Many a man has been hindered from laying 'out his money on a ſhow, by ſeeing the principal 'figures of it hung out before the door. I have often 'obſerved a curious paſſenger ſo attentive to theſe 'objects, which he could ſee for nothing, that he 'took no notice of the maſter of the ſhow, who was 'continually crying out, 'Pray gentlemen walk in.'

'I have told you at the beginning of this letter, 'how Mahomet's ſhe-diſciples are obliged to cover 'themſelves. You have lately informed us, from the 'foreign news-papers of the regulations which the 'Pope is now making among the Roman ladies in 'this particular; and I hope our Britiſh dames, 'notwithſtanding they have the fineſt ſkins in the 'world, will be content to ſhew no more of them 'than what belongs to the face and to the neck pro-'perly ſpeaking. Their being fair, is no excuſe for 'ther being naked.

'You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the laſt 'century, there was a ſect of men among us, who 'called themſelves Adamites, and appeared in pu-'blic without clothes. This hereſy may ſpring up 'in the other ſex, if you do not put a timely ſtop 'to it, there being ſo many in all public places, 'who ſhow ſo great an inclination to be Evites.

☞ 'I am, SIR, *&c.*'

N° 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

——————med
Virtute me involvo.—————— HOR. *Od.* 29. *l.* 3. *v.* 54.

——Virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm. DRYDEN.

A GOOD conſcience is to the ſoul what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.

I have been always mightily pleaſed with that paſſage in Don Quixote, where the fantaſtical knight is repreſented as loading a gentleman of good ſenſe with praiſes and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himſelf: "How grateful is praiſe to human nature! I cannot forbear being ſecretly pleaſed with the commendations I receive, though I am ſenſible it is a madman beſtows them on me." In the ſame manner, though we are often ſure that the cenſures which are paſſed upon us are uttered by thoſe who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they ſay.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is ſo natural to the beſt and wiſeſt of men, I have taken a particular pleaſure in obſerving the conduct of the old philoſophers, how they bore themſelves up againſt the malice and detraction of their enemies.

"The

"The way to ſilence calumny, ſays Bias, is to be always exerciſed in ſuch things as are praiſe-worthy." Socrates, after having received ſentence, told his friends, that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth, and not cenſure; and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt. It was in the ſame ſpirit that he heard the accuſations of his two great adverſaries, who had uttered againſt him the moſt virulent reproaches. "Anytus and Miletus, ſays he, may procure ſentence againſt me, but they cannot hurt me." This divine philoſopher was ſo well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his deſtruction. This was properly the ſupport of a good conſcience, that contradicted the reports which had been raiſed againſt him, and cleared him to himſelf.

Others of the philoſophers rather choſe to retort the injury by a ſmart reply, than thus to diſarm it with reſpect to themſelves. They ſhew that it ſtung them, though at the ſame time they had the addreſs to make their aggreſſors ſuffer with them. Of this kind was Ariſtotle's reply to one who purſued him with long and bitter invectives. "You, ſays he, who are uſed to ſuffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been uſed to utter them, take no pleaſure in hearing them." Diogenes was ſtill more ſevere on one who ſpoke ill of him; "No body will believe you when you ſpeak ill of me, any more than they would believe me ſhould I ſpeak well of you."

In theſe, and many other inſtances I could produce, the bitterneſs of the anſwer ſufficiently teſtifies the uneaſineſs of mind the perſon was under who made it. I would rather adviſe my reader, if he has not in this caſe the ſecret conſolation, that he deſerves no ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus. "If any one ſpeaks ill of thee, conſider whether he has truth on his ſide;

and if ſo, reform thyſelf, that his cenſures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told, thatt he very boys laughed at his ſinging; "Ay, ſays he; then I muſt learn to ſing better." But of all the ſayings of philoſophers which I have gathered together for my own uſe on this occaſion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good ſenſe than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him: "It is no matter, ſaid he, I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him: "I am ſure he would not do it, ſays he, if he had not ſome reaſon for it." This is the ſureſt, as well as the nobleſt way of drawing the ſting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, "a "good conſcience."

I deſigned in this eſſay, to ſhow that there is no happineſs wanting to him who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no perſon can be miſerable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this ſubject ſo well treated in one of Dr. South's ſermons, that I ſhall fill this Saturday's paper with a paſſage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having ſhown the virtue of a good conſcience, in ſupporting a man under the greateſt trials and difficulties of life, concludes with repreſenting its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

"The third and laſt inſtance, in which, above all "others, this confidence towards God does moſt emi- "nently ſhow and exert itſelf, is at the time of "death; which ſurely gives the grand opportunity "of trying both the ſtrength and worth of every "principle. When a man ſhall be juſt about to quit

'the

" the ſtage of this world, to put off his mortality,
" and to deliver up his laſt accounts to God; at
" which ſad time his memory ſhall ſerve him for
" little elſe, but to terrify him with a frightful review
" of his paſt life, and his former extravagancies, ſtrip-
" ped of all their pleaſure, but retaining their guilt;
" what is it then that can promiſe him a fair paſ-
" ſage into the other world, or a comfortable ap-
" pearance before his dreadful Judge when he is
" there? Not all the friends and intereſts, all the
" riches and honours under heaven, can ſpeak ſo much
" as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him,
" in that condition; they may poſſibly reproach,
" but they cannot relieve him.

" No, at this diſconſolate time, when the buſy
" tempter ſhall be more than uſually apt to vex and
" trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to
" hinder and diſcompoſe him, and the ſettlement of
" worldly affairs to diſturb and confound him, and,
" in a word, all things conſpire to make his ſick-
" bed grievous and uneaſy; nothing can then ſtand
" up againſt all theſe ruins, and ſpeak life in the
" midſt of death, but a clear conſcience.

" And the teſtimony of that ſhall make the com-
" forts of Heaven deſcend upon his weary head,
" like a refreſhing dew, or ſhower upon a parched
" ground. It ſhall give him ſome lively earneſts,
" and ſecret anticipations of his approaching joy.
" It ſhall bid his ſoul go out of the body undaunt-
" edly, and lift up his head with confidence before
" ſaints and angels. Surely, the comfort which it
" conveys at this ſeaſon, is ſomething bigger than
" the capacities of mortality, mighty and unſpeak-
" able, and not to be underſtood until it comes to
" be felt.

" And now, who would not quit all the plea-
" ſures, and traſh, and trifles, which are apt to cap-
" tivate the heart of man, and purſue the greateſt

" rigours

" rigours of piety, and auſterities of a good life, " to purchaſe to himſelf ſuch a conſcience, as, at the " hour of death, when all the friendſhip in the " world ſhall bid him adieu, and the whole crea- " tion turn its back upon him, ſhall diſmiſs the ſoul " and cloſe his eyes with that bleſſed ſentence, Well " done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou " into the joy of thy Lord."

N° 136. MONDAY, AUGUST 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.
VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day. DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moraliſts have pleaſed themſelves with an obſervation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thouſand to go out of it. I have ſeen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the perſon of Death metamorphoſing himſelf, like another Proteus, into innumerable ſhapes and figures. To repreſent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other diſtempers and accidents that deſtroy the life of man, death enters firſt of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of ſnow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himſelf, of a ſudden, into a ſword, then dwindles ſucceſſively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's deſign by this allegory, was, to ſhew the many aſſaults to which the life of man is expoſed, and to let his reader ſee that there was ſcarce any thing in nature ſo very mean and inconſiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the duſt. I remember Monſieur Paſchal,

Paſchal, in his reflections on Providence, has this obſervation upon Cromwell's death. "That uſurper," ſays he, "who had deſtroyed the royal family in his "own nation, who had made all the princes of Eu- "rope tremble, and ſtruck a terror into Rome itſelf, "was at laſt taken out of the world by a fit of the "gravel. An atom, a grain of ſand," ſays he, "that would have been of no ſignificancy in any o- "ther part of the univerſe, being lodged in ſuch a "particular place, was an inſtrument of Providence "to bring about the moſt happy revolutions, and "to remove from the face of the earth this troubler "of mankind." In ſhort, ſwarms of diſtempers are every where hovering over us; caſualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or ſleep, ſit or walk, are planted about us in ambuſcade; every element, every climate, every ſeaſon, all nature is full of death.

There are more caſualties incident to men than women, as battles, ſea-voyages, with ſeveral dangerous trades and profeſſions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have ſeen a treatiſe written by a learned phyſician on the diſtempers peculiar to thoſe who work in ſtone or marble. It has been therefore obſerved by curious men, that upon a ſtrict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to ſupply this waſte in the ſpecies, has made allowances for it by a ſuitable redundancy in the male ſex. Thoſe who have made the niceſt calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This obſervation is ſo well grounded, that I will, at any time, lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonſtrative argument for the ſuperintendency of Providence?

There are caſualties incident to every particular ſtation

ſtation and way of life. A friend of mine was once ſaying, that he fancied there would be ſomething new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his ſeat, which lies at a conſiderable diſtance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the ſeveral deaths that had happened in his county for the ſpace of a whole year, and ſend them up to me in the form of ſuch a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here ſee that he has been as good as his promiſe. To make it the more entertaining, he has ſet down, among the real diſtempers, ſome imaginary ones, to which the country people aſcribed the deaths of ſome of their neighbours. I ſhall extract out of them ſuch only as ſeem almoſt peculiar to the country, laying aſide fevers, apoplexies, ſmall pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a ſix-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-ſet hedge	2
Two duels, *viz.*	
Firſt, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-ſtool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croſſed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen rooſt	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the pariſh	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold ſleeping at church	11
Of a ſprain in his ſhoulder by ſaving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headleſs dog with ſaucer eyes	1

Of

Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the ſhire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's neſt	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horſe-pond by a Will of the Wiſp	1
Died of a fright in an excerciſe of the Trained Bands	1
Over-eat himſelf at a houſe-warming	1
By the parſon's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the ſquire's houſe-dog	2
Shot by miſtake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the Merry Andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul diſtemper	0

N° 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18.

——*Sanctus haberi*
Juſtitiæque tenax, factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem—— JUV. *Sat.* 8. *v.* 24.

Convince the world, that you're devout and true;
Be juſt in all you ſay, in all you do:
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt quality to me. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greateſt writers in almoſt every age, have expoſed, with all the ſtrength of wit and good ſenſe, the vanity of a man's valuing himſelf upon his anceſtors, and endeavoured to ſhew that true nobility conſiſts in virtue, not in birth. With ſubmiſſion, however,

however, to ſo many great authorities, I think they have puſhed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the poſterity of thoſe who have raiſed either the intereſt or reputation of their country, and by whoſe labours we ourſelves are more happy, wiſe, or virtuous, than we ſhould have been without them. Beſides, naturally ſpeaking, a man bids fairer for greatneſs of ſoul, who is the deſcendent of worthy anceſtors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obſcure parentage. For theſe reaſons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illuſtrious line, is very juſtly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think thoſe who are indifferent in themſelves, and have nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more reſpected than the common run of men, who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus aſcribed due honours to birth and parentage, I muſt however take notice of thoſe who arrogate to themſelves more honours than are due to them on this account. The firſt are ſuch who are not enough ſenſible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and diſennobles a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The ſecond are thoſe who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an inſignificant and worthleſs man who is deſcended from a long line of patriots and heroes; or, in other words, behold with contempt a perſon who is ſuch a man as the firſt founder of their family was, upon whoſe reputation they value themſelves.

But I ſhall chiefly apply myſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits uppermoſt in all their diſcourſes and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature

ture that is ſcarce converſable. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points, which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A gentleman of this turn began a ſpeech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had "the honour to be born at a time"—Upon which a rough honeſt gentleman took him up ſhort, "I "would fain know what that gentleman means; is "there any one in this houſe that has not had the "honour to be born as well as himſelf?" The good ſenſe which reigns in our nation has pretty well deſtroyed this ſtarched behaviour among men who have ſeen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents, or flatterers, that loſe all the reſpect which would otherwiſe be paid them, by being too aſſiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been ſo educated in punctilio, that he governs himſelf by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meaſures out his bow to the degree of the perſon he converſes with. I have ſeen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low ſtoop in the ſalutation-ſign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was ſaying, it would be worth while to obſerve how he would diſtinguiſh us at his firſt entrance. Accordingly, he no ſooner came into the room, but caſting his eye about, "My Lord ſuch a one, ſays he, your moſt humble "ſervant. Sir Richard, your humble ſervant. Your "ſervant, Mr. Ironſide. Mr. Ducker, how do you "do? Ha! Frank, are you there?"

There is nothing more eaſy than to diſcover a man whoſe heart is full of his family. Weak minds that

have imbibed a ſtrong tincture of the nurſery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, ſuperannuated retainers to a great houſe, have generally their thoughts taken up with little elſe.

I had ſome years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironſide, who would never marry beneath herſelf, and is ſuppoſed to have died a maid in the fourſcorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and paſſed away the greateſt part of the laſt forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the IRONSIDES. Mrs. Martha converſed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewiſe of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the laſt century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but ſaid their prayers twice a-day, and in all other reſpects were the beſt women in the world. If they ſaw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the ſaucy minx, when they found ſhe was an honeſt tradeſman's daughter. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pious indignation that would riſe in them at the ſight of a man who lived plentifully on an eſtate of his own getting. They were tranſported with zeal beyond meaſure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family, upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In ſhort, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in poſſeſſion of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mecklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha uſed to chide me very frequently for not ſufficiently valuing myſelf. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation ſhe found ſhe had been ſeated below herſelf; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if ſhe ſaw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom

whom ſhe had refuſed in her youth, ſhe declared to me with great warmth, that ſhe preferred a man of quality in his ſhirt, to the richeſt man upon the change in a coach and ſix. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's ſide to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a ſecret among ourſelves. A little before her death ſhe was reciting to me the hiſtory of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironſide, who had a horſe ſhot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate *piſh*, and aſked, "What was all this to me?" Upon which ſhe retired to her cloſet, and fell a ſcribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, ſhe ſtruck me out of her will, and left all ſhe had to my ſiſter Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that uſed to be aſking queſtions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironſides, with a ſtone over her, acquainting the reader that ſhe died at the age of eighty years, a ſpinſter; and that ſhe was deſcended of the ancient family of the Ironſides.——After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

☞

N° 138. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 889.

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I ſtudy ſo much in the courſe of theſe my daily diſſertations, as variety. By this means, every one of my readers is ſure, ſome time or other, to find a ſubject that plea-

ſes him; and almoſt every paper has ſome particular ſet of men for its advocates. Inſtead of ſeeing the number of my papers every day increaſing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my gueſts, and quicken it from time to time by ſomething new and unexpected. In ſhort, I endeavour to treat my reader in the ſame manner as Eve does the angel, in that beautiful deſcription of Milton.

" So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks, in haſte
" She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
" What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt;
" What order, ſo contriv'd, as not to mix
" Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant; but bring
" Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt change.
" Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
" In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore;
" In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
" Alcinous reign'd: fruit of all kinds, in coat
" Rough or ſmooth-rined, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
" She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
" Heaps with unſparing hand"——— *Fifth book.*

If by this method I can furniſh out a *ſplendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem publiſhed among the exerciſes of the laſt Oxford act; I have gained the end which I propoſe to myſelf.

In my yeſterday's paper, I ſhowed how the actions of our anceſtors and forefathers ſhould excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I ſhall here obſerve, that a regard to our poſterity, and thoſe who are to deſcend from us, ought to have the ſame kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble ſoul would rather die, than commit an action that ſhould make his children bluſh when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to thoſe who ſhall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleaſing thought to a man of eminence, than to conſider that his poſterity, who lie many removes

moves from him, ſhall make their boaſt of his virtues, and be honoured for his ſake.

Virgil repreſents this conſideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having ſhown him the race of heroes who were to deſcend from him, Anchiſes adds, with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?
Æn. 6. v. 806.

And doubt we yet thro' dangers to purſue
The paths of honour?—— *Dryden.*

Since I have mentioned this paſſage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great deſcendents, I cannot forbear obſerving a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The liſt which he has there drawn up, was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Auguſtus. For this reaſon, Anchiſes, who ſhows Æneas moſt of the reſt of his deſcendents in the ſame order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the ſake of Auguſtus, whom he ſingles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the moſt illuſtrious perſon who was to riſe in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to deſcribe his poſterity raiſed to the utmoſt pitch of glory, and therefore paſſes over all the reſt to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly repreſents as making the moſt conſpicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his Emperor the greateſt praiſe he could beſtow upon him, but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been diſadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæſar, who each of them eclipſed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things ſpoken of Auguſtus than of any other man, all the wits of his

age having tried to outrival one another on that ſubject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for ſublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The Engliſh reader may ſee a faint ſhadow of it in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation, for the original is inimitable.

" *Hic vir, hic eſt*, &c." *Æn.* 6. *v.* 791.

" But next, behold the youth of form divine,
" Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
" Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
" Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
" Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
" Afric and India, ſhall his pow'r obey;
" He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
" Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way,
" Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
" And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.
" At his foreſeen approach, already quake
" The Caſpian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
" Their ſeers behold the tempeſt from afar;
" And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
" Nile hears him knocking at his ſev'nfold gates;
" And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephews fates.
" Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
" Not though the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
" Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
" And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
" Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
" By tygers drawn triumphant in his car;
" From Niſus' top deſcending on the plains,
" With curling vines around his purple reins.
" And doubt we yet through dangers to purſue
" The paths of honour?"———

I could ſhew out of other poets the ſame kind of viſion as this in Virgil, wherein the chief perſons of the poem have been entertained with the ſight of thoſe who were to deſcend from them: But inſtead of that, I ſhall conclude with a rabbinical ſtory which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amuſing.

Adam,

Adam, ſay the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was preſented with a view of all thoſe ſouls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the viſion ſet before him the ſoul of David. Our great anceſtor was tranſported at the ſight of ſo beautiful an apparition; but to his unſpeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be converſant among men the ſpace of one year.

" *Oſtendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà*
" *Eſſe ſinent*"——— *Æn.* 6. *v.* 869.

" This youth (the bliſsful viſion of a day)
" Shall juſt be ſhown on earth, and ſnatch'd away."
Dryden.

Adam, to procure a longer life for ſo fine a piece of human nature, begged that threeſcore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, ſay the Rabbins, Adam falls ſhort of a thouſand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by juſt ſo many years as make up the life of David; Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70.

This ſtory was invented to ſhow the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the laſt poetical compoſition of David, " of David the ſon of Jeſſe, of the man " who was raiſed up on high, of the anointed of " the God of Jacob, of the ſweet Pſalmiſt of If- " rael."

N° 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20.

——*Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.*
VIRG. *Æn.* 9. *v.* 79.

——The fact, thro' length of time obſcure,
Is hard to faith; yet ſhall the fame endure. DRYDEN.

'Moſt venerable NESTOR,

'I FIND that every body is very much delighted 'with the voice of your Lion. His roarings a-'gainſt the tucker have been moſt melodious and 'emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will 'take warning by them, and not provoke him to 'greater outrages; for I obſerve, that your Lion, 'as you yourſelf have told us, is made up of mouth 'and paws. For my own part, I have long conſi-'dered with myſelf how I might expreſs my grati-'tude to this noble animal, that has ſo much the good 'of our country at his heart. After many thoughts 'on this ſubject, I have at length reſolved to do ho-'nour to him, by compiling an hiſtory of his ſpecies, 'and extracting out of all authors, whatever may re-'dound to his reputation. In the proſecution of 'this deſign, I ſhall have no manner of regard to 'what Æſop has ſaid upon the ſubject, whom I look 'upon to have been a republican by the unworthy 'treatment which he often gives to the King of 'beaſts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict 'of falſehood and forgery in almoſt every matter of 'fact which he has related of this generous animal. 'Your romance-writers are likewiſe a ſet of men 'whoſe authority I ſhall build upon very little in this 'caſe. They all of them are born with a particular 'antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter

'than

'than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet 'them. There is not one of the ſeven champions, 'but when he has nothing elſe to do, encounters 'with a lion, and you may be ſure always gets the 'better of him. In ſhort, a knight-errant lives in 'a perpetual ſtate of enmity with this noble crea-'ture, and hates him more than all things upon the 'earth, except a dragon. Had the ſtories recorded 'of them by theſe writers been true, the whole ſpe-'cies would have been deſtroyed before now. After 'having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I 'ſhall begin my memoirs of the Lion with a ſtory 'related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by 'him out of Dion Caſſius, an hiſtorian of undoubt-'ed veracity. It is the famous ſtory of Androcles the 'Roman ſlave, which I premiſe for the ſake of my 'learned reader, who needs go no further in it, if he 'has read it already.

'Androcles was the ſlave of a noble Roman who 'was proconſul of Afric. He had been guilty of 'a fault, for which his maſter would have put him 'to death, had not he found an opportunity to e-'ſcape out of his hands, and fled into the deſerts of 'Numidia. As he was wandering among the bar-'ren ſands, and almoſt dead with heat and hunger, 'he ſaw a cave in the ſide of a rock. He went in-'to it; and finding at the farther end of it a place 'to ſit down upon, reſted there for ſome time. At 'length, to his great ſurpriſe, a huge overgrown 'lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and ſeeing 'a man at the upper end of it, immediately made 'towards him. Androcles gave himſelf for gone; 'but the lion, inſtead of treating him as he expected, 'laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining 'kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, 'after having recovered himſelf a little from the 'fright he was in, obſerved the lion's paw to be ex-'ceedingly ſwelled by a large thorn that ſtuck in it.

'He

'He immediately pulled it out, and by ſqueezing 'the paw very gently, made a great deal of cor- 'rupt matter run out of it, which probably freed 'the lion from the great anguiſh he had felt ſome 'time before. The lion left him upon receiving this 'good office from him, and ſoon after returned with 'a fawn which he had juſt killed. This he laid 'down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off 'again in purſuit of his prey. Androcles, after 'having ſodden the fleſh of it by the ſun, ſubſiſted 'upon it until the lion had ſupplied him with an- 'other. He lived many days in this frightful ſoli- 'tude, the lion catering for him with great aſſiduity. 'Being tired at length of this ſavage ſociety, he 'was reſolved to deliver himſelf up into his maſter's 'hands, and ſuffer the worſt effects of his diſplea- 'ſure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. 'His maſter, as was cuſtomary for the proconſul of 'Afric, was at that time getting together a preſent 'of all the largeſt lions that could be found in the 'country, in order to ſend them to Rome, that they 'might furniſh out a ſhow to the Roman people. 'Upon his poor ſlave's ſurrendering himſelf into 'his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to 'Rome as ſoon as the lions were in readineſs to be 'ſent, and that for his crime he ſhould be expoſed 'to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, 'as uſual, for the diverſion of the people. This 'was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after 'ſuch a ſtrange run of fortune, was now in the area 'of the theatre amidſt thouſands of ſpectators, ex- 'pecting every moment when his antagoniſt would 'come out upon him. At length a huge monſtrous 'lion leaped out from the place where he had been 'kept hungry for the ſhow. He advanced with 'great rage towards the man; but on a ſudden, af- 'ter having regarded him a little wiſtfully, fell to 'the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the

'ſigns

'ſigns of blandiſhment and careſs. Androcles, after 'a ſhort pauſe, diſcovered that it was his old Nu-'midian friend, and immediately renewed his ac-'quaintance with him. Their mutual congratula-'tions were very ſurpriſing to the beholders, who, 'upon hearing an account of the whole matter from 'Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the 'lion to be given up into his poſſeſſion. Androcles 'returned at Rome the civilities which he had re-'ceived from him in the deſerts of Afric. Dion 'Caſſius ſays, that he himſelf ſaw the man leading 'the lion about the ſtreets of Rome, the people 'every where gathering about them, and repeating 'to one another, *Hic eſt leo hoſpes hominis; hic eſt 'homo medicus leonis.* This is the lion who was the 'man's hoſt; this is the man who was the lion's phy-'ſician.'

N° 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21.

——Quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, vel Neſtoris hernia poſſit.
JUV. *Sat.* 6. *v.* 324.

A ſight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Neſtor into am'rous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an aſtrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great ſatisfaction. He obſerves to me, that my lion at Button's coffeehoſe was very luckily erected in the very month when the ſun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon converſing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whoſe other name he obſerves is Daniel, (a good omen ſtill with regard to the lion his cohabitant) he had diſcovered the very hour in which

which the ſaid lion was ſet up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the ſaid Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This myſterious philoſopher acquaints me, that the ſign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, ſays he, is ſignified the natural love and friendſhip the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to ſuch matrons likewiſe as are pure and unſpotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the moſt exact aſtrological ſchemes, the lion is obſerved to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the ſcorpion in thoſe parts which are allotted to that fiery conſtellation. From hence he very naturally prognoſticates, that my lion will meet with great ſucceſs in the attacks he has made on the untuckered ſtays and ſhort petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a femal boſom or ancle uncovered in Great-Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foreſaw, five years ago, that both the Pope and myſelf ſhould about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that ſundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dreſs.

I have another letter by me from a perſon of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propenſion in the fair ſex to go uncovered, and thinking it impoſſible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedneſs and clothing. He propoſes, therefore, that they ſhould imitate their great-grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with ſuch figures as ſhall be moſt to their fancy.

cy. The boſom of the coquette, ſays he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the ſtring. The prude might have a Pallas, with a ſhield and Gorgon's head. In ſhort, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable diſcoveries of herſelf, and at the ſame time ſhew us what ſhe would be at. But, by my correſpondent's good leave, I can by no means conſent to ſpoil the ſkin of my pretty country-women. They could find no colours half ſo charming as thoſe which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the ſun itſelf upon their bodies, they would ſtill change for the worſe, and conceal ſomething more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I ſhall therefore perſiſt in my firſt deſign, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have ſo long aimed at. Let them but raiſe their ſtays, and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them ſpace to conſider of it, I deſign this for the laſt time that my lion ſhall roar upon the ſubject during this ſeaſon, which I give public notice of for the ſake of my correſpondents, that they may not be at an unneceſſary trouble or expence in furniſhing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again reſume that point, if I find occaſion for it. I ſhall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his preſent good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

To Pope CLEMENT the Eighth, NESTOR IRONSIDE, greeting.

'Dear Brother,

'I HAVE heard, with great ſatisfaction, that you have forbidden your prieſts to confeſs any woman who appears before them without a tucker; in which you pleaſe me well. I do agree with you, that it is impoſſible for the good man to diſcharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to thoſe alluring penitents that diſcover their hearts and necks to him at the ſame time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to ſtir up the ſame ſpirit of modeſty among the women of this iſland, and ſhould be glad we might aſſiſt one another in ſo good a work. In order to it, I deſire that you would ſend me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it ſtood before your late prohibition. We have ſome here who have necks of one, two, and three feet in length, ſome that have necks which reach down to their middles, and, indeed, ſome who may be ſaid to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the ſame time you obſerve the ſtays of your female ſubjects, that you have alſo an eye to their petticoats, which riſe in this iſland daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the ſtays fall to the fifth rib, which I hear is to be the ſtandard of each, as it has been lately ſettled in a junto of the ſex, I will take care to ſend you one of either ſort, which I advertiſe you of beforehand, that you may not compute the ſtature of our Engliſh women from the length of their garments. In the mean time, I have deſired the maſter of a veſſel, who tells me that he ſhall touch at Civita Vecchia, to preſent you with a certain female machine, which I believe will puzzle your

'infallibility

'infallibility to diſcover the uſe of it. Not to keep 'you in ſuſpenſe, it is what we call in this country, 'a hooped-petticoat. I ſhall only beg of you to 'let me know, whether you find any garment of 'this nature among all the relics of your female 'ſaints; and in particular, whether it was ever worn 'by any of your twenty thouſand virgin martyrs.

'Yours, *uſque ad aras*,

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

I muſt not diſmiſs this letter without declaring myſelf a good Proteſtant, as I hint in the ſubſcribing part of it. This I think neceſſary to take notice of, leſt I ſhould be accuſed by an author of unexampled ſtupidity, for correſponding with the head of the Romiſh Church.

N° 141. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

Frange, miſer, calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parva ſublimia carmina cella,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ. JUV. *Sat* 7. *v.* 27.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths thro' written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praiſes be forgot;
And make of all an univerſal blot———
The reſt is empty praiſe, an ivy crown,
Or the lean ſtatue of a mean renown. DRYDEN.

"WIT," ſaith the Biſhop of Rocheſter in his "elegant ſermon againſt the ſcorner, "as "it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity "of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be "employed in the ſearch of truth, and very capa-"ble of aſſiſting us to diſcern and embrace it." I

ſhall take leave to carry this obſervation farther into common life; and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young perſons to the favour of ſuch patrons as are generouſly ſtudious to promote the intereſt of politeneſs, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of ſome riſing authors whom I have taken under my guardianſhip. Since my circumſtances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I muſt take upon me the perſon of a philoſopher, and make them a preſent of my advice. I would not have any poet whatſoever, who is not born to five hundred a-year, deliver himſelf up to wit, but as it is ſubſervient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is uſeful in all profeſſions, and ſhould be conſidered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the deſire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of eaſe and convenience eraze the fairy images of glory and honour. Even thoſe who have ſucceeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with ſome regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and uſeful ſpeculations. This is admirably expreſſed in the following lines, by an author, whom I have formerly done juſtice to on the account of his paſtoral poems.

" In ſearch of wiſdom far from wit I fly;
" Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
" In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
" We waſte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
" But when reflection comes with riper years,
" And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
" We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
" And, wed to wiſdom, lead a happy life."

A paſſage which happened to me ſome years ago, confirmed ſeveral maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for

for his learning and good nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he ſhewed me at the one end ſeveral well-choſen mottos, and ſeveral patterns of cloth at the other. —— I, like a well-bred man, praiſed both ſorts of goods: whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generouſly gave them to me; but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am ſenſible that any accounts of my own ſecret hiſtory can have but little weight with young men of ſanguine expectations. I ſhall therefore take this opportunity to preſent my wards with the hiſtory of an ancient Greek poet, which was ſent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuſcript of Homer's works, which was brought by the Barbarians from Conſtantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully tranſlated part of it, and deſire that it may be diligently peruſed by all men who deſign to live by their wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in 'Greece called Parnaſſus, where the country is re-'markably delicious. My mother, while ſhe was 'with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and 'as I lay in my cradle, a ſwarm of bees ſettled a-'bout my mouth, without doing me any injury. 'Theſe were looked upon as preſages of my being 'a great man; and the early promiſes I gave of a 'quick wit and lively fancy, confirmed the high 'opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would 'be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of 'my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. 'It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful 'young virgin, with whom I had innocently and 'familiarly converſed from my childhood, became 'the public talk of our village. I was ſo taken up 'with my paſſion, that I intirely neglected all other

'affairs: And though the daughter of Machaon 'the phyſician, and a rich heireſs, the daughter of 'a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in mar-'riage, I peremptorily refuſed both the matches, 'and raſhly vowed to live and die with the lovely 'Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonſtrate 'to me, that the tradition of her being deſcended 'from the gods was too poor a portion for one of 'my narrow fortunes; that except her fine green-'houſe and garden, ſhe had not one foot of land; 'and though ſhe ſhould gain the law-ſuit about the 'ſummit of Parnaſſus, (which yet had many pre-'tenders to it) that the air was ſo bleak there, and 'the ground ſo barren, that it would certainly ſtarve 'the poſſeſſor. I fear my obſtinacy in this particu-'lar broke my mother's heart, who died a ſhort time 'after, and was ſoon followed by my father.

'I now found myſelf at liberty; and, notwith-'ſtanding the oppoſition of a great many rivals, I 'won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was 'known to the whole country; and all, who ſaw, 'extolled the beauty of my miſtreſs, and pronoun-'ced me happy in the poſſeſſion of ſo many charms. 'We lived in great ſplendor and gaiety; I being per-'ſuaded that high living was neceſſary to keep up 'my reputation and the beauty of my miſtreſs; from 'whom I had daily expectations given me of a poſt 'in the government, or ſome laviſh preſent from the 'great men of our commonwealth. I was ſo proud 'of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing 'company to ſee her, and was a little tireſome to 'my acquaintance, by talking continually of her 'ſeveral beauties. She herſelf had a moſt exalted 'conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies 'to aſk their opinions of her dreſs; which if they 'diſapproved in any particular, ſhe called them a 'pack of envious inſipid things, and ridiculed them 'in all companies. She had a delicate ſet of teeth,

'which

'which appeared moſt to advantage when ſhe was 'angry; and therefore ſhe was very often in a paſ-'ſion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had 'run out of our money, we had no living ſoul to 'befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a 'judgment upon me for being a ſlave to ſuch a proud 'minx, ſuch a conceited huſſy.

'I loved her paſſionately, and exclaimed againſt a 'blind and injudicious world. Beſides, I had ſe-'veral children by her, and was likely ſtill to have 'more; for I always thought the youngeſt the moſt 'beautiful. I muſt not forget that a certain great 'Lord offered me a conſiderable ſum in my neceſſity, 'to have the reputation of fathering one of them; 'but I rejected his offer with diſdain. In order to 'ſupport her family and vanities, ſhe carried me to 'Athens; where ſhe put me upon a hundred pranks 'to get money. Sometimes ſhe dreſſed me in an an-'tic robe and placed a diadem on my head, and made 'me gather a mob about me by talking in a blu-'ſtering tone, and unintelligible language. Some-'times ſhe made me foam at the mouth, roll my 'eyes, invoke the gods, and act a ſort of madneſs 'which the Athenians call the Pindariſm. At an-'other time, ſhe put a ſheep-hook in my hand, 'and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains 'of Arcadia. When theſe projects failed, ſhe gave 'out, with good ſucceſs, that I was an old aſtrolo-'ger; after that a dumb man; and laſt of all ſhe 'made me paſs for a lion.

'It may ſeem ſtrange, that after ſo tedious a ſla-'very, I ſhould ever get my freedom. But ſo it 'happened, that during the three laſt transforma-'tions, I grew acquainted with the Lady Sophia, 'whoſe ſuperior charms cooled my paſſion for Poly-'hymnia; inſomuch that ſome envious dull fellows 'gave it out, my miſtreſs had jilted and left me. 'But the ſlanders of my enemies were ſilenced by

'my

'my public eſpouſal of Sophia; who, with a great-
'neſs of ſoul, void of all jealouſy, hath taken Po-
'lyhymnia for her woman, and is dreſſed by her e-
'very day.'

N° 142. MONDAY, AUGUST 24.

——Pacis mala: ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciſcitur——
JUV. *Sat.* 6. *v.* 291.

——Th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot; whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd—— DRYDEN.

BEING obliged, at preſent, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do impower my printer to look into the Arcana of the Lion, and ſelect out of them ſuch as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authoriſed and commanded to give my ſaid printer free ingreſs and egreſs to the Lion, without any hinderance, let, or moleſtation whatſoever, until ſuch time as he ſhall receive orders to the contrary; and for ſo doing this ſhall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

"By virtue of the foregoing order, the Lion has "been carefully examined; and the two following "papers being found upon him, are thought very "proper for public uſe."

"Given in at the Lion's mouth at ſix of the clock "in the morning."

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I CAME very early this morning to rouſe your 'Lion, thinking it the propereſt time to offer 'him traſh when his ſtomach was empty and ſharp ſet;

'ſet; and being informed too that he is ſo very mo-
'deſt, as to be ſhy of ſwallowing any thing before
'much company, and not without ſome other po-
'litic views, the principal of which was, that his di-
'geſtion being then the moſt keen and vigorous, it
'might probably refine this raw piece from ſeveral
'of its crudities, and ſo make it proper food for his
'maſter; for as great princes keep their taſter, ſo I
'perceive you keep your digeſter, having an appe-
'tite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-
'feeling and ſimilitude of employment, are any mo-
'tives to engage your attention, I may for once pro-
'miſe myſelf a favourable hearing. By the account
'you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other
'female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be
'a ſtranger to the many great difficulties there are in
'weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic
'which ſhe is fully bent upon. I am Guardian to a
'young heireſs, whoſe conduct I am more than ordinary
'ſolicitous to keep ſteady in the ſlippery age we live
'in. I muſt confeſs, Miſs has hitherto been very
'tractable and toward, conſidering ſhe is an heireſs,
'and now upon the brink of fifteen. But here of
'late Tom Whirligig has ſo turned her head with the
'gallantries of a late maſquerade, (which, no doubt,
'Tom, according to his uſual vivacity, ſet forth, in
'all its gayeſt colours;) that the young creature has
'been perfectly giddy ever ſince, and ſo ſet agog
'with the thoughts of it, that I am teazed to death
'by her importuning me to let her go to the next.
'In the mean time, I have ſurpriſed her more than
'once or twice very buſy in pulling all her clothes to
'pieces, in order to make up a ſtrange dreſs, and
'with much ado have reprieved them from her mer-
'cileſs ſciſſars. Now you muſt underſtand, old IRON,
'I am very loath to truſt her all alone into ſuch an
'ocean of temptations. I have made uſe of all man-
'ner of diſſuaſives to her, and have ſufficiently de-
'monſtrated

'monſtrated to her, that the devil firſt addreſſed himſelf to Eve in a maſk, and that we owe the loſs of our firſt happy ſtate to a maſquerade, which that ſly intriguer made in the garden, where he ſeduced her. But ſhe does not at all regard all this; the paſſion of curioſity is as predominant in her, as ever it was in her predeceſſor. Therefore I appeal, ſage NESTOR, to your experienced age, whether theſe nocturnal aſſemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a looſe turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in diſguiſe takes away the uſual checks and reſtraints of modeſty; and conſequently the beaux do not bluſh to talk wantonly, nor the belles to liſten; the one as greedily ſucks in the poiſon, as the other induſtriouſly infuſes it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies may poſſibly forget their ownſelves in ſuch ſtrange dreſſes, and do that in a perſonated character which may ſtain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herſelf in the innocent freedom of a green gown; and a ſhepherdeſs, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a ſhepherd on a moſſy bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be ſo far loſt in the pleaſing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's ſoft endearing language, as never once to reflect who ſhe is, until the romance is completed. Beſides, do but conſider, dear NESTOR, when a young lady's ſpirits are fermented with ſparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her ſoul melted away by the ſoft airs of muſic and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman diſſolved in a luxury of pleaſure: I ſay, in ſuch critical circumſtances, in ſuch unguarded moments, how eaſy is it for a young thing to be led aſide by her ſtars! Therefore, good Mr. IRONSIDE, ſet your Lion a-roaring againſt theſe dangerous aſſemblies: I can aſſure you, one good loud roar will be ſufficient to deter my ward

'from

from them; for ſhe is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always uſed from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too ſome benefit to yourſelf in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all queſtion but they will be very ſhortly gadding after theſe midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietneſs, as well as mine, and the ſafety of all young virgins, pray order your Lion to exert his loudeſt notes againſt maſquerades: I am ſure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

'Your faithful friend and companion,

'OLD RUSTISIDES.'

'Moſt worthy SIR,

BEING informed that the Evites daily increaſe, and that fig-leaves are ſhortly coming into faſhion, I have hired me a piece of ground, and planted it with fig-trees, the ſoil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good Sir, you will ſo far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all ſorts and ſizes, of a delicate texture and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully ſcolloped at the extremities, and moſt curiouſly wrought with variety of ſlender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have ſome very cool ones for ſummer, ſo tranſparently thin, that you may ſee through them, and others of a thicker ſubſtance for winter; I have likewiſe ſome very ſmall ones of a particular ſpecies for little miſſes. So that I do not queſtion but to give general ſatisfaction to all ladies whatſoever, that pleaſe to repair to me at the ſign of the Adam and Eve near Cupid's Gardens. If you will favour me with the

'inſertion

'insertion of this in your GUARDIAN, I will make 'your favourite the Sparkler, a preſent of ſome of the 'choiceſt fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the '*primitias* of my new garden; and if you bring me 'a great many cuſtomers for my leaves, I promiſe 'you my figs ſhall all be at your ſervice.

'I am, worthy SIR,

'your worſhip's moſt obedient

'humble ſervant,

'ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.'

N. B. 'I am now rearing up a ſet of fine fur-'belowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding pro-'per for old women and ſuperannuated maids; thoſe 'plants having two excellent good properties; the 'one, that they flouriſh beſt in dry ground; the o-'ther, that being clothed with ſeveral integuments 'of downy ſurfaces, they are exceeding warm and 'cheriſhing.'

N° 143. TUESDAY, AUGUST 25.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit!
TIBUL. *Eleg.* 10. *l.* 1. *v.* 1.

Who firſt, with ſkill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind, the ſword's deſtructive uſe?
What ſenſe of pity could the monſter feel!
Himſelf relentleſs as the murd'rous ſteel!

NOTWITHSTANDING the levity of the pun, which is in the ſecond line of my motto, the ſubject I am going upon is of the moſt ſerious conſequence, and concerns no leſs than the peace and quiet, and (for

(for ought I know) the very life and ſafety, of every inoffenſive and well-diſpoſed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of diſcretion and ſobriety, in moſt of the coffee-houſes from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is ſprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the ſtreets, and come into all public places, in open daylight, with ſwords of ſuch immoderate length, as ſtrike terror into a great many of her Majeſty's good ſubjects. Beſides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room, or a narrow ſtreet, are as inconvenient as ſo many turnſtiles, becauſe you can paſs neither backward nor forward, until you have firſt put their weapons aſide. When Jack Lizard made his firſt trip to town from the univerſity, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I ſoon perceived in the firſt viſit he made me, when I remember he came ſcraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron, ſo irkſomely long, that it hanged againſt his calf, and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the ſtairs. But his ſiſter Annabella's raillery ſoon cured him of this aukward air, by telling him, that his ſword was only fit for going up ſtairs, or walking up hill, and that ſhe ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had ſtolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city: It is very remarkable, that theſe "brothers of the "blade" began to appear upon the firſt ſuſpenſion of arms; and that ſince the concluſion of the peace, the order is very much increaſed, both as to the number of the men, and the ſize of their weapons. I am informed, that theſe men of prepoſterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongſt their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themſelves into a ſociety, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they

entertain hopes of getting the great armoury-hall in the Tower for their Club-room. Upon this I have made it my buſineſs to enquire more particularly into the cabals of theſe hectors; and, by the help of my lion, I have got ſuch informations as will enable me to countermine their deſigns, together with a copy of ſome fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it ſeems are to be augmented, and aſſented to by the reſt of the gang, on the firſt of January next (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the ſword-cutlers hall. I ſhall at preſent (to let them ſee that they are not unobſerved) content myſelf with publiſhing only the ſaid articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the members of the Terrible Club.

Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight, in the great armoury-hall in the Tower, (if leave can be obtained) the firſt Monday in every month.

II. That the preſident be ſeated upon a Drum at the upper-end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a baſket-hilt ſword, and a buff-belt.

III. That the preſident be always obliged to provide, for the firſt and ſtanding diſh of the club, a paſty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpoſe.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets inſtead of knives.

V. That every member do ſit to the table, and eat with his hat, his ſword and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gun-powder.

VII. That a large mortar be made uſe of for a punch bowl.

In all appearance, it could be no other than a member of this club who came laſt week to Button's, and

and ſat over-againſt the Lion, with ſuch a ſettled fierceneſs in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in ſternneſs of looks. His ſtature was ſomewhat low, his motions quick and ſmart, and might be miſtaken for ſtartings and convulſions. He wore a broad ſtiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, truſſed up into the fierce trooper's cock: to this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was ſhort, and rich in tarniſhed lace; his noſtrils and his upper lip were all begrimmed with ſnuff. At firſt I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to entruſt him with any weapon; until, looking down, I could perceive a ſword of a moſt unwarrantable ſize, that hung careleſly below his knee, with two large taſſels at the hilt, that played about his ancles.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot help ſhrewdly ſuſpecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong, when I think, that the long ſword, and the ſwaggering cock, are the ordinary diſguiſes of a faint heart. Theſe men, while they think to impoſe terror upon others, do but render themſelves contemptible; their very dreſs tells you that they are ſurrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbs's ſtate of nature, and that they are never free from apprehenſions. I dare ſay, if one were to look into the hearts of theſe champions, one ſhould find there a great tendency to go caſed in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a ſtronger ridicule reſtrains them from it. A brave man ſcorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is, neither to fear nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have ſeen a buffoon in an opera, whoſe exceſſive cowardice never failed to ſet the whole audience into a loud laughter: but the ſcene which ſeemed to divert them moſt, was that in which he came on with a ſword that reached quite

acroſs the ſtage, and was put to flight by an adverſary, whoſe ſtature was not above four feet high, and whoſe weapon was not three feet long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who ſhewing a rich ſword that had been preſented to him, his courtiers unanimouſly gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too ſhort; upon which the king's ſon ſaid, that there was no weapon too ſhort for a brave man, ſince there needed no more but to advance one ſtep to make it long enough. To this I ſhall ſubjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himſelf ſecure while he is within fight of his adverſary's point. I would therefore adviſe theſe men of diſtant courage, as they tender their honour, to ſhorten their dimenſions, and reduce their tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable ſize.

N° 144. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

Sua cuique quum ſit animi cogitatio,
Colorque privus.—— PHÆDR. *Prol. l. 5. v. 7.*

Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting.

IT is a very juſt, and a common obſervation upon the natives of this iſland, that in their different degrees, and in their ſeveral profeſſions and employments, they abound as much, and perhaps more, in good ſenſe, than any people; and yet, at the ſame time, there is ſcarce an Engliſhman of any life and ſpirit, that has not ſome odd caſt of thought, ſome original humour that diſtinguiſhes him from his neighbour. Hence it is, that our comedies are enriched with ſuch a diverſity of characters, as is not to be ſeen

ſeen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the maſquerades that have been lately given to the town, (though they are diverſions we are not accuſtomed to) the ſingularities of dreſs were carried much farther than is uſual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy to thoſe amuſements. The very ſame meaſure of underſtanding, the very ſame accompliſhments, the very ſame defects, ſhall, amongſt us, appear under a quite different aſpect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the Engliſh, as it would be to learn the Chineſe language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour ſo obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *le goût du terroir* in wines; by which they mean the different flavour one and the ſame grape ſhall draw from the different ſoils in which it is planted. This national mark is viſible amongſt us in every rank and degree of men, from the perſons of the firſt quality and politeſt ſenſe, down to the rudeſt and moſt ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar caſt of head and turn of wit, or ſome uncommon whim, as a characteriſtic, that diſtinguiſhes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a ſmall-coal man, who, from beginning with two plain notes, which make up his daily cry, has made himſelf maſter of the whole compaſs of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of muſic at his own houſe, for the entertainment of himſelf and his friends. There is a perſon of great hoſpitality, who lives in a plaſtered cottage upon the road to Hamſtead, and gets a ſuperfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday-paſſengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, ginger-bread, apples, pears, and other ſmall refreſhments of life; and on work-days

takes the air in his chaiſe, and recreates himſelf with the elegant pleaſures of the *beau-monde*. The ſhining men amongſt our mob, dignified by the title of Ringleaders, have an inexhauſtible fund of archneſs and railliery; as likewiſe have our ſailors and watermen. Our very ſtreet-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the ſchool-men term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me acroſs the Meuſe with "one farthing or halfpenny, good your honour, "do your honour; and I ſhall make bold to pray "for you."

Shakeſpear (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artiſans, or low characters into his plays, never fails to daſh them ſtrongly with ſome diſtinguiſhing ſtrain of humour, as may be ſeen more remarkably in the ſcene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this ſingularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us ſeem whimſical to ſtrangers, yet it furniſhes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourſelves, and diverſifies all our converſations with ſuch a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his eſſay upon poetry, endeavours to account for the Britiſh humours, in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of our 'ſoil, the unequalneſs of our climate, as well as the 'eaſe of our government, and the liberty of profeſſ-'ing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neigh-'bours have about them, but are forced to diſguiſe, 'and thereby may come in time to be extinguiſhed. 'Thus we come to have more originals, and more 'that appear what they are: We have more humour, 'becauſe every man follows his own, and takes a 'pleaſure, perhaps a pride, to ſhew it. On the 'contrary, where the people are generally poor, and 'forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are

'all

'all of a piece: Where they ſerve hard maſters, 'they muſt follow their examples, as well as com-'mands, and are forced upon imitation in ſmall mat-'ters, as well as obedience in great: So that ſome 'nations look as if they were caſt all by one mould, 'or cut out all by one pattern (at leaſt the common 'people in one, and the gentlemen in another). They 'ſeem all of a ſort in their habits, their cuſtoms, 'and even their talk and converſation, as well as in 'the application and purſuit of their actions and 'their lives. Beſides all this, there is another ſort 'of variety amongſt us, which ariſes from our climate, 'and the diſpoſitions it naturally produces. We are 'not only more unlike one another than any nation 'I know, but we are more unlike ourſelves too, at 'ſeveral times, and owe to our very air ſome ill qua-'lities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occaſions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconſtrained manner of living, that we owe, in a great meaſure, the number of ſhining geniuſes, which riſe up amongſt us from time to time, in the ſeveral arts and ſciences, for the ſervice and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous diſpoſition in a people, will likewiſe never fail to keep up in their minds an averſion to ſlavery, and be, as it were, a ſtanding bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continues, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, ſpeaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much leſs to bear with the abſurdities of popery, in exchange for an eſtabliſhed and a reaſonable faith.

N° 145. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
HOR. *Ars. Poet. v.* 122.

Scorning all judges, and all law, but arms.
ROSCOMMON.

AMONGST the ſeveral challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archneſs of ſome wag, or the ſerious reſentment of a coxcomb, that vents his indignation with an inſipid pertneſs. In either of theſe two lights I think it may divert my readers; for which reaſon, I ſhall make no ſcruple to comply with the gentleman's requeſt, and make his letter public.

'Old TESTY, Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe.

'YOUR grey hairs for once ſhall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for 'your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long 'ſwords. Look to it for the future; conſider, we 'brothers of the Blade are men of a 'long reach:' 'Think betimes,

"How many perils do inviron
"The man that meddles with cold iron."

'It has always been held dangerous to play with 'edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but 'aukward jeſters; we know not how to repay joke 'for joke; but then we always make up in point 'what we want in wit. He that ſhall raſhly attempt 'to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need 'to

' to have a heart of oak, as well as ' Sides of Iron.'
' Thus much for the preſent. In the mean time,
' Bilbo is the word, remember that and tremble.

' THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocoſe manner of bullying an old man, ſo long as it affords ſome entertainment to my friends, is what I ſhall not go about to diſcourage. However, my witty antagoniſt muſt give me leave, ſince he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thruſt or two with him at the ſame weapons; and ſo let me tell Mr. Swagger, " There is no catching old " birds with chaff;" and that " Brag is a good dog, " but Hold-faſt is a better." " Fore-warned, fore- " armed." Having diſpatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the caſe of a perſon who is the very reverſe of the former; the which he lays before me in the following epiſtle.

' Worthy SIR,

' I AM the moſt unfortunate of men, if you do
' not ſpeedily interpoſe with your authority in
' behalf of a gentleman, who, by his own example,
' has for theſe ſix months endeavoured, at the peril
' of his life, to bring little ſwords into faſhion, in
' hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means
' (winning them over inch by inch) to appear with-
' out any ſwords at all. It was my misfortune to
' call in at Tom's laſt night, a little fuddled, where
' I happened only to point towards an old fellow
' with a monſtrous ſword, that made a ring round
' him, as he turned upon his heel to ſpeak to one
' or other in the room. Upon this peccadillo, the
' bloody-minded villian has ſent me a challenge this
' morning. I tremble at the very thought of it,
' and am ſick with the apprehenſion of ſeeing that
' weapon

'weapon naked, which terrified me in the ſcabbard. 'The unconſcionable ruffian deſires, in the moſt ci- 'vil terms, he may have the honour of meaſuring 'ſwords with me. Alas, Sir, mine is not (hilt and 'all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of 'incloſing it to you in my wig-box, and ſhall be e- 'ternally obliged to you, if, upon ſight of it, your 'compaſſion may be ſo far moved, as to occaſion 'you to write a good word for me to my adverſary, 'or to ſay any thing that may ſhame him into rea- 'ſon, and ſave at once the life and reputation of,

'SIR, your moſt devoted ſlave,

'TIMOTHY BODKIN.'

Good Mr. BODKIN,

THE peruſal of this paper will give you to underſtand, that your letter, together with the little implement you ſent me in the band-box, came ſafe to my hands. From the dimenſions of it, I perceive your courage lyes in a narrow compaſs. Suppoſe you ſhould ſend this bravo the fellow to it, and deſire him to meet you in a cloſet; letting him know, at the ſame time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the ſake of privacy. But, if this propoſal ſeems a little too raſh, I ſhall ſend my ſervant with your ſword to the perſon offended, and give him inſtructions to tell him, you are a little purblind, and dare not, for that reaſon, truſt to a longer weapon, aud that an inch in his body, will do your buſineſs as well as an ell: Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiouſly, my ſervant ſhall let him know, as from me, that he ſhould meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect: if otherwiſe, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourſelf no farther unneceſſary fears; but rely upon the truth of

of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myſelf of one expedient more for you, which ſeems to be the moſt likely to ſucceed. Send your own ſervant to wait upon the gentleman. Let him carry with him your ſword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity ſo gallant a cavalier ſhould not be completely armed; for which reaſon you humbly requeſt, that you may have the honour of preſenting him with a dagger.

I am, SIR,

Your faithful ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter laſt week from one of my female wards, who ſubſcribes herſelf Teramiuta. She ſeems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern ſhe ſhows for the loſs of a ſmall covering, which the generality of the ſex have laid aſide. She is in pain, and full of thoſe fears which are natural in a ſtate of virginity, leſt any, the ſmalleſt part of her linen, ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a man. In compliance, therefore, with her requeſt, and to gratify her modeſty, ſo far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertiſement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Auguſt 19. "Whereas a Modeſty-Piece was loſt "at the maſquerade laſt Monday night, being the "17th inſtant, between the hours of twelve and one; "the author of this paper gives notice, that if any "perſon will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel "Button, to be returned to the owner, it ſhall by "her be acknowledged as the laſt favour, and no "queſtions aſked."

"N. B. It is of no uſe but to the owner."

N° 146. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et oſtendere man-ſuefactum, Hanno è clariſſimis Pœnorum traditur. PLIN.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the firſt man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are ſo well pleaſed with the ſtory of the Lion, in my paper of the twentieth inſtant, and with my friend's deſign of compiling a hiſtory of that noble ſpecies of animals, that a great many ingenious perſons have promiſed me their aſſiſtance to bring in materials for the work, from all the ſtorehouſes of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a conſiderable number of *virtuoſi* have offered, when my collection ſhall ſwell into a reaſonable bulk, to contribute very handſomely, by way of ſubſcription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiouſly adorned with variety of foreſts, deſerts, rocks and caves, and lions of all ſorts and ſizes, upon copper-plates by the beſt hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's Inn, (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) ſends me word, I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embelliſhing of the work; aſſuring me, at the ſame time, that he will ſet his clerk to ſearch the records, and inquire into the antiquities of that houſe, that there may be no ſtone left unturned to make the book complete. Conſidering the volumes that have been written upon inſects and reptiles, and the vaſt expence and pains ſome philoſophers have been at to diſcover, by the help

help of glaſſes, their almoſt imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreaſonable, if the Lion (whoſe majeſtic form lies open to the naked eye) ſhould take up a firſt rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, ſends me the following letter, to be inſerted in my commentaries upon Lions.

'SIR,

'SINCE one of your correſpondents has of 'late entertained the public with a very re- 'markable and ancient piece of hiſtory, in honour 'of the grandees of the foreſt; and ſince it is pro- 'bable you may in time collect a great many curi- 'ous records and amazing circumſtances, which may 'contribute to make theſe animals reſpected over the 'face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambiti- 'ous to have the glory of contributing ſomewhat to 'ſo generous an undertaking. If you throw your 'work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I 'may furniſh out a page in it towards the latter end 'of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, 'which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman 'to whom it happened.

'About ſixty years ago, when the plague raged 'at Naples, Sir George Davis (conſul there for the 'Engliſh nation) retired to Florence. It happened 'one day he went out of curioſity to ſee the great 'duke's Lions. At the farther end, in one of the 'dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years 'time could not tame, with all the art and gentle 'uſage imaginable. Sir George no ſooner appear- 'ed at the grates of the den, but the Lion ran to 'him with all the marks of joy and tranſport he 'was capable of expreſſing: He reared himſelf up 'and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in 'through the grates. The keeper affrighted, took 'him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him 'not to hazard his life by going ſo near the fierceſt

'creature of that kind, that ever entered thoſe dens. 'However, nothing would ſatisfy Sir George, not-'withſtanding all that could be ſaid to diſſuade him, 'but he muſt go into the den to him. The very 'inſtant he entered, the Lion threw his paws upon 'his ſhoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and 'fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog 'at the ſight of his maſter. After ſeveral embraces 'and ſalutations exchanged on both ſides, they 'parted very good friends. The rumour of this 'interview between the Lion and the ſtranger rung 'immediately through the whole city, and Sir 'George was very near paſſing for a ſaint among the 'people. The great duke, when he heard of it, 'ſent for Sir George, who waited upon his high-'neſs to the den, and, to ſatisfy his curioſity, gave 'him the following account of what ſeemed ſo ſtrange 'to the Duke and his followers.

'A captain of a ſhip from Barbary gave me this 'Lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him 'up tame; but when I thought him too large to be 'ſuffered to run about the houſe, I built a den for him 'in my court-yard; from that time he was never 'permitted to go looſe, except when I brought him 'within doors to ſhew him to my friends. When 'he was five years old, in his gameſome tricks, he 'did ſome miſchief by pawing and playing with peo-'ple. Having griped a man one day a little too 'hard, I ordered him to be ſhot, for fear of incur-'ring the guilt of what might happen; upon this, 'a friend, who was then at dinner with me, begged 'him. How he came here, I know not.

'Here Sir George Davis ended; and thereupon 'the Duke of Tuſcany aſſured him, that he had the 'Lion from that very friend of his.—I am,

'SIR,

'your moſt obedient ſervant,

'and conſtant reader, *&c.*'

N° 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

Bonum eſt fugienda aſpicere alieno in malo. PUBL. SYR.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the 21ſt of July, ſhewed my diſlike of the ridiculous cuſtom of garniſhing a new-married couple, and ſetting a gloſs upon their perſons which is to laſt no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my diſciples of both ſexes, to make them ſenſible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridgroom happen to be perſons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all viſits with ſo gay an equipage, and ſo glittering an appearance, as if they were making ſo many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and ſix, the gaudy liveries, the ſupernumerary train of ſervants, the great houſe, the ſumptuous table, the ſervices of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profuſion of jewels, that upon this occaſion break out at once, are ſo many ſymptoms of madneſs in the happy pair, and prognoſtications of their future miſery.

I remember a country neighbour of my Lady Lizard's, Squire Wiſeacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear eſtate of 500 l. *per annum*, and by living frugally upon it, was before-hand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant the then reigning toaſt in thoſe parts. In a word, he married her; and to give a laſting

proof of his affection, conſented to make both her and himſelf miſerable, by ſetting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in leſs than the ſpace of five years, was reduced to ſtarve in priſon for debt; and his lady, with a ſon and three daughters, became a burden to the pariſh. The conduct of Frank Foreſight was the very reverſe to Squire Wiſeacre's. He had lived a bachelor ſome years about this town, in the beſt of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, beſides ſix ſaddle horſes; he did not exceed, but went to the utmoſt ſtretch of his income: But when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he diſmiſſed two of his footmen, four of the ſaddle horſes, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the uſe of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aſide; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanlineſs and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance aſked him the reaſon of this ſudden change; he would anſwer, 'In ſingle life I could eaſily compute my wants, and 'provide againſt them; but the condition of life I 'am now engaged in, is attended with a thouſand 'unforeſeen caſualties, as well as with a great many di-'ſtant, but unavoidable expences. The happineſs 'or miſery, in this world, of a future progeny, will 'probably depend upon my good or ill huſbandry. 'I ſhall never think I have diſcharged my duty, un-'til I have laid up a proviſion for three or four chil-'dren at leaſt.' 'But pr'ythee, Frank, ſays a pert 'coxcomb that ſtood by, why ſhouldſt thou reckon 'thy chickens before—Upon which he cut him ſhort, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can 'never want heirs, while there is one man of worth 'living.' This precautious way of reaſoning and acting, has proved to Mr. Foreſight and his lady an uninterrupted ſource of felicity. Wedlock ſits light

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and eaſy upon them; and they are at preſent happy in two ſons and a daughter, who, a great many years hence, will feel the good effects of their parents prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in ſome parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, ſhall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumſtances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honeſt, as well as every prudent man ſhould do ſomething equivalent to this, by retrenching all ſuperfluous and idle expences, inſtead of following the extravagant practice of perſons, who ſacrifice every thing to their preſent vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight ſplendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I never could be preſent at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I ſee the bride thoughtleſly jigging it about the room, diſhonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole aſſembly at the expence of her childrens future ſubſiſtence. How ſingular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does ſhe appear in the eyes of wiſe men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thouſand pounds for a preſent in jewels; but before he did it, deſired to know what ſort would be moſt acceptable to her. 'Sir, replied Sophia, I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: Be pleaſed only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not, continues ſhe, at all fond of thoſe expenſive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the abſence of them any diminution, to my happineſs. I ſhould be aſhamed to appear in

public for a few days in a dreſs which does not become me at all times. Beſides, I ſee by that modeſt plain garb of yours, that you are not yourſelf affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my perſon clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman tranſported with this excellent turn of mind in his miſtreſs, preſented her with the money in new gold. She purchaſed an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, ſhe makes her huſband ſome pretty preſent, as a token of her gratitude, and a freſh pledge of her love; part of it ſhe yearly diſtributes among her indigent and beſt deſerving neighbours; and the ſmall remainder ſhe lays out in ſomething uſeful for herſelf, or the children.

N° 148. MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

——*Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri.* OVID. *Met. l.* 4. *v.* 428.

'Tis good to learn ev'n from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpoſe, "That there are few, if any books, "out of which a man of learning may not extract "ſomething for his uſe." I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookſeller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yeſterday when I came there, the Turkiſh Tales happened to ly in my way. Upon opening of that amuſing author, I happened to dip upon a ſhort tale, which gave me a great many ſeri-

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ous reflections. The very ſame fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleaſure, who, it is probable, will read it with their uſual levity; but ſince it may as probably divert and inſtruct a great many perſons of plain and virtuous minds, I ſhall make no ſcruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Chriſtian, and is ſo very obvious, that I ſhall leave to every reader the pleaſure of picking it out for himſelf. I ſhall only premiſe, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures.

The HISTORY of SANTON BARSISA.

THERE was formerly a Santon whoſe name was Barſiſa, who for the ſpace of an hundred years very fervently applied himſelf to prayer; and ſcarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his reſidence, for fear of expoſing himſelf to the danger of offending God. He faſted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had ſuch a great veneration for him, and ſo highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a ſick perſon, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous diſtemper, the cauſe of which the phyſicians could not diſcover, yet they continued preſcribing remedies by gueſs; but inſtead of helping the princeſs, they only augmented her diſeaſe. In the mean time, the king was inconſolable, for he paſſionately loved his daughter; wherefore one day, finding all human aſſiſtance vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the princeſs ought to be ſent to the Santon Barſiſa.

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All the Beys applauded his ſentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithſtanding his frozen age, could not ſee ſuch a beauty without being ſenſibly moved. He gazed on her with pleaſure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whiſpered in his ear thus; "O Santon! "don't let ſlip ſuch a fortunate minute: tell the "King's ſervants, that it is requiſite for the princeſs "to paſs this night in the grotto, to ſee whether it "will pleaſe God to cure her; that you will put up "a prayer for her, and that they need only come to "fetch her to-morrow."

How weak is man! The Santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he ſuggeſted to him. But the officers before they would yield to leave the princeſs, ſent one of their number to know the king's pleaſure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barſiſa, never in the leaſt ſcrupled the truſting of his daughter with him. "I conſent," ſaid he, "that ſhe ſtay with that holy man, and that he "keep her as long as he pleaſes: I am wholly ſatiſ-"fied on that head."

When the officers had received the king's anſwer, they all retired, and the princeſs remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil preſented himſelf to the Santon, ſaying, "Canſt thou let ſlip "ſo favourable an opportunity with ſo charming a "creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you "offer her; if ſhe were even ſo indiſcreet as to reveal "it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and "all the world, are too much prepoſſeſſed in your "favour, to give any credit to ſuch a report. You "may do any thing unpuniſhed, when armed by the "great reputation for wiſdom, which you have ac-"quired." The unfortunate Barſiſa was ſo weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princeſs, took her into his arms, and in a moment

ment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no ſooner perpetrated his crime, than a thouſand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accoſts the devil: "Oh wretch!" ſays he, "it is thou which haſt deſtroyed me! thou "haſt encompaſſed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to ſeduce me; and now at laſt thou haſt "gained thy end." "Oh Santon!" anſwered the devil, "do not reproach me with the pleaſure thou "haſt enjoyed. Thou mayeſt repent: but what is "unhappy for thee, is, that the princeſs is impregnated, and thy ſin will become public: thou wilt "become the laughing-ſtock of thoſe who admire "and reverence thee at preſent, and the king will "put thee to an ignominious death."

Barſiſa, terrified by this diſcourſe, ſays to the devil, "What ſhall I do to prevent the publication of my "ſhame?" "To hinder the knowledge of your "crime, you ought to commit a freſh one," anſwered the devil. "Kill the princeſs, bury her at the "corner of the grotto, and when the king's meſſengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured "her, and that ſhe went from the grotto very early "in the morning: they will believe you, and ſearch "for her all over the city and country; and the king "her father will be in great pain for her, but after "ſeveral vain ſearches it will wear off."

The hermit, abandoned by God, purſuant to this advice, killed the princeſs, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him ſay. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter; but not being able to hear of her, they deſpaired of finding her, when the devil told them, that all their ſearch for the princeſs was vain; and relating what had paſſed betwixt her and the Santon, he told them the place where ſhe was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto,

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ſeized Barſiſa, and found the princeſs's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpſe, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king ſaw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and aſſembling the doctors, he laid the Santon's crime before them, and aſked their advice how he ſhould be puniſhed. All the doctors condemned him to death; upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected; the hermit went up the ladder, and, when he was going to be turned off, the devil whiſpered in his ear theſe words: "O Santon! if you "will worſhip me, I will extricate you out of this "difficulty, and tranſport you two thouſand leagues "from hence, into a country where you ſhall be re-"verenced by men, as much as you were before this "adventure." "I am content," ſays Barſiſa; "de-"liver me, and I will worſhip thee." "Give me "firſt a ſign of adoration," replies the devil. Whereupon the Santon bowed his head, and ſaid, "I give "myſelf to you." The devil then raiſing his voice, ſaid, "O Barſiſa, I am ſatisfied; I have obtained "what I deſired." And with theſe words, ſpitting in his face, he diſappeared; and the deluded Santon was hanged.

N° 149. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

—Uratur veſtis amore tua. OVID. *Ars Amat. l.* 3. *v.* 448.

Your very dreſs ſhall captivate his heart.

I HAVE, in a former PRECAUTION, endeavoured to ſhew the mechaniſm of an epic poem, and given the

the reader preſcriptions whereby he may, without the ſcarce ingredient of a genius, compoſe the ſeveral parts of that great work. I ſhall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dreſs the ſubject of the following paper.

Dreſs is grown of univerſal uſe in the conduct of life. Civilities and reſpect are only paid to appearance; it is a varniſh that gives a luſtre to every action, a *paſſe par tout* that introduces us into all polite aſſemblies, and the only certain method of making moſt of the youth of our nation conſpicuous.

There was formerly an abſurd notion among the men of letters, that to eſtabliſh themſelves in the character of wits, it was abſolutely neceſſary to ſhew a contempt of dreſs. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their converſation, took off the force of every expreſſion, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they ſaid; while the man of dreſs catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applauſe by way of compliment.

I ſhall lay down as an eſtabliſhed maxim, which hath been received in all ages, That no perſon can dreſs without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be diſcovered even in infancy. Little maſter will ſmile when you ſhake his plume of feathers before him, and thruſt its little knucles in papa's full bottom; miſs will toy with her mother's Mecklin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; ſhe ſmacks her lips for a kiſs at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the houſe-maid's blue apron: as ſhe grows up, the dreſs of her baby begins to be her care, and you will ſee a genteel fancy open itſelf in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of ſketch of dreſs, if I may ſo call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign,

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is called a *diſhabille:* every thing is thrown on with a looſe and carleſs air; yet a genius diſcovers itſelf even thro' this negligence of dreſs, juſt as you may ſee the maſterly hand of a painter in three or four ſwift ſtrokes of the pencil.

The moſt fruitful in geniuſes is the French nation: we owe moſt of our janty faſhions, now in vogue, to ſome adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole ſcope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dreſs undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the ſame ſhape two days together; ſo that we may impute the ſcarcity of geniuſes in our climate to the ſtagnation of faſhions.

The ladies among us have a ſuperior genius to the men; which hath for ſome years paſt ſhot out in ſeveral exorbitant inventions for the greater conſumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themſelves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various ſcallop of the pocket, the ladies have ſunk the head-dreſs, incloſed themſelves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been diſpoſed of at will; the ſtays have been lowered behind, for the better diſplaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the ſleeve, and thoſe other nice circumſtances of dreſs upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleaſure.

The ſciences of poetry and dreſs have ſo near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may ſerve for the other.

As in a poem, all the ſeveral parts of it muſt have a harmony with the whole; ſo, to keep to the propriety of dreſs, the coat, waiſtcoat and breeches muſt be of the ſame piece.

As Ariſtotle obliges all dramatic writers to a ſtrict obſervance of time, place, and action, in order to compoſe a juſt work of this kind of poetry; ſo it is abſolutely

abſolutely neceſſary for a perſon that applies himſelf to the ſtudy of dreſs, to have a ſtrict regard to theſe three particulars.

To begin with the *time*. What is more abſurd than the velvet gown in ſummer? and what more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are prepoſterous in June, which are charmingly ſupplied by the Turkey handkerchief and the fan. Every thing muſt be ſuitable to the ſeaſon; and there can be no propriety in dreſs without a ſtrict regard to time.

You muſt have no leſs reſpect to *place*. What gives a lady a more eaſy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dreſs in ſhowing themſelves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the leaſt indecorum.

Action is what gives the ſpirit both to writing and dreſs. Nothing appears graceful without *action;* the head, the arms, the legs, muſt all conſpire to give a habit a genteel air. What diſtinguiſhes the air of the court from that of the country, but *action?* A lady, by the careleſs toſs of her head, will ſhew a ſet of ribbons to advantage; by a pinch of ſnuff judiciouſly taken, will diſplay the glittering ornament of of her little finger; by the new-modelling her tucker, at one view preſent you with a fine turned hand, and a riſing boſom. In order to be a proficient in *action*, I cannot ſufficiently recommend the ſcience of dancing; this will give the feet an eaſy gait, and the arms a gracefulneſs of motion. If a perſon have not a ſtrict regard to theſe three above mentioned rules of antiquity, the richeſt dreſs will appear ſtiff and affected, and the moſt gay habit fantaſtical and taudry.

As different ſorts of poetry require a different ſtyle: the Elegy, tender and mournful; the Ode, gay and ſprightly; the Epic, ſublime, *&c.* ſo muſt the widow confeſs her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conſpicuous in the ſilver

brocade; and the plume and the ſcarlet dye is requiſite to give the ſoldier a martial air. There is another kind of occaſional dreſs in uſe among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which ſome have not injudiciouſly ſtyled the Hermaphroditical, by reaſon of its maſculine and feminine compoſition; but I ſhall rather chuſe to call it the Pindaric, as its firſt inſtitution was at a New-Market horſe-race, and as it is a mixture of the ſublimity of the Epic with the eaſy ſoftneſs of the Ode.

There ſometimes ariſes a great genius in dreſs, who cannot content himſelf with merely copying from others, but will, as he ſees occaſion, ſtrike out into the long pocket, ſlaſh'd ſleeve, or ſomething particular in the diſpoſition of his lace, or the flouriſh of his embroidery. Such a perſon, like the maſters of other ſciences, will ſhow that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are ſome pretenders to dreſs who ſhine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-maſter of the loweſt rank ſeldom fails of the ſcarlet ſtocking and the red heel; and ſhows a particular reſpect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his ſubſiſtence; when, at the ſame time, perhaps, all the ſuperior ornament of his body is neglected. We may ſay of theſe ſort of dreſſers what Horace ſays of his patch-work poets,

" *Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter*
" *Aſſuitur pannus*"—— *Ars. Poet. v. 15.*

——" A few florid lines
" Shine thro' th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt." *Roſcommon.*

Others who lay the ſtreſs of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the ſmart tie-wig, with the black ribbon, ſhows a man of fierceneſs of temper; and he that burdens

burdens himſelf with a ſuperfluity of white hair, which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the ſhoulders, is generally obſerved to be leſs curious in the furniture of the inward receſſes of the ſkull, and lays himſelf open to the application of that cenſure which Milton applies to the fair ſex,

——" of outward form
" Elaborate, of inward leſs exact."

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dreſs by a well-fancied ſuit of knots, as a judicious writer gives ſpirit to a whole ſentence by a ſingle expreſſion. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, ſo there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of dreſs; the fringe ſucceeds the lace, the ſtays ſhorten or extend the waiſt, the ribbon undergoes divers variations, the head-dreſs receives frequent riſes and falls every year; and, in ſhort, the whole woman throughout, as curious obſervers of dreſs have remarked, is changed from top to toe in the period of five years. A poet will, now and then, to ſerve his purpoſe, coin a word, ſo will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the faſhion; but as Horace adviſes, that all new-minted words ſhould have a Greek derivation to give them an indiſputable authority, ſo I would counſel all our improvers of faſhion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the " fountain of dreſs," as Greece was of literature.

Dreſs may bear a parellel to poetry with reſpect to moving the paſſions. The greateſt motive to Love, as daily experience ſhows us, is Dreſs. I have known a lady at ſight, fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time, I have ſeen the awkward appearance of her rural humble ſervant move her indignation; ſhe is jealous every time her rival hath a new ſuit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to diſadvan-

tage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has ſhe often found in the ſeducing full-bottom! Who can tell the reſiſtleſs eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold ſnuff-box, and the amber-headed cane!

I ſhall conclude theſe criticiſms with ſome general remarks upon the Milliner, the Mantua-maker, and the Lady's Woman, theſe being the three chief on which all the circumſtances of dreſs depend.

The Milliner muſt be thoroughly verſed in phyſiognomy; in the choice of ribbons ſhe muſt have a particular regard to the complexion, and muſt ever be mindful to cut the head-dreſs to the dimenſions of the face. When ſhe meets with a countenance of large diameter, ſhe muſt draw the dreſs forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which caſts an agreeable ſhade, and takes off from its maſculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, juſt on the tip of the crown of the head: ſhe muſt have a regard to the ſeveral ages of women; the head-dreſs muſt give the mother a more ſedate mien than the virgin; and age muſt not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the ſeveral ſtages of life, and as much propriety muſt be obſerved in the dreſs of the old as the young.

The Mantua-maker muſt be an expert anatomiſt; and muſt, if judiciouſly choſen, have a name of French termination; ſhe muſt know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and muſt be able to mould the ſhape by the ſtays, ſo as to preſerve the inteſtines, that while ſhe corrects the body, ſhe may not interfere with the pleaſures of the palate.

The Lady's Woman muſt have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dreſs, like the critic's learning, is at ſecond hand, ſhe muſt, like him, have a ready talent at cenſure, and her tongue muſt be deeply verſed in detraction; ſhe muſt be ſure to aſperſe the

the characters of the ladies of moſt eminent virtue and beauty to indulge her lady's ſpleen; and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the moſt fawning ſycophants to their patrons, ſo muſt our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: ſhe muſt add ſprightlineſs to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulneſs to her ſtep, by cheriſhing her pride; and make her ſhow a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conqueſts. As a critic muſt ſtock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, ſhe muſt be no leſs ready in the recital of all the beaux and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, ſhe aſſerts, that the theory of any ſcience is above the practice; and that it is not neceſſary to be able to ſet her own perſon off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dreſs of others: and beſides all thoſe qualifications, ſhe muſt be endued with the gift of ſecrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profeſſion.

By what I have ſaid, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithſtanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dreſs cannot be attained without a genius; and I ſhall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and ſciences whatever, Epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly ſhowed the knack or mechaniſm) a genius is abſolutely neceſſary.

N° 150. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

——Neſcio quâ dulcedine lati,
Progeniem nidoſque fovent—— VIRG. *Geor. 4. v. 55.*

——with ſecret joy,
Their young ſucceſſion all their cares employ. DRYDEN.

I WENT the other day to viſit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of ſeveral

children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that ſhe might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's requeſt, had juſt taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A ſmiling boy was at the ſame time careſſing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, becauſe it pleaſes the children; and ſhe, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, ſo divided her converſation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, ſhe ſaid, with a bluſh, "Mr. IRONSIDE, though you are an old bachelor, you muſt "not laugh at my tenderneſs to my children." I need not tell my reader what civil things I ſaid in anſwer to the lady, whoſe matron-like behaviour gave me infinite ſatisfaction; ſince I myſelf take great pleaſure in playing with children, and am ſeldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to ſuch entertaining companions.

Whence is it, ſaid I to myſelf when I was alone, that the affection of parents is ſo intenſe to their offſpring? Is it becauſe they generally find ſuch reſemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themſelves renewed in their children, and are willing to tranſmit themſelves to future times? or is it, becauſe they think themſelves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nouriſh and rear what is placed ſo immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the ſcene of miſery, of neceſſity? Theſe will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who, in a ſupereminent degree, protects and cheriſhes the whole race of mankind, his ſons and creatures? How ſhall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, ſo ſignally diſplayed throughout every ſpecies of the animal creation, without which the courſe of nature would quickly fail, and every

every various kind be extinct? Inſtances of tenderneſs in the moſt ſavage brutes are ſo frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unneceſſary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a ſecret delight in obſerving the gentle dawn of reaſon in babes; if our ears are ſoothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate ſounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and ſurpriſed at the unexpected ſtarts of wit and cunning in theſe miniatures of man: what tranſport may we imagine in the breaſt of thoſe, into whom natural inſtinct hath poured tenderneſs and fondneſs for them! How amiable is ſuch a weakneſs in human nature! or, rather, how great a weakneſs is it, to give humanity ſo reproachful a name? The bare conſideration of paternal affection ſhould, methinks, create a more grateful tenderneſs in children toward their parents, than we generally ſee; and the ſilent whiſpers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

Theſe ſilent whiſpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cauſe hath been unknown. There are ſeveral examples in ſtory of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now ly before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction, implanted by providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of galantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attend-

ed

ed a Princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death, he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which we ſhall relate in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when 'the Counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was 'informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, 'and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered 'her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom 'ſhe was nearly related; but when I found ſhe knew 'not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told 'her I was a German; that I had been robbed; 'and that if ſhe had the charity to ſend me to War'ſaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having 'the honour to be known to her Majeſty. The 'Counteſs had the goodneſs to take compaſſion of 'me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried 'me to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe 'until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the 'queen.'

'My fever increaſed after my journey was over, 'and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. 'When the Counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe had a young 'lady with her about eighteen years of age, who 'was much taller and better ſhaped than the Poliſh 'women generally are. She was very fair, her ſkin 'exceeding fine, and her air and ſhape inexpreſſibly 'beautiful. I was not ſo ſick as to overlook this 'young beauty; and I felt in my heart ſuch emo'tions at the firſt view, as made me fear that all my 'misfortunes had not armed me ſufficiently againſt

'the

'the charms of the fair ſex. The amiable crea-
'ture ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs: and ſhe ap-
'peared to have ſo much concern and care for me,
'as raiſed in me a great inclination and tenderneſs
'for her. She came every day into my chamber to
'enquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and
'I was anſwered, that ſhe was niece to the Coun-
'teſs of Venoſki.

'I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this
'charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from
'her careful attendance, contributed more to my re-
'covery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave
'me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the
'ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at
'my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I
'grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more
'tender affection for her than I ever bore to any wo-
'man in my life: when I began to perceive that her
'conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her
'an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I
'took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much a-
'bout her age, of a brown complexion, very tall,
'but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me,
'the young gentleman came to find her out; and
'they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber,
'where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſt-
'neſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonder-
'fully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my
'rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and
'friendſhip.

'They both of them often aſked me if I were in
'reality a German; which, when I continued to
'affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day
'I took notice that the young lady and gentleman,
'having retired to a window, were very intent upon
'a picture; and that every now and then they caſt
'their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome re-
'ſemblance

'ſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could 'not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which 'the lady anſwered, that if I had been a French-'man, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the per-'ſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it ſo 'exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But 'how great was my ſurpriſe! when I found it to be 'the very painting, which I had ſent to the queen, 'five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to 'get drawn to be given to my children. After I 'had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the 'young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had 'thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I 'felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. 'I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome 'of my own features; and at that moment I ſaid to 'myſelf, 'Are not theſe my children?' The tears 'came into my eyes, and I was about to run and 'embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, 'I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiv-'ing that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a-'weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in 'my opinion, and falling upon her neck, 'Ah my 'dear child,' ſaid I, 'yes, I am your father.' I 'could ſay no more.' The youth ſeized my hands 'at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with 'his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy 'equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature 'inſpires more lively emotions and pleaſing tender-'neſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite.'

No 151.

N° 151. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, et ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem.

JUV. *Sat.* 1. *v.* 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he, who, in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a ſnake. DRYDEN.

To the GUARDIAN.

'Old NESTOR,

'I BELIEVE you diſtance me not ſo much in 'years as in wiſdom; and therefore ſince you 'have gained ſo deſerved a reputation, I beg your 'aſſiſtance in correcting the manners of an unto-'ward lad, who perhaps may liſten to your admo-'nitions, ſooner than to all the ſevere checks, and 'grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer 'preamble, you muſt know, Sir, that about two 'years ago, Jack my eldeſt ſon and heir, was ſent 'up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not 'ſo much with a view of his ſtudying the law, as a 'deſire to improve his breeding. This was done out 'of complaiſance to a couſin of his, an airy lady, 'who was continually teazing me, that the boy 'would ſhoot up into a mere country booby, if he 'did not ſee a little of the world. She herſelf was 'bred chiefly in town; and ſince ſhe was married in-'to the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dreſ-'ſes like any of her neighbours, and is grown the 'admiration of every one but her huſband. The 'latter end of laſt month, ſome important buſineſs

'called

'called me up to town, and the firſt thing I did, 'the next morning about ten, was to pay a viſit to 'my ſon at his chambers; but as I begun to knock 'at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker 'in the ſtair-caſe, who told me her maſter ſeldom 'roſe till about twelve, and about one I might be 'ſure to find him drinking tea. I bid her ſomewhat 'haſtily hold her prating, and open the door, which 'accordingly ſhe did. The firſt thing I obſerved 'upon the table, was the ſecret amours of ——— 'and by it ſtood a box of pills; on a chair lay a 'ſnuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor 'a pair of foils. Having ſeen this furniture I en-'tered his bed-chamber, not without ſome noiſe; 'whereupon he began to ſwear at his bed-maker '(as he thought) for diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and was 'turning about for the other nap, when he diſcover-'ed ſuch a thin, pale, ſickly viſage, that had I not 'heard his voice, I ſhould never have gueſſed him to 'have been my ſon. How different was this coun-'tenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which 'he had at parting with me from home! After I 'had waked him, he gave me to underſtand, that 'he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever; 'and the reaſon why he did not acquaint me with 'it, was, leſt the melancholy news might occaſion 'too many tears among his relations, and be an un-'ſupportable grief to his mother. To be ſhort with 'you, old NESTOR, I hurried my young ſpark down 'into the country along with me, and there am en-'deavouring to plump him up, ſo as to be no diſ-'grace to his pedigree; for I aſſure you it was ne-'ver known in the memory of man, that any one 'of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a 'conſumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, 'who died a maid at forty-five. In order to bring 'him to himſelf, and to be one of us again, I make 'him go to bed at ten, and riſe half an hour paſt

'five;

'five; and when he is a-puling for bohea tea and 'cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold 'roaſt beef, or well-powdered ham, and bid him eat 'and live; then take him into the fields to obſerve the 'reapers, how the harveſt goes forwards. There is 'no body pleaſed with his preſent conſtitution but 'his gay couſin, who ſpirits him up, and tells him, 'he looks fair, and is grown well-ſhaped; but the 'honeſt tenants ſhake their heads, and cry, Lack-a-'day, how thin is poor young maſter fallen! The 'other day, when I told him of it, he had the im-'pudence to reply, 'I hope, Sir, you would not 'have me as fat as Mr. ——— Alas! what would 'then become of me? how would the ladies piſh at 'ſuch a great monſtrous thing?'—If you are truly, 'what your title imports, a GUARDIAN, pray, Sir, 'be pleaſed to conſider what a noble generation muſt 'in all probability enſue from the lives which the 'town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of 'mine, not long ago, as we were complaining of the 'times, repeated two ſtanzas out of my Lord Roſ-'common, which I think may here be applicable.

"'Twas not the ſpawn of ſuch as theſe,
"That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd ſeas,
"And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides:
"Made the proud Aſian monarch feel,
"How weak his gold was 'gainſt Europe's ſteel;
"Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
"And won the long-diſputed world at Zama's fatal field.
"But ſoldiers of a ruſtic mould,
"Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold.
"Either they dug the ſtubborn ground,
"Or thro' hewn woods their weighty ſtrokes did ſound;
"And after the declining ſun
"Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their taſk was done;
"Home with their weary team, they took their way,
"And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day."

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'JONATHAN RINGWOOD.'

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that while I waited 'in my ſon's antechamber, I found upon the table 'the following bill.

	l.	s.	d.
'Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ringwood, 'a plain muſlin head and ruffles, with 'colbertine lace	1	18	6
'Six pair of white kid gloves for 'Madam Salley	0	14	0
'Three handkerchiefs for Madam 'Salley	0	15	0
'In his chamber-window I ſaw his 'ſhoemaker's bill, with this remarkable 'article,			
'For Mr. Ringwood three pair of 'laced ſhoes	3	0	0

'And in the drawer of the table was the following 'billet:

'Mr. RINGWOOD,

'I deſire, that becauſe you are ſuch a country-'booby, that you forget the uſe and care of your 'ſnuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray ſee 'my face no more.

'Your abuſed friend,

'SARAH GALLOP.'

'Under theſe words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, to ſend her word I have found my "box, though I know ſhe has it."

N° 152. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactoſque hymenæos
Exercemus—— VIRG. *Æn.* 4. *v.* 99.

Rather in leagues of endleſs peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he adviſes an author who would attain to the ſublime, and writes for eternity, to conſider, when he is engaged in his compoſition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of thoſe heroes, in the learned world, would have ſaid or thought upon the ſame occaſion. I have often practiſed this rule, with regard to the beſt authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what ſucceſs, I muſt leave to the judgment of others. I may at leaſt venture to ſay with Mr. Dryden, where he profeſſes to have imitated Shakeſpear's ſtyle, that in imitating ſuch great authors I have always excelled myſelf.

I have alſo by this means revived ſeveral antiquated ways of writing, which though very inſtructive and entertaining, had been laid aſide, and forgotten for ſome ages. I ſhall in this place only mention thoſe allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human paſſions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of compoſition was practiſed by the fineſt authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenſer is the laſt writer of note who has applied himſelf to it with ſucceſs.

That an allegory may be both delightful and inſtructive; in the firſt place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if poſſible, to be filled with ſurpri-

ſing turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be uſeful morals and reflections couched under it, which ſtill receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as alſo from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and ſhadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the ſpirit of Spenſer, and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary perſons and characters. I raiſed it on that common diſpute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two ſexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accompliſh this work, I ſhall preſent my reader with the naked fable, reſerving the embelliſhments of verſe and poetry to another opportunity.

The two ſexes contending for ſuperiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one ſide of a very ſpacious plain, the females on the other. Between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle ſpace lay encamped ſeveral bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themſelves, that they might then act as they ſaw occaſion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* begun the onſet on *Beauty*, but found to his coſt, that ſhe had ſuch a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his ſtrength. She played upon him ſo many ſmiles and glances, that ſhe quite weakened and diſarmed him.

In ſhort, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wiſdom* come to his aid. This was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely oppoſed by *Cunning*,

Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occaſion was poſted, as I have here ſaid, to receive the attacks of *Wiſdom*. It was very entertaining to ſee the workings of theſe two antagoniſts; the conduct of the one, and the ſtratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Thoſe who beheld it gave the victory ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, though moſt declared the advantage was on the ſide of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male ſide. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*, and on the female ſide, by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long purſuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulſed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, begun to think of yielding; when on a ſudden, a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic ſtature. He acted like a drawcanſir, ſparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Luſt*. On the female ſide he was oppoſed by a ſelect body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of *Modeſty*. This beautiful young hero was ſupported by one of a more maſculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men* HONOUR, and by the *Gods* PRIDE. This laſt made an obſtinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length reſigned at diſcretion.

The dreadful monſter after having overturned whole ſquadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havock than on

the other ſide. He was here oppoſed by *Reaſon*, who drew up all his forces againſt him, and held the fight in ſuſpenſe for ſome time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both ſides, the two armies agreed to join againſt this common foe. And in order to it drew out a ſmall choſen band, whom they placed by conſent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monſter out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a ſecond neutral leader, whoſe name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thouſand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiſcuouſly among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleaſing to thoſe that felt them; and had ſo ſtrange an effect, that they wrought a ſpirit of mutual friendſhip, reconciliation, and good-will in both ſexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and ſtretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animoſities, and embrace one another.

The laſt general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and ſeconding the good inclinations which he had inſpired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the ſexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is uſual enough for ſeveral perſons to dreſs themſelves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often impoſed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands ſeveral couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the deluſion of theſe two impoſtors.

N° 153. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum.

VIRG. *Georg.* 4. *v.* 3.

A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things. DRYDEN.

THERE is no paſſion which ſteals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itſelf under more diſguiſes, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any paſſion or vice which I am wholly a ſtranger to, it is this; though at the ſame time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myſelf, proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that ſentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made "for man." There is not indeed any ſingle view of human nature under its preſent condition which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret ſeeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to ſink the ſoul into the loweſt ſtate of humility, and what the ſchoolmen call Self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A ſinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miſerable being.

There is nothing in his underſtanding, in his will, or in his preſent condition, that can tempt any conſiderate creature to pride or vanity.

Theſe three very reaſons why he ſhould not be proud, are notwithſtanding the reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a ſinful creature, he would not be ſubject to a paſſion which riſes from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would

would ſee that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of his paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe man will be contented that his glory be deferred until ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or, in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire, (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reign among them? Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! You muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Do not you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He

is

is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him! Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back, to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the ſhape of a cock-ſparrow, who picks up, without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers,

ſlatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and his day-labourers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity among our own ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth: or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

No 154. Monday, September 7.

Omnia transformant ſeſe in miracula rerum.
Virg. *Georg.* 4. *v.* 441.

All ſhapes, the moſt prodigious, they aſſume.

I Question not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the late maſquerade, as it will recal into their minds ſeveral merry particulars that paſſed in it, and at the ſame time, be very acceptable to thoſe who were at a diſtance from it, as they may form from hence ſome idea of this faſhionable amuſement.

To Nestor Ironside, Eſq;

Per via leonis.

'Sir,

'I Could ſcarce ever go into good company, but 'the diſcourſe was on the ambaſſador, the politeneſs of his entertainments, the goodneſs of his Bur-

'gundy

'gundy and champaign, the gaiety of his maſque-
'rades, with the odd fantaſtical dreſſes which were
'made uſe of in thoſe midnight ſolemnities. The
'noiſe theſe diverſions made, at laſt raiſed my curio-
'ſity, and for once I reſolved to be preſent at them,
'being at the ſame time provoked to it by a lady
'I then made my addreſſes to, one of a ſprightly
'humour, and a great admirer of ſuch novelties. In
'order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready a
'week before the time, for I grew impatient to be
'initiated in theſe new myſteries. Every morning I
'dreſſed myſelf in it, and acted before the looking-
'glaſs; ſo that I am vain enough to think I was as
'perfect in my part as moſt who had oftener fre-
'quented thoſe diverſions. You muſt underſtand I
'perſonated a devil, and that for ſeveral weighty rea-
'ſons. Firſt, becauſe appearing as one of that fra-
'ternity, I expected to meet with particular civili-
'ties from the more polite and better-bred part of
'the company. Beſides, as from their uſual recep-
'tion they are called familiars, I fancied I ſhould,
'in this character, be allowed the greateſt liberties,
'and ſooneſt be led into the ſecrets of the maſque-
'rade. To recommend and diſtinguiſh me from the
'vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to
'ſpeak the truth, what perſuaded me moſt to this
'diſguiſe, was, becauſe I heard an intriguing lady
'ſay, in a large company of females, who unani-
'mouſly aſſented to it, that ſhe loved to converſe
'with ſuch, for that generally they were very clever
'fellows who made choice of that ſhape. At length
'when the long-wiſhed for evening came, which was
'to open to us ſuch vaſt ſcenes of pleaſure, I repair-
'ed to the place appointed about ten at night, where
'I found nature turned topſy-turvy; women changed
'into men, and men into women; children in leading-
'ſtrings ſeven foot high; courtiers transformed into
'clowns; ladies of the night into ſaints; people of

'the

'the firſt quality into beaſts or birds, gods or god-
'deſſes. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoſes
'before me. Among theſe were ſeveral monſters to
'which I did not know how to give a name;

——" worſe
" Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
" Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire. *Milton.*

'In the middle of the firſt room I met with one
'dreſſed in a ſhroud. This put me in mind of the
'old cuſtom of ſerving up a death's head at a feaſt.
'I was a little angry at the dreſs, and aſked the gen-
'tleman, whether he thought a dead man was fit com-
'pany for ſuch an aſſembly? but he told me, that he
'was one who loved his money, and that he conſider-
'ed this dreſs would ſerve him another time. This
'walking corſe was followed by a gigantic woman
'with a high-crowned hat, that ſtood up like a
'ſteeple over the heads of the whole aſſembly. I
'then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female
'Quaker, to all outward appearance; but was ſur-
'priſed to hear her cry out, 'D—n you, you ſon
'of a ——:' Upon which, I immediately rebuked
'her, when all of a ſudden, reſuming her character,
" Verily, (ſays ſhe), I was to blame; but thou haſt
" bruiſed me ſorely.' A few moments after this ad-
'venture, I had like to have been knocked down by
'a ſhepherdeſs, for having run my elbow a little in-
'advertently into one of her ſides. She ſwore like
'a trooper, and threatened me with a very maſcu-
'line voice; but I was timely taken off by a preſ-
'byterian parſon, who told me in a very ſoft tone,
'that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he
'would meet me in Spring-garden to-morrow night.
'The next object I ſaw was a Chimney-ſweeper
'made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge
'diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly.
'On a ſudden I found myſelf among a flock of Bats,
'Owls, and Lawyers. But what took up my atten-

'tion

'tion moſt, was one dreſſed in white feathers that 'repreſented a Swan. He would fain have found 'out a Leda among the fair ſex, and indeed was the 'moſt unlucky bird in the company. I was then en-'gaged in diſcourſe with a Running-footman; but 'as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a 'Turkiſh emperor whiſpered me in the ear, deſiring 'me 'to uſe him civilly, for that it was his maſter.' 'I was here interrupted by the famous large figure 'of a woman hung with little looking-glaſſes. She 'had a great many that followed her as ſhe paſſed 'by me; but I would not have her value herſelf upon 'that account, ſince it was plain they did not follow 'ſo much to look upon her as to ſee themſelves. 'The next I obſerved was a Nun making an aſſigna-'tion with a Heathen God; for I heard them men-'tion the Little Piazza in Covent-Garden. I was 'by this time exceeding hot and thirſty; ſo that I 'made the beſt of my way to the place where wine 'was dealt about in great quantities. I had no 'ſooner preſented myſelf before the table, but a Ma-'gician ſeeing me, made a circle over my head with 'his wand, and ſeemed to do me homage. I was at 'a loſs to account for his behaviour, until I recol-'lected who I was: this however drew the eyes of 'the ſervants upon me, and immediately procured 'me a glaſs of excellent champaign. The Magici-'an ſaid I was a ſpirit of an aduſt and dry conſtitu-'tion; and deſired that I might have another refreſh-'ing glaſs; adding withal, that it ought to be a brim-'mer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the 'Magician. This ſo enlivened me, that I led him 'by the hand into the next room, where we danced 'a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended 'at a jackanapes of a Scaramouch, that cried out, '"Avaunt Satan;' and gave me a little tap on my left 'ſhoulder, with the end of his lath-ſword. As I 'was conſidering how I ought to reſent this affront,

'a well-ſhaped perſon that ſtood at my left-hand, in 'the figure of a Bellman, cried out with a ſuitable 'voice, 'Paſt twelve o'clock.' This put me in mind 'of bed-time: Accordingly I made my way towards 'the door, but was intercepted by an Indian King, 'a tall, ſlender youth, dreſſed up in a moſt beautiful 'party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit 'very attentively; and after having turned me about 'once or twice, aſked me, 'whom I had been tempt-"ing:' I could not tell what was the matter with 'me, but my heart leaped as ſoon as he touched me, 'and was ſtill in greater diſorder upon my hearing 'his voice. In ſhort, I found after a little diſcourſe 'with him, that his Indian Majeſty was my dear 'Leonora, who knowing the diſguiſe I had put on, 'would not let me paſs by her unobſerved. Her 'awkward manlineſs made me gueſs at her ſex, and 'her own confeſſion quickly let me know the reſt. 'This Maſquerade did more for me than a twelve-'month's courtſhip: for it inſpired her with ſuch 'tender ſentiments, that I married her the next 'morning.

'How happy I ſhall be in a wife taken out of a 'Maſquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reaſon 'to hope the beſt, Leonora having aſſured me it was 'the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt time of her appearing 'at ſuch an entertainment.

'And now, Sir, having given you the hiſtory of 'this ſtrange evening, which looks rather like a 'dream than a reality, it is my requeſt to you, that 'you will oblige the world with a diſſertation on 'Maſquerades in general, that we may know how 'far they are uſeful to the public, and conſequently 'how far they ought to be encouraged. I have 'heard of two or three very odd accidents that have 'happened upon this occaſion, as in particular of a 'Lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was preſent 'at the firſt of theſe entertainments; not to mention

'(what

'(what is ſtill more ſtrange) an Old Man with a 'long beard, who was got with child by a Milk-'maid. But in caſes of this nature, where there is 'ſuch a confuſion of ſex, age and quality, men are 'apt to report rather what might have happened, 'than what really came to paſs. Without giving 'credit therefore to any of theſe rumours, I ſhall 'only renew my petition to you, that you will tell 'us your opinion at large of theſe matters; and 'am,

'SIR, *&c.*

'LUCIFER.'

N° 155. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

——Libelli Stoici inter ſericos
Jacere pulvillos amant. HOR. *Epod.* 8. *v.* 15.

The books of Stoics ever choſe
On ſilken cuſhions to repoſe.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As, in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The ex-

cellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the ſpace of one ſummer, furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and at the ſame time heard all Doctor Tillotſon's ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed the other day to find them all buſy in preſerving ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the Sparkler in the midſt of them, reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to an apricot, or from the Copernican ſyſtem to the figure of a cheeſe-cake.

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have that natural gift of ſpeech in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great eaſe to their invention.

There is another reaſon why thoſe eſpecially who are women of quality, ſhould apply themſelves to letters, namely, becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a

ſingle

ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women, we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex. Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a ſtoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous ſhe cynic, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe converſed with her huſband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that ly upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind; but I ſhall con-

clude this head with the hiſtory of Athenais, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The Emperor Theodoſius being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Conſtantinople, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to Pulcheria, in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the Emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with Athenais, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother Theodoſius. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Chriſtianity, and gave her the name of Eudoſia; after which the Emperor publicly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honours; and by ſeveral works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated

brated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex.

N° 156. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

——Magni formica labor is
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
Quem ſtruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, et illis utitur antè
Quæſitis patiens—— HOR. *Sat.* 1. *l.* 1. *v.* 33.

As the ſmall ant (for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour,) gathers all ſhe can,
And brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
Againſt the winter, which ſhe knows will come:
But, when that comes, ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore. CREECH.

IN my laſt Saturday's paper I ſuppoſed a molehill, inhabited by piſmires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe little inſects; in order to which I ſhall preſent my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious ſubject, as it was publiſhed by the members of the French academy, and ſince tranſlated into Engliſh. I muſt confeſs I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty 'for a long time, there was upon a window a box 'full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers 'in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old pla'ſter, and a great deal of rubbiſh that fell from the 'top of the houſe, and from the walls, which, to-

'gether

'gether with the earth formerly imbibed with water, 'made a kind of dry and barren ſoil. That place 'lying to the South, and out of the reach of the 'wind and rain, beſides the neighbourhood of a gra- 'nary, was a moſt delightful ſpot of ground for 'ants; and therefore they had made three neſts 'there, without doubt for the ſame reaſon that men 'build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near 'ſprings and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate ſome flowers, I took 'a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of 'the garden into that box; but caſting my eyes upon 'the ants, continually taken up with a thouſand 'cares, very inconſiderable with reſpect to us, but 'of the greateſt importance for them, they appeared 'to me more worthy of my curioſity than all the 'flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, 'to be the admirer and reſtorer of that little com- 'monwealth. This was the only thing they want- 'ed; for their policy and the order obſerved among 'them, are more perfect than thoſe of the wiſeſt re- 'publics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, 'unleſs a new legiſlator ſhould attempt to change the 'form of their government.

'I made it my buſineſs to procure them all ſorts 'of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing 'that might be troubleſome to them; and frequently 'viſited my ants, and ſtudied all their actions. Be- 'ing uſed to go to bed very late, I went to ſee them 'work in a moon-ſhiny night; and I did frequently 'get up in the night to take a view of their labours. 'I always found ſome going up and down and very 'buſy: one would think that they never ſleep. Every 'body knows that ants come out of their holes in 'the day-time, and expoſe to the ſun the corn, 'which they keep under ground in the night. Thoſe 'who have ſeen ant hillocks, have eaſily perceived 'thoſe ſmall heaps of corn about their neſts. What

'ſurpriſed

'ſurpriſed me at firſt was, that my ants never brought 'out their corn but in the night when the moon did 'ſhine, and kept it under ground in the day-time! 'which was contrary to what I had ſeen, and ſaw 'ſtill practiſed by thoſe inſects in other places. I 'quickly found out the reaſon of it. There was a 'pigeon-houſe not far from thence. Pigeons and 'birds would have eaten their corn, if they had 'brought it out in the day-time. It is highly pro-'bable they knew it by experience; and I frequent-'ly found pigeons and birds in that place, when I 'went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them 'from thoſe robbers: I frighted the birds away with 'ſome pieces of paper tied to the end of a ſtring 'over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them 'away ſeveral times; and when they perceived that 'the place was more frequented than before, they 'never came to it again. What is moſt admirable, 'and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know 'it by experience, is, that thoſe ants knew, ſome 'days after, that they had nothing to fear, and be-'gan to lay out their corn in the ſun. However, I 'perceived they were not fully convinced of being 'out of all danger; for they durſt not bring out 'their proviſions all at once, but by degrees, firſt in 'a ſmall quantity, and without any great order, that 'they might quickly carry them away in caſe of any 'misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At 'laſt, being perſuaded that they had nothing to fear, 'they brought out all their corn almoſt every day, 'and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a ſtraight hole in every ant's neſt, about 'half an inch deep; and then it goes down ſloping 'into a place where they have their magazine, which 'I take to be a different place from that where they 'reſt and eat. For it is highly improbable that an 'ant, which is a very cleanly inſect, and throws out 'of her neſt all the ſmall remains of the corn on

'which

'which ſhe feeds, as I have obſerved a thouſand 'times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her 'corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn, that is laid up by ants, would ſhoot 'under ground, if thoſe inſects did not take care to 'prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they 'lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in 'their neſts will produce nothing. Any one may 'eaſily make this experiment, and even plainly ſee 'that there is no bud in their corn. But though 'the bud be bitten off, there remains another incon-'venience, that corn muſt needs ſwell and rot under 'ground; and therefore it could be of no uſe for the 'nouriſhment of ants. Thoſe inſects prevent that 'inconvenience by their labour and induſtry, and 'contrive the matter ſo, that corn will keep as dry 'in their neſts as in our granaries.

'They gather many ſmall particles of dry earth, 'which they bring every day out of their holes, and 'place them round to heat them in the ſun. Every 'ant brings a ſmall particle of that earth in her pin-'cers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches 'another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, 'one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch ſmall particles 'of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They 'lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and 'cover it with the ſame. They performed this work 'almoſt every day during the heat of the ſun; and 'though the ſun went from the window about three 'or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not 'remove their corn and their particles of earth, be-'cauſe the ground was very hot, until the heat was 'over.

'If any one ſhould think that thoſe animals ſhould 'uſe ſand, or ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, rather 'than take ſo much pains about dry earth; I anſwer, 'that upon ſuch an occaſion nothing can be more 'proper than earth heated in the ſun. Corn does

'not

'not keep upon ſand: Beſides, a grain of corn that 'is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled 'with ſmall ſandy particles that could not eaſily come 'out. To which I add, that ſand conſiſts of ſuch 'ſmall particles, that an ant could not take them up 'one after another; and therefore thoſe inſects are 'ſeldom to be ſeen near rivers, or in a very ſandy 'ground.

'As for the ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, the 'leaſt moiſtneſs would join them together, and turn 'them into a kind of maſtic, which thoſe inſects 'could not divide. Thoſe particles ſticking toge-'ther could not come out of an ant's neſt, and would 'ſpoil its ſymmetry.

'When ants have brought out thoſe particles of 'earth, they bring out their corn after the ſame man-'ner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may 'ſee two heaps ſurrounding their hole, one of dry 'earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch 'out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtleſs 'their corn was laid up.

'Thoſe inſects never go about this work, but 'when the weather is clear, and the ſun very hot. 'I obſerved, that thoſe little animals having one day 'brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the 'forenoon, removed it, againſt their uſual cuſtom, 'before one in the afternoon: The ſun being very 'hot, and ſky very clear, I could perceive no reaſon 'for it. But half an hour after, the ſky began to 'be overcaſt, and there fell a ſmall rain which the 'ants foreſaw; whereas the Milan Almanac had 'foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have ſaid before, that thoſe ants which I did 'ſo particularly conſider, fetched their corn out of 'a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: 'There was ſome old corn in it; and becauſe every 'grain was not alike, I obſerved that they choſe the 'beſt.

'I know,

'I know, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe little 'animals take great care to provide themſelves with 'wheat when they can find it, and always pick out 'the beſt; but they can make ſhift without it. When 'they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, 'and even crumbs of bread, but ſeldom any barley, 'unleſs it be in a time of great ſcarcity, and when 'nothing elſe can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed 'of their forecaſt and induſtry, I put a ſmall heap 'of wheat in a corner of the room, where they 'kept: And to prevent their fetching corn out of 'the garret, I ſhut up the window, and ſtopped all 'the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do 'not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they 'could not gueſs that I had put ſome corn in that 'room. I perceived for ſeveral days that they were 'very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch 'their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome time 'to make them more eaſy; for I had a mind to 'know, whether they would at laſt find out the trea-'ſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and whether 'ſmelling enabled them to know what is good for 'their nouriſhment. Thus they were ſome time in 'great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: 'They went up and down a great way, looking out 'for ſome grains of corn: They were ſometimes diſ-'appointed, and ſometimes they did not like their 'corn, after many long and painful excurſions. What 'appeared to me wonderful, was, that none of them 'came home without bringing ſomething: one 'brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye 'or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if ſhe could get 'nothing elſe.

'The window, upon which thoſe ants had made 'their ſettlement, looked into a garden, and was 'two ſtories high. Some went to the farther end of 'the garden, others to the fifth ſtory, in queſt of

'ſome

'ſome corn. It was a very hard journey for them, 'eſpecially when they came home loaded with a 'pretty large grain of corn, which muſt needs be a 'heavy burden for an ant, and as much as ſhe can 'bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle 'of the garden to the neſt, took up four hours; 'whereby one may judge of the ſtrength and prodi-'gious labour of thoſe little animals. It appears 'from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, 'who ſhould carry a very heavy load on his ſhoul-'ders almoſt every day for the ſpace of four leagues. 'It is true, thoſe inſects do not take ſo much pains 'upon a flat ground: but then how great is the 'hardſhip of a poor ant, when ſhe carries a grain of 'corn to the ſecond ſtory, climbing up a wall with 'her head downwards, and her backſide upwards? 'None can have a true notion of it, unleſs they ſee 'thoſe little animals at work in ſuch a ſituation. The 'frequent ſtops they make in the moſt convenient 'places, are a plain indication of their wearineſs. 'Some of them were ſtrangely perplexed, and could 'not get to their journey's end. In ſuch a caſe, 'the ſtrongeſt ants, or thoſe that are not ſo weary, 'having carried their corn to their neſt, came down 'again to help them. Some are ſo unfortunate as to 'fall down with their load, when they are almoſt 'come home; when this happens, they ſeldom loſe 'their corn, but carry it up again.

'I ſaw one of the ſmalleſt carrying a large grain 'of wheat with incredible pains: when ſhe came to 'the box where the neſt was, ſhe made ſo much haſte 'that ſhe fell down with her load, after a very la-'borious march: Such an unlucky accident would 'have vexed a philoſopher. I went down, and found 'her with the ſame corn in her paws: She was rea-'dy to climb up again. The ſame misfortune hap-'pened to her three times. Sometimes ſhe fell in 'the middle of her way, and ſometimes higher;

'but ſhe never let go her hold, and was not diſ-
'couraged. At laſt her ſtrength failed her: She
'ſtopped; and another ant helped her to carry her
'load, which was one of the largeſt and fineſt grains
'of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens ſome-
'times, that a corn ſlips out of their paws, when
'they are climbing up: They take hold of it again,
'when they can find it; otherwiſe they look for an-
'other, or take ſomething elſe, being aſhamed to
'return to their neſt without bringing ſomething.
'This I have experimented, by taking away the grain
'which they looked for. All thoſe experiments may
'eaſily be made by any one that has patience enough:
'They do not require ſo great a patience as that
'of ants; but few people are capable of it.'

N° 157. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Go to the ant, thou ſluggard; conſider her ways and be wiſe.
Prov. vi. 6.

IT has been obſerved by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human induſtry, Providence has ſo contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chaſe of birds and beaſts, the ſeveral arts of fiſhing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are neceſſary ſcenes of buſineſs, and give employment to the greateſt part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a neceſſary ſubſiſtence for themſelves, or thoſe that grow up under them. The preſervation of their being is the whole buſineſs of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him;

him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurpriſing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make ſhift for a 'livelihood, when I had ſhut up the garret, out of 'which they uſed to fetch their proviſions. At laſt 'being ſenſible that it would be a long time before 'they could diſcover the ſmall heap of corn, which 'I had laid up for them, I reſolved to ſhew it to 'them.

'In order to know how far their induſtry could 'reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good 'ſucceſs: the thing will appear incredible to thoſe 'who never conſidered, that all animals of the ſame 'kind, which form a ſociety, are more knowing 'than others. I took one of the largeſt ants, and 'threw her upon that ſmall heap of wheat. She 'was ſo glad to find herſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran 'away to her neſt, without carrying off a grain; 'but ſhe obſerved it: for an hour after, all my ants 'had notice given them of ſuch a proviſion; and I 'ſaw moſt of them very buſy in carrying away the 'corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you 'to judge, whether it may not be ſaid, that they 'have a particular way of communicating their know-'ledge to one another; for otherwiſe, how could 'they know, one or two hours after, that there was 'corn in that place? It was quickly exhauſted; and 'I put in more, but in a ſmall quantity, to know 'the true extent of their appetite or prodigious ava-'rice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provi-

'ſions againſt the winter: we read it in holy ſcrip-
'ture; a thouſand experiments teach us the ſame;
'and I do not believe that any experiment has been
'made that ſhews the contrary.

'I have ſaid before, that there were three ants
'neſts in that box or parterre, which formed, if I
'may ſay ſo, three different cities, governed by the
'ſame laws, and obſerving the ſame order, and the
'ſame cuſtoms. However, there was this differ-
'ence, that the inhabitants of one of thoſe holes
'ſeemed to be more knowing and induſtrious than
'their neighbours. The ants of that neſt were diſ-
'poſed in a better order; their corn was finer; they
'had a greater plenty of proviſions; their neſt was
'furniſhed with more inhabitants, and they were
'bigger and ſtronger: It was the principal and the
'capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved that thoſe ants were
'diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and had ſome pre-emi-
'nence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants
'had made their ſettlement, was generally free from
'rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon it, when a cer-
'tain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for
'thoſe inſects; ants are afraid of water, and when
'they go a great way in queſt of proviſions, and are
'ſurpriſed by the rain, they ſhelter themſelves under
'ſome tile, or ſomething elſe, and do not come out
'until the rain is over. The ants of the principal
'neſt found out a wonderful expedient to keep out
'the rain: there was a ſmall piece of a flat ſlate,
'which they laid over the hole of their neſt in the
'day-time, when they foreſaw it would rain, and
'almoſt every night. Above fifty of thoſe little ani-
'mals, eſpecially the ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded that piece
'of ſlate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order:
'they removed it in the morning; and nothing could
'be more curious than to ſee thoſe little animals a-
'bout ſuch a work. They had made the ground

'uneven

'uneven about their neſt, inſomuch that the ſlate did 'not ly flat upon it, but left a free paſſage under-'neath. The ants of the two other neſts did not ſo 'well ſucceed in keeping out the rain: they laid o-'ver their holes ſeveral pieces of old and dry plaſter 'one upon the other; but they were ſtill troubled 'with the rain, and the next day they took a world 'of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that 'thoſe inſects are ſo frequently to be found under 'tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to avoid the 'rain. Their neſts are at all times covered with thoſe 'tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out 'their corn and their dry earth in the ſun about the 'tiles, as one may ſee every day. I took care to 'cover the two ants neſts that were troubled with 'the rain: as for the capital neſt, there was no need 'of exerciſing my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere ſays, in his relation of Siam, 'that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies 'open to great inundations, all the ants make their 'ſettlements upon trees: no ants neſts are to be ſeen 'any where elſe. I need not inſert here what that 'author ſays about thoſe inſects: you may ſee his 'relation.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I 'made upon the ſame ground, where I had three 'ants neſts. I undertook to make a fourth, and 'went about it in the following manner. In a cor-'ner of a kind of terrace, at a conſiderable diſtance 'from the box, I found a hole ſwarming with ants 'much larger than all thoſe I had already ſeen; but 'they were not ſo well provided with corn, nor un-'der ſo good a government. I made a hole in the 'box like that of an ant's neſt, and laid, as it were, 'the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got 'as many ants as I could out of the neſt in the ter-'race, and put them into a bottle, to give them a 'new habitation in my box; and becauſe I was a-

'fraid they would return to the terrace, I deſtroyed 'their old neſt, pouring boiling water into the hole, 'to kill thoſe ants that remained in it. In the next 'place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were 'in the bottle; but none of them would ſtay in it. 'They went away in leſs than two hours; which 'made me believe, that it was impoſſible to make a 'fourth ſettlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over 'the terrace, I was much ſurpriſed to ſee the ants 'neſt which I had deſtroyed, very artfully repaired. 'I reſolved then to deſtroy it intirely, and to ſettle 'thoſe ants in my box. To ſucceed in my deſign, 'I put ſome gun-powder and brimſtone into their 'hole, and ſprung a mine, whereby the whole neſt 'was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants 'as I could get, into the place which I deſigned for 'them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it 'rained all night; and therefore they remained in 'the new hole all that time. In the morning when 'the rain was over, moſt of them went away to re-'pair their old habitation; but finding it impracti-'cable, by reaſon of the ſmell of the powder and 'brimſtone, which kills them, they came back again, 'and ſettled in the place I had appointed for them. 'They quickly grew acquainted with their neigh-'bours, and received from them all manner of aſ-'ſiſtance out of their holes. As for the inſide of 'their neſt, none but themſelves were concerned in 'it, according to the inviolable laws eſtabliſhed a-'mong thoſe animals.

'An ant never goes into any other neſt but her 'own; and if ſhe ſhould venture to do it, ſhe would 'be turned out, and ſeverely puniſhed. I have of-'ten taken an ant out of one neſt, to put her into 'another; but ſhe quickly came out, being warmly 'purſued by two or three other ants. I tried the 'ſame experiment ſeveral times with the ſame ant;

'but

'but at laſt, the other ants grew impatient, and 'tore her to pieces. I have often frighted ſome ants 'with my fingers, and purſued them as far as another hole, ſtopping all the paſſages to prevent their 'going to their own neſt. It was very natural for 'them to fly into the next hole: many a man would 'not be ſo cautious, and would throw himſelf out of 'the windows, or into a well, if he were purſued by 'aſſaſſins. But the ants I am ſpeaking of, avoided 'going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their eſcape. 'They never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt 'extremity; and ſometimes rather choſe to be taken, 'as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable cuſtom among thoſe inſects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exerciſe hoſpitality; but they are very ready to help 'one another out of their holes. They put down 'their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring neſt; 'and thoſe that live in it, carry them in.

'They keep up a ſort of trade among themſelves; 'and it is not true that theſe inſects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their corn; 'they make exchanges; they are always ready to 'ſerve one another; and I can aſſure you, that more 'time and patience would have enabled me to obſerve a thouſand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For inſtance, how 'they lend, and recover their loans; whether it be 'in the ſame quantity, or with uſury; whether they 'pay the ſtrangers that work for them, *&c.* I do 'not think it impoſſible to examine all thoſe things: 'and it would be a great curioſity to know by what 'maxims they govern themſelves: Perhaps ſuch a 'knowledge might be of ſome uſe to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a 'body, as it is reported of bees: their only fear 'proceeds from birds, which ſometimes eat their

'corn

'corn when they lay it out in the ſun; but they 'keep it under ground, when they are afraid of 'thieves. It is ſaid, that ſome birds eat them; but 'I never ſaw any inſtance of it. They are alſo in-'feſted by ſmall worms: but they turn them out, 'and kill them. I obſerved, that they puniſhed thoſe 'ants, which probably had been wanting to their 'duty: nay, ſometimes they killed them; which 'they did in the following manner. Three or four 'ants fell upon one, and pulled her ſeveral ways, 'until ſhe was torn in pieces. Generally ſpeaking, 'they live very quietly: from whence I infer that 'they have a very ſevere diſcipline among themſelves, 'to keep ſo good an order; or that they are great 'lovers of peace, if they have no occaſion for any 'diſcipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any common-'wealth! Every thing is common among them; 'which is not to be ſeen any where elſe. Bees, of 'which we are told ſo many wonderful things, have 'each of them a hole in their hives; their honey 'is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. 'The ſame may be ſaid of all other animals. They 'frequently fight, to deprive one another of their 'portion. It is not ſo with ants; they have nothing 'of their own: A grain of corn which an ant car-'ries home, is depoſited in a common ſtock: It is 'not deſigned for her own uſe, but for the whole 'community: There is no diſtinction between a pri-'vate and a common intereſt. An ant never works 'for herſelf, but for the ſociety.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care 'and induſtry find out a remedy for it; nothing diſ-'courages them. If you deſtroy their neſts, they 'will be repaired in two days. Any body may eaſi-'ly ſee how difficult it is to drive them out of their ha-'bitations, without deſtroying the inhabitants; for,

'as

'as long as there are any left, they will maintain 'their ground.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir, that mer-'cury has hitherto proved a mortal poiſon for them; 'and that it is the moſt effectual way of deſtroying 'thoſe inſects. I can do ſomething for them in this 'caſe; perhaps you will hear in a little time that I 'have reconciled them to mercury.'

N° 158. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna;
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos: ſubigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 566.

These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate.
He hears, and judges, each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal,
Loath to confeſs, unable to conceal,
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To the laſt hour of unrepenting death. DRYDEN.

I WAS yeſterday purſuing the hint which I mentioned in my laſt paper, and comparing togegether the induſtry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe

believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints, that "the day hangs heavy on them," that "they do not know what to do with themſelves," that "they are at a loſs how to paſs away their "time;" with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are ſtyled reaſonable beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book, according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was Lucian, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated in his tribunal. On his left hand ſtood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elyſium. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them

them the ſame queſtion, namely, "What they had "been doing?" Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. "Madam," ſays he to the firſt of them, "you have been upon the earth "about fifty years: what have you been doing there "all this while?" "Doing," ſays ſhe, "really I "do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I "may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pauſe, ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp: Upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. "And you, Madam," ſays the judge, "that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I "think you ſet out for this place in your nine and "twentieth year, what have you been doing all this "while?" "I had a great deal of buſineſs on my "hands," ſays ſhe, "being taken up the firſt twelve "years of my life in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all "the remaining part of it in reading plays and ro-"mances." "Very well," ſays he, "you have "employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with "her." The next was a plain country woman; "Well, miſtreſs," ſays Rhadamanthus, "and what "have you been doing?" "An't pleaſe your Wor-"ſhip," ſays ſhe, "I did not live quite forty years; "and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daugh-"ters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my "eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my "abſence; and who, I may venture to ſay, is as "pretty a houſewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elyſium to take her into his care. "And you, fair lady," ſays he, "what have you been doing theſe five and thirty "years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure "you, Sir," ſaid ſhe. "That is well," ſays he,

"but

" but what good have you been doing?" The lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elyſium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus, obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was at more leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing? " Truly," ſays ſhe, " I lived threeſcore and ten years in a very " wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour " of a parcel of young flirts, that I paſſed moſt of my " laſt years in condemning the follies of the times. " I was every day blaming the filly conduct of peo- " ple about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed " with from falling into the like errors and miſ- " carriages." " Very well," ſays Rhadamanthus, " but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your " own actions?" " Why, truly," ſays ſhe, " I was " ſo taken up with publiſhing the faults of others, " that I had no time to conſider my own." " Ma- " dam," ſays Rhadamanthus, " be pleaſed to file " off to the left, and make room for the venerable " matron that ſtands behind you." " Old gentle- " woman," ſays he, " I think you are fourſcore. " You have heard the queſtion, What have you been " doing ſo long in the world?" " Ah, Sir!" ſays ſhe, " I have been doing what I ſhould not have " done; but I had made a firm reſolution to have " changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off " by an untimely end." " Madam," ſays he, " you " will pleaſe to follow your leader." And ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied, " I have " been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me

" in

" in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mo-
" ther, and very happy in my children, whom I en-
" deavoured to bring up in every thing that is good.
" My eldeſt ſon is bleſſed by the poor, and beloved by
" every one that knows him. I lived within my own
" family, and left it much more wealthy than I
" found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of Elyſium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her, but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elyſium, was ſo great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; ſo that, preſſing through the croud, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five and twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world, " I have endeavoured," ſays ſhe, " ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make " myſelf lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, " I paſſed my time in bottling up May-dew, invent-
" ing white waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out
" patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my com-
" plexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking my ſtays"—
Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, ſinging and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that Rhadamanthus would ſpoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach, the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs

of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf, that I was writing GUARDIANS. If my readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worſe, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions; and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of "leaving undone thoſe "things which they ought to have done, and of do-"ing thoſe things which they ought not to have "done."

N° 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. HOR. *Od.* 35. *l.* 1. *v.* 2.

Whoſe force is ſtrong, and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;
Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. CREECH.

'SIR,

HAVING read over your paper of Tueſday laſt, in which you recommend the purſuits of wiſdom and knowledge to thoſe of the fair ſex,

'who

'who have much time lying upon their hands, and, 'among other motives, make uſe of this, that ſeveral 'women, thus accompliſhed, have raiſed themſelves 'by it to conſiderable poſts of honour and fortune: 'I ſhall beg leave to give you an inſtance of this 'kind, which many now living can teſtify the truth 'of, and which I can aſſure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago I was familiarly ac-'quainted with a gentleman, who was in a poſt that 'brought him a yearly revenue, ſufficient to live very 'handſomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but 'a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too 'high for one that could expect no other fortune 'than ſuch a one as her father could raiſe out of the 'income of his place; which, as they managed it, was 'ſcarce ſufficient for their ordinary expences. Miſs 'Betty had always the beſt ſort of clothes, and was 'hardly allowed to keep company but with thoſe a-'bove her rank; ſo that it was no wonder ſhe grew 'proud and haughty towards thoſe ſhe looked upon 'as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who 'had a daughter about Miſs's age, that could ſpeak 'French, had read ſeveral books at her leiſure hours, 'and was a perfect miſtreſs of her needle, and in all 'kinds of female manufacture. She was at the ſame 'time a pretty, modeſt, witty girl. She was hired 'to come to Miſs an hour or two every day, to talk 'French with her, and teach her to work; but Miſs 'always treated her with great contempt; and when 'Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with ſcorn.

'About the ſame time ſeveral young fellows made 'their addreſſes to Miſs Betty, who had indeed a 'great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been 'infected with ſo much vanity and ſelf-conceit. A-'mong the reſt was a plain ſober young man, who 'loved her almoſt to diſtraction. His paſſion was 'the common talk of the neighbourhood, who uſed 'to be often diſcourſing of Mr. T——'s angel, for

' that was the name he always gave her in ordinary ' converſation. As his circumſtances were very in- ' different, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty ' rejected him with diſdain: inſomuch that the young ' man, as is uſual among thoſe who are croſſed in ' love, put himſelf aboard the fleet, with a reſolution ' to ſeek his fortune, and forget his miſtreſs. This ' was very happy for him; for in a very few years, ' being concerned in ſeveral captures, he brought ' home with him an eſtate of about twelve thouſand ' pounds.

' Mean while days and years went on, Miſs lived ' high, and learned but little, moſt of her time being ' employed in reading plays and practiſing to dance, ' in which ſhe arrived at great perfection. When of ' a ſudden, at a change of miniſtry, her father loſt ' his place, and was forced to leave London, where ' he could no longer live upon the foot he had for- ' merly done. Not many years after, I was told the ' poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow ' and daughter in a very deſolate condition, but I ' could not learn where to find them, though I made ' what inquiry I could; and I muſt own, I immedi- ' ately ſuſpected their pride would not ſuffer them to ' be ſeen or relieved by any of their former acquaint- ' ance. I had left enquiring after them for ſome ' years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was ' aſking at a houſe for a gentleman I had ſome buſi- ' neſs with, to be led into a parlour by a handſome ' young woman, who I preſently fancied was that ' very daughter I had ſo long ſought in vain. My ' ſuſpicion increaſed, when I obſerved her to bluſh ' at the ſight of me, and to avoid, as much as poſ- ' ſible, looking upon, or ſpeaking to me. Madam, ' ſaid I, are not you Mrs. Such-a-one? At which ' words the tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe would ' fain have retired without giving me an anſwer; but ' I ſtopped her, and, being to wait a while for the

' gentleman

'gentleman I was to ſpeak to, I reſolved not to loſe 'this opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. I 'could not well diſcern by her dreſs, which was 'genteel, though not fine, whether ſhe was the 'miſtreſs of the houſe, or only a ſervant: But ſup-'poſing her to be the firſt, I am glad, Madam, ſaid 'I, after having long enquired after you, to have ſo 'happily met with you, and to find you miſtreſs of 'ſo fine a place. Theſe words were like to have 'ſpoiled all, and threw her into ſuch a diſorder, that 'it was ſome time before ſhe could recover herſelf; 'but as ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, Sir, ſaid ſhe, 'you are miſtaken, I am but a ſervant. Her voice 'fell in theſe laſt words, and ſhe burſt again into 'tears. I was ſorry to have occaſioned in her ſo 'much grief and confuſion, and ſaid what I could to 'comfort her. Alas, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my condition is 'much better than I deſerve. I have the kindeſt 'and beſt of women for my miſtreſs. She is wife to 'the gentleman you come to ſpeak withal. You 'know her very well, and have often ſeen her with 'me. To make my ſtory ſhort, I found that my 'late friend's daughter was now a ſervant to the 'barber's daughter whom ſhe had formerly treated 'ſo diſdainfully. The gentleman, at whoſe houſe I 'now was, fell in love with Moll, and being ma-'ſter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with 'her as happily, and as much to his ſatisfaction as 'he could deſire. He treats her with all the friend-'ſhip and reſpect poſſible, but not with more than 'her behaviour and good qualities deſerve. And it 'was with a great deal of pleaſure I heard her maid 'dwell ſo long upon her commendation. She in-'formed me, that after her father's death, her mo-'ther and ſhe lived for a while together in great po-'verty. But her mother's ſpirits could not bear the 'thoughts of aſking relief of any of her own, or her 'huſband's acquaintance; ſo that they retired from all

'their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on 'them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to 'see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this 'gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though 'much more like a friend or a companion, than like 'a servant.

'I went home full of this strange adventure; and 'about a week after, chancing to be in company 'with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned 'in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole 'story of his angel, not questioning but he would 'feel, on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that Fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I 'was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his 'hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would 'have bursted, which I took at first to have been a 'fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I 'saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a 'smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

'About a fortnight after I received from him the 'following letter.

"Dear SIR,

"I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me "news of my angel. I have since married her; "and think the low circumstances she was reduced "to, a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has "quite removed that little pride and vanity, which "was the only part of her character that I disliked, "and given me an opportunity of shewing her the "constant and sincere affection which I professed to "her in the time of her prosperity.

"Yours, R. T."

N° 160. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Solvuntur riſu tabulæ, tu miſſus abibis.

HOR. *Sat.* 1. *l.* 2. *v.* ult.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

POPE.

FROM writing the hiſtory of Lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great ſurpriſe, I find that ſome of my good readers have taken this laſt to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will ſeveral of them have it, that my laſt Thurſday and Friday's papers are full of concealed ſatire, and that I have attacked people in the ſhape of piſmires, whom I durſt not meddle with in the ſhape of men. I muſt confeſs that I write with fear and trembling, ever ſince that ingenious perſon the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treaſon in the word *expect*.

But I ſhall, for the future, leave my friend to manage the controverſy in a ſeparate work, being unwilling to fill with diſputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I muſt therefore declare that thoſe jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which have been raiſed in ſome weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned diſcourſes concerning ants or piſmires, are altogether groundleſs. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wiſh, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart,

and

and endeavoured to advance it by the ſame ſpirit of frugality, juſtice, and mutual benevolence, as are viſibly exerciſed by members of thoſe little commonwealths.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall lay before my reader a letter or two which occaſioned it.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that uſed to pick up the corn which 'belonged to the ants. I ſay, that by theſe pigeons 'you mean the Palatines. He will needs have it, 'that they were the Dutch. We both agree, that 'the papers upon the ſtrings, which frighted them 'away, were Pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. 'We beg you will ſatisfy us in this particular, be'cauſe the wager is very conſiderable, and you will 'much oblige two of your

'DAILY READERS.'

'Old IRON,

'WHY ſo ruſty? Will you never leave your in'nuendos? Do you think it hard to find out 'who is the tulip in your laſt Thurſday's paper? or 'can you imagine that three neſts of ants is ſuch a 'diſguiſe, that the plaineſt reader cannot ſee three 'kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neigh'bouring ſettlement, where there was a race of poor 'beggarly ants, under a worſe form of government, 'is not ſo difficult to be explained as you imagine. 'Dunkirk is not yet demoliſhed. Your ants are e'nemies to rain, are they! Old BIRMINGHAM, no 'more of your ants, if you don't intend to ſtir up 'a neſt of hornets.

'WILL WASPE.'

'Dear

'Dear GUARDIAN,

'CALLING in yeſterday at a coffeehouſe in the ci-
'ity, I ſaw a very ſhort, corpulent, angry man
'readng your paper about the ants. I obſerved
'that he reddened, and ſwelled over every ſentence of
'it. After having peruſed it throughout, he laid it
'down upon the table, called the woman of the cof-
'feehouſe to him, and aſked her, in a magiſterial
'voice, if ſhe knew what ſhe did in taking in ſuch
'papers? The woman was in ſuch a confuſion, that
'I thought it a piece of charity to interpoſe in her
'behalf; and aſked him, whether he had found any
'thing in it of dangerous import? Sir, ſaid he, it
'is a republican paper, from one end to the other;
'and if the author had his deſerts——He here grew
'ſo exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not
'proceed; till after having recovered himſelf, he
'laid his finger upon the following ſentence, and
'read it with a very ſtern voice—'Though ants are
"very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers:
"and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put
"ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral
"days that they were very much perplexed, and went
"a great way to fetch their proviſions. I was not
"willing for ſome time to make them more eaſy;
"for I had a mind to know whether they would at
"laſt find out the treaſure, and ſee it at a great diſ-
"tance; and whether ſmelling enabled them to know
"what is good for their nouriſhment.'—Then throw-
'ing the paper upon the table; Sir, ſays he, theſe
'things are not to be ſuffered—I would engage, out
'of this ſentence, to draw up an indictment that—
'He here loſt his voice a ſecond time, in the extre-
'mity of his rage; and the whole company, who were
'all of them Tories, burſting out into a ſudden laugh,
'he threw down his penny in great wrath, and re-
'tired with a moſt formidable frown.

'This,

'This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that 'you may make what uſe of it you pleaſe. I only 'wiſh, that you would ſometimes diverſify your pa- 'pers with many other pieces of natural hiſtory, 'whether of inſects or animals; this being a ſubject 'which the moſt common reader is capable of under- 'ſtanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; 'beſides, that it highly redounds to the praiſe of that 'Being who has inſpired the ſeveral parts of the ſen- 'ſitive world with ſuch wonderful and different kinds 'of inſtinct, as enable them to provide for themſelves, 'and preſerve their ſpecies in that ſtate of exiſtence 'wherein they are placed. There is no party con- 'cerned in ſpeculations of this nature, which, inſtead 'of inflaming thoſe unnatural heats that prevail a- 'mong us, and take up moſt of our thoughts, may 'divert our minds to ſubjects that are uſeful, and 'ſuited to reaſonable creatures. Diſſertations of this 'kind are the more proper for your purpoſe, as they 'do not require any depth of mathematics, or any 'previous ſcience, to qualify the reader for the un- 'derſtanding of them. To this I might add, that it 'is a ſhame for men to be ignorant of theſe worlds 'of wonders which are tranſacted in the midſt of 'them, and not be acquainted with thoſe objects 'which are every where before their eyes. To which 'I might further add, that ſeveral are of opinion, 'there is no other uſe in many of theſe creatures, 'than to furniſh matter of contemplation and wonder 'to thoſe inhabitants of the earth, who are its only 'creatures that are capable of it.

'I am, SIR,

'Your conſtant reader, and humble ſervant.'

After having preſented my reader with this ſet of letters, which are all upon the ſame ſubject, I ſhall here inſert one that has no relation to it. But it has always

always been my maxim, never to refuſe going out of my way to do any honeſt man a ſervice, eſpecially when I have an intereſt in it myſelf.

'Moſt venerable NESTOR,

'AS you are a perſon that very eminently diſtinguiſh yourſelf in the promotion of the public 'good, I deſire your friendſhip, in ſignifying to the 'town, what concerns the greateſt good of life, '*health*. I do aſſure you, Sir, there is in a vault 'under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-againſt 'Pope's-Head-Alley, a parcel of French wines, full 'of the ſeeds of good humour, cheerfulneſs, and 'friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of 'our nation agree, there is no ſuch thing as bribery 'in liquors; therefore I ſhall preſume to ſend you of 'it, leſt you ſhould think it inconſiſtent with integri-'ty to recommend what you do not underſtand by 'experience. In the mean time, pleaſe to inſert this, 'that every man may judge for himſelf.

☞ 'I am, SIR, *&c.*'

N° 161. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

——*Incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.* PERS. *Sat.* 2. *v.* 74.

A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind. DRYDEN.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper, therefore, is chiefly deſigned for thoſe who, by means of any of theſe advantages, are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honour with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the firſt place—True honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *ſcorns* to do an ill action. The one conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him; the other, as ſomething that is offenſive to the divine Being: the one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature.

I ſhall conclude this head with the deſcription of honour in the part of young Juba.

" Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
" The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
" That aids and ſtrengthens virtue where it meets her,
" And imitates her actions where ſhe is not.
" It ought not to be ſported with."—— CATO.

In

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider thoſe who have miſtaken notions of honour. And theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it, ſcarce deſerves the name of a man: but we find ſeveral, who ſo much abuſe this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means, we have had many among us who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety, who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret, that was intruſted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the diſcovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, Timogenes, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmens families, who had truſted him, ſold his eſtate to ſatisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour,

diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts; or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature, than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic, than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy, conſider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons, who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, are "worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants, ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt, and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare ſtand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, intereſt, or experience of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of *honour*, by any other way than through that of *virtue*.

N° 162. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Proprium hoc eſſe prudentiæ, conciliare ſibi animos hominum, et ad uſus ſuos adjungere. CICERO.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the eſteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their couſin Tom, who is one of thoſe country ſquires that ſet up for plain honeſt gentlemen who ſpeak their minds. Tom is, in ſhort, a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleaſant companion, had it been poliſhed and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he ſet every one in the company a bluſhing, by ſome blunt queſtion, or unlucky obſervation. He aſked the Sparkler, if her wit had yet got her a huſband; and told her eldeſt ſiſter, ſhe looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if ſhe did not deſign to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who ſuffers more than her daughters on ſuch an occaſion, deſired her couſin Thomas, with a ſmile, not to be ſo ſevere on his relations. To which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, "If I be not miſtaken, "aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do "you expect that your daughters ſhould be maids till "five and twenty!" I endeavoured to divert the diſcourſe, when, without taking notice of what I ſaid, "Mr. IRONSIDE, ſays he, you fill my couſins heads "with your fine notions, as you call them, can you "teach them to make a pudding?" I muſt confeſs, he put me out of countenance with his ruſtic raillery, ſo that I made ſome excuſe, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the uſefulneſs of complaiſance, to make all converſation agreeable. This, though in itſelf it be ſcarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a luſtre to every talent a man can be poſſeſſed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpoliſhed writer, that he ſhould ſacrifice to the Graces. In the ſame manner, I would adviſe every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere ſcholar, or philoſopher, to make himſelf maſter of the ſocial virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It ſmooths diſtinction, ſweetens converſation, and makes every one in the company pleaſed with himſelf. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, ſooths the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes a ſociety of civilized perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the ſecret anguiſh and affliction of every man's heart, we ſhould often find, that more of it ariſes from little imaginary diſtreſſes, ſuch as checks, frowns, contradictions, expreſſions of contempt, and (what Shakeſpear reckons among other evils under the ſun)

——" The poor man's contumely,
" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
" That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove theſe imaginary diſtreſſes, as much as poſſible, out of human life, would be the univerſal practice of ſuch an ingenuous complaiſance,

ſance, as I have been here deſcribing; which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, "A conſtant endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom we converſe with, "ſo far as we may do it innocently." I ſhall here add, that I know nothing ſo effectual to raiſe a man's fortune as complaiſance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatſoever. I find this conſideration very prettily illuſtrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I ſhall here abridge, for the ſake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him ſuch an impertinent or vicious complaiſance as is not conſiſtent with honour and integrity.

'Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and 'having eat nothing for two days together, made a 'viſit to a noble Barmecide in Perſia, who was very 'hoſpitable, but withal a great humouriſt. The 'Barmecide was ſitting at his table, that ſeemed 'ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he deſired him to ſit 'down and fall on. He then gave him an empty 'plate, and aſked him, How he liked his rice-ſoup? 'Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and reſolved to 'comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, 'told him, it was admirable; and at the ſame time, 'in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty ſpoon 'to his mouth with great pleaſure. The Barmecide 'then aſked him, If he ever ſaw whiter bread? Schacabac, who ſaw neither bread nor meat, If I did 'not like it, you may be ſure, ſays he, I ſhould not 'eat ſo heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, 'replied the Barmecide, pray let me help you to 'this leg of a gooſe. Schacabac reached out his 'plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulneſs. As he was eating very heartily on this 'imaginary gooſe, and crying up the ſauce to the ſkies, 'the Barmecide deſired him to keep a corner of his

'ſtomach for a roaſted lamb, fed with piſtacho-nuts; 'and, after having called for it, as though it had 'really been ſerved up, Here is a diſh, ſays he, that 'you will ſee at no body's table but my own. Scha-'cabac was wonderfully delighted with the taſte of 'it, which is like nothing, ſays he, I ever eat be-'fore. Several other nice diſhes were ſerved up in 'idea, which both of them commended, and feaſted 'on after the ſame manner. This was followed by an 'inviſible *deſſert*, no part of which delighted Schaca-'bac ſo much as a certain lozenge, which the Barme-'cide told him was a ſweet-meat of his own inven-'tion. Schacabac at length, being courteouſly re-'proached by the Barmecide, that he had no ſtom-'ach, and that he eat nothing, and, at the ſame time, 'being tired with moving his jaws up and down to 'no purpoſe, deſired to be excuſed, for that really 'he was ſo full he could not eat a bit more. Come, 'then, ſays the Barmecide, the cloth ſhall be remov-'ed, and you ſhall taſte of my wines, which, I may 'ſay, without vanity, are the beſt in Perſia. He 'then *filled* both their glaſſes out of an empty de-'canter. Schacabac would have excuſed himſelf 'from drinking ſo much at once, becauſe he ſaid he 'was a little quarrelſome in his liquor; however, be-'ing preſſed to it, he pretended to take it off, having 'beforehand praiſed the colour, and afterwards the 'flavour. Being plied with two or three other ima-'ginary bumpers of different wines, equally delici-'ous, and, a little vexed with this fantaſtic treat, he 'pretended to grow fluſtered, and gave the Barme-'cide a good box on the ear; but, immediately re-'covering himſelf, Sir, ſays he, I beg ten thouſand 'pardons; but I told you before, that it was my 'misfortune to be quarrelſome in my drink. The 'Barmecide could not but ſmile at the humour of 'his gueſt; and, inſtead of being angry at him, I 'find, ſays he, thou art a complaiſant fellow, and

'deſerveſt

'deſerveſt to be entertained in my houſe. Since 'thou canſt accommodate thyſelf to my humour, we 'will now eat together in good earneſt. Upon which, 'calling for his ſupper, the rice-ſoup, the gooſe, 'the piſtacho-lamb, the ſeveral other nice diſhes, 'with the *deſſert*, the lozenges, and all the variety 'of Perſian wines were ſerved up ſucceſſively, one 'after another; and Schacabac was feaſted in reali-'ty, with thoſe very things which he had before been 'entertained with in imagination.'

N° 163. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

——*Miſerum eſt alienâ vivere quadrâ.* JUV. *Sat.* 5. *v.* 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune croſt,
Who never dines, but at another's coſt!

WHEN I am diſpoſed to give myſelf a day's reſt, I order the Lion to be opened, and ſearch into that magazine of intelligence for ſuch letters as are to my purpoſe. The firſt I looked into, comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himſelf, in the beginning of it, after ſuch a manner, as, I am perſuaded, no man of ſenſe would treat him. Even the lawyer and the phyſician to a man of quality, expect to be uſed like gentlemen, and much more may any one of ſo ſuperior a profeſſion. I am by no means for encouraging that diſpute, whether the chaplain or the maſter of the houſe be the better man, and the more to be reſpected. The two learned authors, Dr. Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add ſeveral others, are to be excuſed, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain; ſince, in ſo corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion

runs

runs ſo far into the other extreme. The only controverſy between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which ſhould promote the good deſigns and intereſts of each other moſt; and, for my own part, I think it is the happieſt circumſtance in a great eſtate or title, that it qualifies a man for chuſing out of ſuch a learned and valuable body of men as that of the Engliſh clergy, a friend, a ſpiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows:

'Mr. GUARDIAN,

'I HOPE you will not only indulge me in the 'liberty of two or three queſtions, but alſo in 'the ſolution of them.

'I have had the honour, many years, of being 'chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted 'the higheſt ſervant in the houſe, either out of re-'ſpect to my cloth, or becauſe I ly in the uppermoſt 'garret.

'Whilſt my old lord lived, his table was always 'adorned with uſeful learning and innocent mirth, as 'well as covered with plenty. I was not looked 'upon as a piece of furniture fit only to ſanctify 'and garniſh a feaſt, but treated as a gentleman, 'and generally deſired to fill up the converſation an 'hour after I had done my duty. But now my 'young lord is come to the eſtate, I find I am look-'ed upon as a *cenſor morum*, an obſtacle to mirth and 'talk, and ſuffered to retire conſtantly with *Proſperi-'ty to the church* in my mouth. I declare ſolemnly, 'Sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the fine 'gentlemen who viſit us, more remarkable for half a 'year, than that one young lord was ſeven times 'drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a 'famous courteſan at Venice. I have lately taken 'the liberty to ſtay three or four rounds beyond the

'church,

'church, to ſee what topics of diſcourſe they went 'upon; but, to my great ſurpriſe, have hardly heard 'a word all the time beſides the toaſts. Then they 'all ſtare full in my face, and ſhew all the actions of 'uneaſineſs till I am gone. Immediately upon my 'departure, to uſe the words in an old comedy, 'I "find by the noiſe they make, that they had a mind "to be private.' I am at a loſs to imagine what 'converſation they have among one another, which 'I may not be preſent at, ſince I love innocent mirth 'as much as any of them, and am ſhocked with no 'freedoms whatſoever, which are conſiſtent with 'Chriſtianity. I have, with much ado, maintained 'my poſt hitherto at the deſert, and every day eat 'tart in the face of my patron. But, how long I 'ſhall be inveſted with this privilege I do not know: 'For the ſervants, who do not ſee me ſupported as I 'was in my old lord's time, begin to bruſh very fami-'liarly by me, and thruſt aſide my chair, when they 'ſet the ſweet-meats on the table. I have been born 'and educated a gentleman, and deſire you will make 'the public ſenſible, that the Chriſtian prieſthood 'was never thought, in any age or country, to de-'baſe the man who is a member of it. Among the 'great ſervices which your uſeful papers daily do to 'religion, this, perhaps, will not be the leaſt, and 'will lay a very great obligation on your unknown 'ſervant, G. W.'

'Venerable NESTOR,

'I WAS very much pleaſed with your paper of 'the 7th inſtant, in which you recommend the 'ſtudy of uſeful knowledge to women of quality or 'fortune. I have, ſince that, met with a very ele-'gant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas 'More. It is inſcribed to a friend of his, who 'was then ſeeking out a wife. He adviſes him, on

'that

'that occaſion, to overlook wealth and beauty; and,
'if he deſires a happy life, to join himſelf with a wo-
'man of virtue and knowledge. His words, on this
'laſt head, are as follow:

Proculque ſtulta ſit
Parvis labellulis
Semper loquacitas,
Proculque ruſticum
Semper ſilentium.
Sit illa vel modò
Inſtructa literis,
Vel talis ut modò
Sit apta literis.
Felix, quibus bene
Priſcis ab omnibus
Poſſit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata.
Armata cum quibus
Nec illa proſperis,
Superba turgeat,
Nec illa turbidis
Miſella lugeat
Proſtrata caſibus.
Jucunda ſic erit
Semper, nec unquam erit
Gravis, moleſtave
Vitæ comes tuæ,
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quieſcere,
Dum grata te fovet.

Manuque mobili
Dum plectra perſonat,
Et voce (quâ nec eſt
Prognæ ſororculæ
Tuæ ſuavior)
Amœna cantillat
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen dies
Noctesque ducere.
Notare verbula
Mellita maximis
Non abſque gratiis
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia,
Quibus coerceat
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium,
Quibus levaverit
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum ſcientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuiſſe conjugem,
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâſſet improbo
Labore ſæminam

Referr:

Rejerre ruſticam.
Talemque credimus
Naſonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine,
Fuiſſe filiam;
Talemque ſuſpicor
(Quâ nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuiſſe Tulliam:
Taliſque quæ tulit
Gracchos duos fuit,
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Inſtruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minùs
Magiſtra quàm parens.

The ſenſe of this elegant deſcription is as follows:

'May you meet with a wife who is not always 'ſtupidly ſilent, nor always prattling nonſenſe! May 'ſhe be *learned*, if poſſible, or, at leaſt, capable of 'being made ſo! A woman thus accompliſhed, will 'be always drawing ſentences and maxims of virtue 'out of the beſt authors of antiquity. She will be '*herſelf* in all changes of fortune, neither blown up 'in proſperity, nor broken with adverſity. You will 'find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured 'friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She 'will infuſe knowledge into your children with their 'milk, and from their infancy, train them up to 'wiſdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, 'you will long to be at home, and retire with de-'light, from the ſociety of men, into the boſom of 'one who is ſo dear, ſo knowing, and ſo amiable. 'If ſhe touches her lute, or ſings to it any of her 'own compoſitions, her voice will ſooth you in 'your ſolitudes, and ſound more ſweetly in your 'ear, than that of the nightingale. You will waſte 'with pleaſure, whole days and nights in her con-'verſation, and be ever finding out new beauties in 'her diſcourſe. She will keep your mind in perpe-'tual ſerenity, reſtrain its mirth from being diſſo-'lute, and prevent its melancholy from being pain-'ful.

'Such was, doubtleſs, the wife of Orpheus; for

'who

'who would have undergone what he did, to have 'recovered a fooliſh bride? Such was the daughter 'of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was 'Tullia, as ſhe is celebrated by the moſt learned, 'and the moſt fond of fathers. And ſuch was the 'mother of the two Gracchi, who is no leſs fa-'mous for having been their inſtructor, than their 'parent.'

N° 164. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

——*Simili frondeſcit virga metallo.* VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 144.

The ſame rich metal glitters on the tree.

AN eminent prelate of our church obſerves, that "there is no way of writing ſo proper, for "the refining and poliſhing a language, as the tranſ-"lating of books into it, if he who undertakes it "has a competent ſkill of the one tongue, and is a "maſter of the other. When a man writes his own "thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quick-"neſs of his mind, carry him ſo much after the no-"tions themſelves, that, for the moſt part, he is too "warm to judge of the aptneſs of words, and the "juſtneſs of figures; ſo that he either neglects theſe "too much, or overdoes them. But when a man "tranſlates, he has none of theſe heats about him. "And therefore, the French took no ill method, "when they intended to reform and beautify their "language, in ſetting their beſt writers on work, to "tranſlate the Greek and Latin authors into it." Thus far this learned prelate.

And another lately deceaſed, tells us, that "the "way of leaving verbal tranſlations, and chiefly re-"garding the ſenſe and genius of the author, was 'ſcarce

" ſcarce heard of in England before this preſent age." As for the difficulty of tranſlating well, every one, I believe, muſt allow my Lord Roſcommon to be in the right, when he ſays,

" 'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part;
" But good tranſlation is no eaſy art:
" For tho' materials have long ſince been found,
" Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound:
" And, by improving what was writ before,
" Invention labours leſs, but judgment more."

Dryden judiciouſly remarks, that " a tranſlator is to " make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he " can, provided he maintains his character, and " makes him not unlike himſelf." And a too cloſe and ſervile imitation, which the ſame poet calls, " treading on the heels of an author," is deſervedly laughed at by Sir John Denham. " I conceive it," ſays he, " a vulgar error in tranſlating poets, to af- " fect being *fidus interpres*: Let that care be with " them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of " faith; but whoſoever aims at it in poetry, as he " attempts what is not required, ſo ſhall he never " perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſi- " neſs alone to tranſlate language into language, " but poeſy into poeſy; and poeſy is of ſo ſubtle a " ſpirit, that in pouring out of one language into " another, it will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit " is not added in the transfuſion, there will remain " nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain " graces and happineſſes peculiar to every language, " which give life and energy to the words; and " whoſoever offers at verbal tranſlations, ſhall have " the misfortune of that young traveller, who loſt " his own language abroad, and brought home no " other inſtead of it. For the grace of the Latin " will be loſt, by being turned into Engliſh words, " and the grace of the Engliſh, by being turned into " the Latin phraſe."

After this collection of authorities out of ſome of our greateſt Engliſh writers, I ſhall preſent my reader with a tranſlation, in which the author has conformed himſelf to the opinion of theſe great men. The beauty of the tranſlation is ſufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them, that the tranſlator is Mr. Euſden of Cambridge; who obliged them, in the Guardian of Auguſt the 6th, with the Court of Venus, out of the ſame Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the beſt judges in performances of this nature.

The Speech of PLUTO to PROSERPINE; from the ſecond book of her Rape, by CLAUDIAN.

" CEASE, ceaſe, fair nymph, to laviſh precious tears,
" And diſcompoſe your ſoul with airy fears.
" Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with ſcorn;
" A nobler ſceptre ſhall that hand adorn.
" Imperial pomp ſhall ſooth a gen'rous pride;
" The bridegroom never will diſgrace the bride.
" If you above terreſtrial thrones aſpire,
" From Heav'n I ſpring, and Saturn was my ſire.
" The pow'r of Pluto ſtretches all around,
" Uncircumſcrib'd by Nature's utmoſt bound:
" Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
" Thro' the vaſt trackleſs void extends my ſway.
" Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
" Nor tremble at this interval of night;
" A fairer ſcene ſhall open to your view,
" An earth more verdant, and a heav'n more blue.
" Another Phœbus gilds thoſe happy ſkies,
" And other ſtars, with purer flames, ariſe.
" There chaſte adorers ſhall their praiſes join,
" And, with the choiceſt gifts, enrich your ſhrine.
" The bliſsful climes no change of ages knew,
" The golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.
" That golden age your world a while could boaſt,
" But here it flouriſh'd, and was never loſt.
" Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bow'rs,
" And painted meads ſmile with unbidden flow'rs;
" Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue:
" No rival ſweets in your own Enna grew.

" In

" In the receſs of a cool ſylvan glade,
" A monarch-tree projects no vulgar ſhade.
" Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
" And golden apples to your reach deſcend.
" Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
" The yellow harveſt will increaſe the more.
" But I too long on trifling themes explain,
" Nor ſpeak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
" Whole nature owns your pow'r: whate'er have birth,
" And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
" Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns ſleep,
" Or ſportive roll along the foamy deep;
" Or on ſtiff pinions airy journeys take,
" Or cut the floating ſtream or ſtagnant lake:
" In vain they labour to preſerve their breath,
" And ſoon fall victims to your ſubject, Death.
" Unnumber'd triumphs ſwift to you he brings,
" Hail! goddeſs of all ſublunary things!
" Empires, that ſink above, here riſe again,
" And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elyſian plain.
" The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the ſlave,
" Know no ſuperior honours in the grave.
" Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs ſhall come,
" And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
" The impious, forc'd, ſhall then their crimes diſcloſe,
" And ſee paſt pleaſures teem with future woes;
" Deplore in darkneſs your impartial ſway,
" While ſpotleſs ſouls enjoy the fields of day.
" When ripe for ſecond birth, the dead ſhall ſtand
" In ſhiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan ſtrand,
" That ſhade whom you approve, ſhall firſt be brought
" To quaff oblivion in the pleaſing draught.
" Whoſe thread of life, juſt ſpun you would renew,
" But nod, and Clotho ſhall rewind the clew.
" Let no diſtruſt of pow'r your joys abate;
" Speak what you wiſh, and what you ſpeak is fate.
" The raviſher thus ſooth'd the weeping fair,
" And check'd the fury of his ſteeds with care:
" Poſſeſs'd of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
" And love firſt ſoften'd the relentleſs God."

N° 165. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile. HOR. *Ep.* 19. *l.* 1. *v.* 17.

Examples, vice can imitate, deceive. CREECH.

IT is a melancholy thing to ſee a coxcomb at the head of a family. He ſcatters infection through the whole houſe. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him: if they have more ſenſe than himſelf, they are out of countenance for him: if leſs, they ſubmit their underſtandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often ſecretly concerned, when I have ſeen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themſelves, while they are talking after a couple of ſilly parents. The dulneſs of a father often extinguiſhes a genius in the ſon, or gives ſuch a wrong caſt to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In ſhort, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his inſipid pleaſantries, ſhallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-ſide, his parties of diverſion, are all of them ſo many ſtanding ſcenes of folly.

This is one reaſon why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakneſs in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumſtance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the huſband; but it is better it ſhould be ſo, than that there ſhould be no knowledge in the whole houſe. It is highly expedient, that, at leaſt, one of the perſons who ſits at the helm of affairs,

fairs, ſhould give an example of good ſenſe to thoſe who are under them in theſe little domeſtic governments.

If folly is of ill conſequence in the head of a family, vice is much more ſo, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the maſter is a profligate, the rake runs through the houſe. You hear the ſons talking looſely, and ſwearing after the father; and ſee the daughters either familiarized to his diſcourſe, or every moment bluſhing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his maſter's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Inveſt him with the ſame title and ornaments, and you would ſcarce know him from his lord. He practiſes the ſame oaths, the ſame ribaldry, the ſame way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it ſhould be wiſe and virtuous. The firſt of theſe qualifications does not indeed ly within his power; but, though a man cannot abſtain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modeſty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which, though the greateſt ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the moſt ordinary capacities.

As wiſdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the maſter of a houſe, if he is not accompliſhed in both of them, it is much better that he ſhould be deficient in the former than in the latter, ſince the conſequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than thoſe of folly.

When I read the hiſtories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philoſopher, who was an illuſtrious pattern of virtue and wiſdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having

perfected himſelf in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpoſe to converſe with the moſt learned men of every place; by which means, he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is ſtill admired by the greateſt men of the preſent times, as a prodigy of ſcience. His wife Theano wrote ſeveral books; and, after his death, taught his philoſophy in his public ſchool, which was frequented by numberleſs diſciples of different countries. There are ſeveral excellent ſayings recorded of her. I ſhall only mention one, becauſe it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wiſdom. Being aſked by ſome of her ſex, In how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having converſed with a man? "If "it were her huſband," ſays ſhe, "the next day; "if a ſtranger, never." Pythagoras had by this wife two ſons and three daughters. His two ſons, Telauges and Mneſarchus, were both eminent philoſophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean ſchool. Arignote was one of the daughters, whoſe writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whoſe hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to ſtrangers; which ſhe obſerved to the hazard of her life: and though ſhe was offered a great ſum for them, rather choſe to live in poverty, than not to obey the commands of her beloved father. Myia was the third of the daughters, whoſe works and hiſtory were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was ſo ſignally virtuous, that, for her unblemiſhed behaviour in her virginity, ſhe was choſen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national ſolemnity; and, for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was ſo precious among her countrymen, that her houſe

houſe was, after her death, converted into a temple, and the ſtreet ſhe lived in called by the name of the *Muſæum*. Nor muſt I omit, whilſt I am mentioning this great philoſopher, under his character as the maſter of a family, that two of his ſervants ſo improved themſelves under him, that they were inſtituted into his ſect, and make an eminent figure in the liſt of Pythagoreans. The names of theſe two ſervants were Aſtræus and Zamolxes. This ſingle example ſufficiently ſhews us both the influence and the merit of one who diſcharges as he ought the office of a good maſter of a family; which, if it were well obſerved in every houſe, would quickly put an end to that univerſal depravation of manners, by which the preſent age is ſo much diſtinguiſhed, and which it is more eaſy to lament than to reform.

N° 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

——*Aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo.*

OVID. *Met. l.* 2. *v.* 332.

Some comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe. ADDISON.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, ſays an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expreſſions, not the eſſence of this virtue. A man may beſtow great ſums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable; and may be charitable when he is not able to beſtow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the ſoul, which diſpoſes us to the love, aſſiſtance, and relief of mankind, eſpecially of thoſe who ſtand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no leſs intitled to the reward of this virtue, than the man who founds a college. For

my

my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never ſaw an indigent perſon in my life, without reaching out to him ſome of this imaginary relief. I cannot but ſympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wiſhes, there ſhould be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myſelf in this particular, I ſhall preſent him with the ſecret hiſtory of one of the moſt remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone. It is frequently obſerved of men who have been buſied in this purſuit, that though they have failed in their principal deſign, they have, however, made ſuch diſcoveries in their way to it, as have ſufficiently recompenſed their inquiries. In the ſame manner, though I cannot boaſt of my ſucceſs in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, becauſe it produced in my mind ſuch an habitual exerciſe of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been loſt in ſo pleaſing a deluſion.

As I did not queſtion but I ſhould ſoon have a new Indies in my poſſeſſion, I was perpetually taken up in conſidering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it, I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hoſpitals. I had likewiſe entertained that project, which has ſince ſucceeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that inſtead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have ſeen them all finiſhed in leſs than one year.

I had, with great pains and application, got together a liſt of all the French proteſtants; and, by the beſt accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all thoſe eſtates and effects which every one

of

of them had left in his own country, for the ſake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return ſome of them the double of what they had loſt.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and uſed to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a ſprain in his leg, that he had met with over-againſt St. Clement's church. This ſo affected me, that as a ſtanding mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compaſſion to the reſt of my fellow citizens, I reſolved to new-pave every ſtreet within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the ſame time, I entertained ſome thoughts of mending all the high-ways on this ſide the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had moſt at heart, was the ſettling upon every man in Great Britain, three pounds a-year (in which ſum may be compriſed, according to Sir William Pettit's obſervations, all the neceſſities of life) leaving to them whatever elſe they could get by their own induſtry, to lay out on ſuperfluities.

I was above a week debating in myſelf, what I ſhould do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a reſolution to buy them all up, and reſtore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took ſome time to ſurvey that ſtructure; and, not being entirely ſatisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had ſome thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up a-new at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and ſix, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time, that public matters looked very gloomy; taxes came hard, the war went

on

on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: This made me reſolve to ſet aſide one morning, to conſider ſeriouſly the ſtate of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, becauſe I was obliged, whether I would or no, to ſit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a moſt incredible expence, pawned a new ſuit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a ſum of money, which my operator aſſured me was the laſt he ſhould want to bring all our matters to bear. After having conſidered many projects, I at length reſolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a ſcheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things ſucceeded to my wiſhes. As I was in this golden dream, ſome body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a meſſenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked ſo miſerably poor, that I was reſolved to make his fortune, before he delivered his meſſage: but ſeeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the firſt news of a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In ſhort, I broke open my letter in a tranſport of joy, and found it as follows.

'SIR,

'AFTER having got out of you every thing you 'can conveniently ſpare, I ſcorn to treſpaſs upon your generous nature; and therefore muſt ingenuouſly confeſs to you, that I know no more of 'the philoſopher's ſtone, than you do. I ſhall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet could 'bubble a blockhead out of his money. They 'muſt be men of wit and parts, who are for my purpoſe. This made me apply myſelf to a perſon of

'your

'your wealth and ingenuity. How I have ſucceed-
'ed, you yourſelf can beſt tell.

'Your humble ſervant to command,

'THOMAS WHITE.'

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the
'key under the door.'

I was very much ſhocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my diſappointment, though not ſo much for what I myſelf, as what the public ſuffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I deſigned for them, and hope, that ſuch of my readers, who find they had a ſhare in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

N° 167. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Fata viam invenient—— VIRG. *Æn.* 3. *v.* 395.

——Fate the way will find. DRYDEN.

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an Arabian manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the Perſians, even to this day, Helim the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of Solomon the ſon of David. Helim was alſo governor

vernor of the Black Palace, and chief of the phyſicians to Alnareſchin the great king of Perſia.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of Caliphs ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for Helim, and ſpoke to him after this manner. "Helim," ſaid he, "I have long admired thy great wiſdom, "and retired way of living. I ſhall now ſhew thee "the entire confidence which I place in thee. I "have only two ſons remaining, who are as yet but "infants. It is my deſign, that thou take them "home with thee, and educate them as thy own. "Train them up in the humble unambitious purſuits "of knowledge. By this means ſhall the line of "Caliphs be preſerved, and my children ſucceed af-"ter me, without aſpiring to my throne whilſt I "am yet alive." "The words of my Lord the King "ſhall be obeyed," ſaid Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's preſence. He then received the children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and reſpected Helim as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that, by the age of one and twenty, they were inſtructed in all the learning of the Eaſt. The name of the eldeſt was Ibrahim, and of the youngeſt Abdallah. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education,

tion, that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Belſora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of Helim the ſight of Balſora his fair daughter. The king was ſo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for Helim the next morning, and told him, it was now his deſign to recompenſe him for all his faithful ſervices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perſia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be "it," ſays he, "from the king of Perſia to con-"taminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join him-"ſelf in marriage with the daughter of his phyſi-"cian." The king, however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered Balſora to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her. Balſora, who was too modeſt and humble, to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his preſence, as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradiſe. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell

down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the king, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. Balſora was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father, informed the king ſhe was dead. The king, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire, that Balſora died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention, that ſhe ſhould be honoured as ſuch, after her death, that her body ſhould be laid in the Black Palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's deſign, was not leſs afflicted than his beloved Balſora. As for the ſeveral circumſtances of his diſtreſs, as alſo how the king was informed of an irrecoverable diſtemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the hiſtory of Helim. It ſhall ſuffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep Balſora.

It is the cuſtom among the Perſians, to convey in a private

a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace, which is the repoſitory of all who are deſcended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief phyſician is always governour of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preſerve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is ſo called, from the colour of the building, which is all of the fineſt poliſhed black markle. There are always burning in it five thouſand everlaſting lamps. It has alſo a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night, by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, beſides the governour.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repoſitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the ſleep into which ſhe was fallen, took care ſome time after to bring that of Abdallah into the ſame place. Balſora watched over him, till ſuch time as the doſe he had taken loſt its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's deſign, when he gave him his ſleepy potion. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſurpriſe, the joy, the tranſport he was in at his firſt awaking. He fancied himſelf in the retirements of the bleſſed, and that the ſpirit of his dear Balſora, who he thought was juſt gone before him, was the firſt who came to congratulate his arrival. She ſoon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithſtanding all its horrors, appeared to him more ſweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balſora.

Helim, who was ſuppoſed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, viſited the place very frequently. His greateſt perplexity was, how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in ſuch a manner as I have before related. This conſideration did not a little diſturb the two interred lovers. At

length Helim bethought himſelf, that the firſt day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Perſians, that the ſouls of thoſe of the royal family who are in a ſtate of bliſs, do, on the firſt full moon after their deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of paradiſe, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of Perſia, with a long train of linen, whiter than ſnow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on Balſora's a garment of the freſheſt roſes. Their garments were ſcented with the richeſt perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs, but he privately opened the gate of paradiſe, and ſhut it after the ſame manner, as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhowed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed through the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth until ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had ſeen; but this was looked upon by the King himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black Temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſituated

ed on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was ſo very healthful, that Helim had formerly tranſported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well, that the King made him a preſent of the whole mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balſora. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſſed with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place; inſomuch, that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or ſpots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon Ibrahim, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Perſian empire. Though he was ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, Helim durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no ſooner mounted to the throne, but Helim ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good-natured and generous a prince. It ſo happened, that before Helim found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new King Ibrahim, having been ſeparated from his company in a chace, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to Helim's houſe, demanded ſome refreſhments. Helim was very luckily there at

that time; and after having ſet before the king the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him, that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſſed. The king was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation; and ſeeing his brother enter the room, with Balſora in his hand, he leaped off from the ſofa on which he ſat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!"—Having ſaid this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced Balſora with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her, that ſhe ſhould now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the Tigris. He eaſily diſcovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that inſtead of being tranſported with the offer, they preferred their preſent retirement to empire. At their requeſt, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a preſent of all the open country, as far as they could ſee from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole proſpect with groves and fountains, gardens and ſeats of pleaſure, until it became the moſt delicious ſpot of ground within the empire; and is therefore called the garden of Perſia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was ſucceeded by Abdallah, a ſon of Abdallah and Balſora. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial reſidence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Perſian empire. G

N° 168. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

——*Loca jam recitata revolvimus*——

HOR. *Ep.* I. *l.* 2. *v.* 223.

The ſame ſubjects we repeat.

'SIR,

'I OBSERVE, that many of your late papers have 'repreſented to us the characters of accompliſhed 'women; but among all of them I do not find a 'quotation which I expected to have ſeen in your 'works: I mean, the character of the miſtreſs of a 'family, as it is drawn out at length in the book of 'Proverbs. For my part, conſidering it only as a 'human compoſition, I do not think that there is 'any character in Theophraſtus, which has ſo many 'beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with 'ſuch elegance of thought and phraſe. I wonder 'that it is not written in letters of gold in the great 'hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price "is far above rubies.

"The heart of her huſband doth ſafely truſt in "her, ſo that he ſhall have no need of ſpoil.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days "of her life.

"She ſeeketh wool and flax, and worketh wil-"lingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchant ſhips, ſhe bringeth her "food from afar.

"She riſeth alſo while it is yet night, and giveth "meat to her houſhold, and a portion to her mai-"dens.

"She conſidereth a field, and buyeth it; with the "fruit of her hands ſhe planteth a vineyard.

"She

" She girdeth her loins with ſtrength, and ſtrength-
" eneth her arms.
" She perceiveth that her merchandiſe is good;
" her candle goeth not out by night.
" She layeth her hands to the ſpindle, and her
" hands hold the diſtaff.
" She ſtretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea,
" ſhe reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
" She is not afraid of the ſnow for her houſhold,
" for all her houſhold are clothed with ſcarlet.
" She maketh herſelf coverings of tapeſtry, her
" clothing is ſilk and purple.
" Her huſband is known in the gates, when he
" ſitteth among the elders of the land.
" She maketh fine linen, and ſelleth it, and deliver-
" eth girdles unto the merchant.
" Strength and honour are her clothing, and ſhe
" ſhall rejoice in time to come.
" She openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and in her
" tongue is the law of kindneſs.
" She looketh well to the ways of her houſhold,
" and eateth not the bread of idleneſs.
" Her children ariſe up, and call her bleſſed; her
" huſband alſo, and he praiſeth her.
" Many daughters have done virtuouſly, but thou
" excelleſt them all.
" Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a
" woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe ſhall be praiſed.
" Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her
" own works praiſe her in the gates.'

'Your humble ſervant.'

'SIR,

'I VENTURED to your Lion with the following lines, upon an aſſurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beaſt, you would at leaſt permit him to tear them.

From

From Anacreon.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, &c.

" BEST and happieſt artiſan,
" Beſt of painters, if you can,
" With your many-coloured art,
" Paint the miſtreſs of my heart:
" Deſcribe the charms you hear from me,
" (Her charms you could not paint and ſee)
" And make the abſent nymph appear,
" As if her lovely ſelf was here.
" Firſt draw her eaſy flowing hair,
" As ſoft and black as ſhe is fair;
" And if your art can riſe ſo high,
" Let breathing odours round her fly;
" Beneath the ſhade of flowing jet
" The iv'ry forehead ſmoothly ſet.
" With care the ſable brows extend,
" And in two arches nicely bend;
" That the fair ſpace which lies between
" The meeting ſhade, may ſcarce be ſeen.
" The eye muſt be uncommon fine;
" Sparkle, languiſh, and deſire:
" The flames unſeen muſt yet be felt;
" Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
" The roſy cheeks muſt ſeem to glow
" Amidſt the white of new-fall'n ſnow.
" Let her lips perſuaſion wear,
" In ſilence elegantly fair;
" As if the bluſhing rivals ſtrove,
" Breathing and inviting love.
" Below her chin be ſure to deck
" With ev'ry grace her poliſh'd neck;
" While all that's pretty, ſoft, and ſweet,
" In the ſwelling boſom meet.
" The reſt in purple garments veil;
" Her body, not her ſhape conceal.
" Enough——the lovely work is done,
" The breathing paint will ſpeak anon.'

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant.'

'MR.

'Mr. IRONSIDE,

'THE letter which I ſent you ſome time ago, and was ſubſcribed ENGLISH TORY, has made, as you muſt have obſerved, a very great buſtle in town. There are come out againſt me two Pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my ſide a letter to the GUARDIAN about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myſelf: But I am ſure my ſeconds are better than his. I have addreſſed a defence againſt the ill-treatment I have received for my letter, (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge; becauſe, as the world goes, I am to think myſelf very much obliged to that honeſt man, and eſteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one-and-twenty, and returned me accordingly to ſerve for that borough.

'There are very many ſcurrilous things ſaid againſt me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means ſwelling the volume to 1s. price. If I may be ſo free with myſelf, I might put you in mind upon this occaſion of one of thoſe animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, inſtead of flying at the perſon who threw it. Pleaſe to read the account of the channel, by the map at Wills's, and you will find what I repreſent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its ſituation, very juſt.

'I am, SIR,

'Very often your great admirer,

'RICHARD STEELE.'

N° 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

——*Cœlumque tueri*
Juſſit—— OVID. *Met. l.* 1. *v.* 85.

And bade him lift to heav'n his wond'ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature; I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines, whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher

loſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurpriſe!

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own? "Ay, but" ſays ſome illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave others to "contemplate it." Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have ſeen frequent returns of the ſame things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years ſucceſſively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking, by a queſtion

ſtarted the other night, *viz.* Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortunate and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an ancient author ſomewhere expreſſes it) when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of the ſeveral parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in a very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a ſatiety of the ſame images; the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn, and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

Death, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh of thoſe which are freſh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere, unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

But what conſolation is left to the man who hath no hope or proſpect of theſe things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the ſame ob-

jects to make him weary of this world; when, like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The Freethinkers make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities and deſpair into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

N° 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

——*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* VIRG. *Æn.* 2. *v.* 49.

I fear your Greeks, with preſents in their hands.

'Moſt venerable NESTOR, London, Sept. 22.

'THE plan laid down in your firſt paper gives 'me a title and authority to apply to you, in 'behalf of the trading world. According to the 'general ſcheme you propoſed in your ſaid firſt pa- 'per, you have not profeſſed only to entertain men 'of wit and polite taſte, but alſo to be uſeful to the 'trader and the artificer. You cannot do your coun- 'try greater ſervice, than by informing all ranks of 'men amongſt us, that the greateſt benefactor to 'them all is the merchant. The merchant advances 'the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and 'ſupplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave 'to ſay, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, 'can put together ſo uſeful and commodious a trea- 'tiſe for the welfare of your fellow-ſubjects, as that 'which an eminent merchant of the city has lately 'written. It is called, 'General Maxims of trade, "particularly applied to the commerce between "Great-

" Great-Britain and France.' I have made an ex-
' tract of it; ſo as to bring it within the compaſs of
' your paper; which take as follows.

' I. That trade which exports manufactures made
' of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good;
' ſuch is the ſending abroad our Yorkſhire cloth,
' Colcheſter bays, Exeter ſerges, Norwich ſtuffs, *&c.*
' which being made purely of Britiſh wool, as much
' as thoſe exports amount to, ſo much is the clear
' gain of the nation.

' II. That trade which helps off the conſumption
' of our ſuperfluities, is alſo viſibly advantageous; as
' the exporting of allum, copperas, leather, tin, lead,
' coals, *&c.* So much as the exported ſuperfluities
' amount unto, ſo much alſo is the clear national
' profit.

' III. The importing of foreign materials to be
' manufactured at home, eſpecially when the goods,
' after they are manufactured, are moſtly ſent abroad,
' is alſo, without diſpute, very beneficial; as, for in-
' ſtance, Spaniſh wool, which for that reaſon is ex-
' empted from paying any duties.

' IV. The importation of foreign materials to be
' manufactured here, although the manufactured goods
' are chiefly conſumed by us, may be alſo beneficial;
' eſpecially, when the ſaid materials are procured in
' exchange for our commodoties; as raw-ſilk, grog-
' ram yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

' V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into ſuch
' goods as would otherwiſe be imported ready manu-
' factured, is a means of ſaving money to the nation.
' Such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw-ſilk;
' it is therefore to be wondered at, that theſe com-
' modities are not exempt from all duties, as well as
' Spaniſh wool.

' VI. A trade may be called good, which exchanges
' manufactures for manufactures, and commodities
' for commodities. Germany takes as much in value

'of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their 'linen: By this means numbers of people are em-'ployed on both ſides, to their mutual advantage.

'VII. An importation of commodities, bought 'partly for money and partly for goods, may be of 'national advantage, if the greateſt part of the com-'modities thus imported, are again exported; as in 'the caſe of Eaſt-India goods: and generally, all 'imports of goods which are re-exported, are bene-'ficial to a nation.

'VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign 'country to another, is a profitable article in trade. 'Our ſhips are often thus employed between Portu-'gal, Italy, and the Levant, and ſometimes in the 'Eaſt-Indies.

'IX. When there is a neceſſity to import goods 'which a nation cannot be without, although ſuch 'goods are chiefly purchaſed with money, it cannot 'be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway 'and other parts, from whence are imported naval 'ſtores, and materials for building.

'But a trade is diſadvantageous to a nation,

'1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and 'pleaſure, which are entirely, or for the moſt part, 'conſumed among us, and ſuch I reckon the wine-'trade to be, eſpecially when the wine is purchaſed 'with money, and not in exchange for our commo-'dities.

'2. Much worſe is that trade which brings in a 'commodity that is not only conſumed amongſt us, 'but hinders the conſumption of the like quantity of 'ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hin-'ders the ſpending of our extracts of malt and mo-'loſſes; therefore very prudently charged with ex-'ceſſive duties.

'3. That trade is eminently bad, which ſupplies 'the ſame goods as we manufacture ourſelves, eſpe-'cially if we can make enough for our conſumption:

'and

'and I take this to be the caſe of the ſilk manufac-
'ture; which, with great labour and induſtry, is
'brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and
'other places.

'4. The importation upon eaſy terms of ſuch ma-
'nufactures as are already introduced in a country,
'muſt be of bad conſequence, and check their pro-
'greſs; as it would undoubtedly be the caſe of the
'linen and paper manufactures in Great-Britain
'(which are of late very much improved) if thoſe
'commodities were ſuffered to be brought in without
'paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by
'the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to
'France, is ſo well barred againſt, that there is not
'the leaſt hope of reaping any benefit by this article.
'They have their work done for half the price we
'pay for ours. And ſince they ſend great quan-
'tities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal,
'Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although
'they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demon-
'ſtration, that they have more than is ſufficient for
'their own wear, and conſequently no great occaſion
'for any of ours. The French cannot but be ſo
'ſenſible of the advantage they have over us in point
'of cheapneſs, that I do not doubt they will give
'us leave to import into France, not only woollen
'goods, but all other commodities whatſoever, upon
'very eaſy duties, provided we permit them to im-
'port into Great-Britain, wines, brandies, ſilk, linen
'and paper, upon paying the ſame duties as others
'do. And when that is done, you will ſend little
'more to France than now you do, and they will
'import into Great-Britain ten times more than now
'they can.

'II. As to our ſuperfluities, it muſt be owned the
'French have occaſion for ſome of them; as, lead, tin,

'leather, copperas, coals, allum, and ſeveral other 'things of ſmall value; as alſo ſome few of our plan-'tation commodities: but theſe goods they will have, 'whether we take any of theirs or no, becauſe they 'want them. All theſe commodities together that 'the French want from us, may amount to about '200,000 l. yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any 'one ſort uſeful to us that ever was imported from 'France into England. They have indeed hemp, 'flax, and wool in abundance, and ſome raw ſilk; 'but they are too wiſe to let us have any, eſpecially 'as long as they entertain any hopes we ſhall be ſo 'ſelf-denying as to take thoſe materials from them 'after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities '(if for the like value on both ſides) might be be-'neficial; but it is far from being the caſe between 'us and France: Our ſhips went conſtantly in bal-'laſt (except now and then ſome lead) to St. Malo, 'Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, '*&c.* and ever came back full of linen, wines, 'brandy and paper; and if it was ſo before the re-'volution, when one of our pounds ſterling coſt the 'French but thirteen livres, what are they like to 'take from us, (except what they of neceſſity want) 'now that for each pound ſterling they muſt pay us 'twenty livres, which enhances the price of all 'Britiſh commodities to the French above fifty *per* '*cent.*?

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is cer-'tainly a national advantage; but few or no French 'goods are ever exported from Great Britain, ex-'cept to our plantations, but are all conſumed at 'home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way 'by the French trade.

'VI. Letting ſhips to freight, cannot but be of 'ſome profit to a nation; but it is very rare if the

'French

'French ever make uſe of any other ſhips than their 'own: They victual and man cheaper than we, 'therefore nothing is to be got from them by this 'article.

'VII. Things that are of abſolute neceſſity 'cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but 'France produces nothing that is neceſſary, or even 'convenient, or but which we had better be with-'out, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities of 'mere luxury, to be conſumed amongſt us, be a 'ſenſible diſadvantage, the French trade, in this 'particular, might be highly pernicious to this na-'tion; for, if the duties on French wines be lowered 'to a conſiderable degree, the leaſt we can ſuppoſe 'would be imported into England and Scotland, is '18,000 tons a-year, which being moſt clarets, at 'a moderate computation, would coſt in France '450,000 l.

'IX. As to brandy; ſince we have laid high du-'ties upon it, the diſtilling of ſpirits from malt and 'moloſſes is much improved and increaſed, by means 'of which, a good ſum of money is yearly ſaved to 'the nation; for very little brandy hath been im-'ported, either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by 'reaſon that our Engliſh ſpirits are near as good as 'thoſe countries brandies. But as French brandy 'is eſteemed, and is indeed very good, if the ex-'traordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there 'is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. 'We will ſuppoſe only 3000 tons a-year, which will 'coſt Great-Britain about 70,000 l. yearly, and 'prejudice, beſides, the extracts of our own malt 'ſpirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more conſequence than 'many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and 'ſeveral counties in England, have made large ſteps 'towards the improvement of that uſeful manufac-

'ture,

'ture, both in quantity and quality; and, with good 'encouragement, would, doubtleſs, in a few years, 'bring it to perfection, and perhaps make ſufficient 'for our own conſumption: which, beſides employ-'ing great numbers of people, and improving many 'acres of land, would ſave us a good ſum of money, 'which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. 'As the caſe ſtands at preſent, it improves daily; 'but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is 'to be feared it will come over ſo cheap, that our 'looms muſt be laid aſide, and 6 or 700,000 l. a-year 'be ſent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near a-'kin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid 'on foreign paper, and that none hath been import-'ed from France, where it is cheapeſt, the making 'of it is increaſed to ſuch a degree in England, that 'we import none of the lower ſorts from abroad, 'and make them all ourſelves: But if the French 'duties be taken off, undoubtedly moſt of the mills 'which are employed in the making of white pa-'per, muſt leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000 l. 'a-year be remitted over to France for that com-'modity.

'XII. The laſt article concerns the ſilk manu-'facture. Since the late French wars, it is increa-'ſed to a mighty degree. Spittlefields alone ma-'nufactures to the value of two millions a-year, and 'were daily improving, 'till the late fears about 'lowering the French duties. What pity that ſo 'noble a manufacture, ſo extenſive, and ſo bene-'ficial to an infinite number of people, ſhould run 'the hazard of being ruined! It is, however, to be 'feared, that if the French can import their wrought 'ſilks upon eaſy terms, they outdo us ſo much in 'cheapneſs of labour, and they have Italian and 'Levant raw-ſilk upon ſo much eaſier terms than we, 'beſides great quantities of their own in Provence,

'Languedoc,

'Languedoc, and other provinces, that, in all probability, half the looms in Spittlefields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French ſilks. The loſs that would accrue to the nation by ſo great a miſchief cannot be valued at leſs than 500,000 l. a-year.

'To ſum up all, if we pay to France yearly,

'For their wines	L. 450,000
'For their brandies	70,000
'For their linen	600,000
'For their paper	30,000
'For their ſilks	500,000
	1,650,000
'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, *&c.* and plantation goods, to the value of	200,000
'Great-Britain loſes by the balance of that trade yearly	1,450,000

'All which is humbly ſubmitted to your conſideration, by,

'SIR, your moſt humble ſervant,

'GENEROSITY THRIFT.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the protection of honour, truth, virtue, and innocence.

"Mr. IRONSIDE has ordered his amanuenſis to "prepare for his peruſal whatever he may have ga"thered from his table-talk, or otherwiſe, a volume "to be printed in twelves, called, *The Art of De-*

"*famation*

" *ſamation diſcovered.* This piece is to conſiſt of the " true characters of all perſons calumniated by the " Examiner; and after ſuch characters, the true and " only method of ſullying them, ſet forth in ex- " amples from the ingenious and artificial author, " the ſaid Examiner.

" N. B. To this will be added the true charac- " ters of perſons he has commended, with obſerva- " tions to ſhow, that panegyric is not that author's " talent."

N° 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Fuit iſta quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus ſuppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbiſſimum hoſtem coercerent.
CICER. *in Catilin.*

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deſerve a ſeverer correction than the bittereſt enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from ſeveral of the moſt eminent chocolate houſes and coffee-houſes, upon my late gallantry and ſucceſs in oppoſing myſelf to the long ſwords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his cuſtomers can ſaunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or moleſtation. I find I have likewiſe cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more ſpacious, and all the paſſages about the court and the exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have ſent me the kindeſt billets upon this occaſion, in which they tell me, that I have ſaved them ſome pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces and hoops, from the annoyance

annoyance both of hilt and point. A ſcout whom I ſent abroad to obſerve the poſture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible Club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that ſeemed to delight in arms. My Lion, whoſe jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons ſtill in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houſes, and ſome of the obſcure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagoniſt Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long ſwords. He had the misfortune, three days ago, to fall into company with a maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger, by his habit, and the airs he gave himſelf, to be one of the profeſſion, gave him a fair invitation to Marrowbone, to exerciſe at the uſual weapons. The captain thought this ſo foul a diſgrace to a gentleman, that he ſlunk away in the greateſt confuſion, and has never been ſeen ſince at the Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe, nor in any of his uſual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant, and every animal, though ever ſo noiſome, has its uſe in the creation; ſo theſe men of terror may be diſpoſed of, ſo as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a viſit laſt night from a perſon, who pretends to be employed here from ſeveral foreign princes, in negotiating matters of leſs importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have, in a manner, quite drained the cantons of Swiſſerland of their ſupernumerary ſubjects, and that he foreſees there will be a great ſcarcity of them to ſerve at the entrance of courts, and in the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very ſeaſonably be ſupplied, out of the great numbers of ſuch gentlemen, as I have given

given notice of in my paper of the 25th paſt; and that his deſign is, in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertiſements to this effect, not queſtioning but it may turn to a good account: 'That if any perſon of good ſtature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible Club, as 'others of the like exterior ferocity, whoſe ambition is to cock and look big, without expoſing 'themſelves to any bodily danger, will repair to his 'lodgings; they ſhall (provided they bring their 'ſwords with them) be furniſhed with ſhoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and 'be tranſported without farther trouble into ſeveral 'courts and families of diſtinction, where they may 'eat and drink, and ſtrut at free coſt.' As this project was not communicated to me for a ſecret, I thought it might be for the ſervice of the above-ſaid perſons to divulge it with all convenient ſpeed; that thoſe who are diſpoſed to employ their talents to the beſt advantage, and to ſhine in the ſtation of life for which they ſeem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raiſing a quick-ſet beard there in the form of whiſkers, that they may paſs to all intents and purpoſes for true Swiſſers.

'Indefatigable NESTOR,

'GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myſelf 'and my whole family, for the daily diverſion 'and improvement we receive from your labours. 'At the ſame time, I muſt acquaint you, that we 'have all of us taken a mighty liking to your Lion. 'His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have 'a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing elſe, and who, I hope, will be more afraid 'of him as he grows up. That your animal may 'be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of 'prey, I ſhall, out of my eſteem and affection for

'you,

'you, contribute what I can towards its ſuſtenance. "Love me, love my Lion," ſays the proverb. I will 'not pretend, at any time, to furniſh out a full meal for 'him; but I ſhall now and then ſend him a ſavoury 'morſel, a tid-bit. You muſt know, I am but a 'kind of holiday-writer, and never could find in my 'heart, to ſet my pen to a work of above five or ſix 'periods long. My friends tell me, my perform-'ances are little and pretty. As they have no man-'ner of connection one with the other, I write them 'upon looſe pieces of paper, and throw them into a 'drawer by themſelves; this drawer I call the Lion's 'Pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into 'it, but what is clean and wholeſome nutriture. 'Therefore, remember me to the Lion, and let him 'know, that I ſhall always pick and cull the Pantry 'for him; and there are morſels in it, I can aſſure 'you, will make his chaps to water.

'I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

'SIR,

'your moſt obedient ſervant,

'and moſt aſſiduous reader.'

I muſt aſk pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have ſuffered her billet to ly by me theſe three weeks without taking the leaſt notice of it. But I believe, the kind warning in it, to our ſex, will not be now too late.

'Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE waited with impatience for that fame U-'nicorn you promiſed ſhould be erected for the 'Fair Sex. My buſineſs is, before winter comes 'on, to deſire you would precaution your own ſex 'againſt being Adamites, by expoſing their bare

'breaſts to the rigour of the ſeaſon. It was this 'practice amongſt the fellows, which at firſt encou-'raged our ſex to ſhew ſo much of their necks. The 'downy dock-leaves you ſpeak of, would make good 'ſtomachers for the beaux. In a word, good NES-'TOR, ſo long as the men take a pride in ſhewing 'their hairy ſkins, we may, with a much better 'grace, ſet out our ſnowy cheſts to view. We are, 'we own, the weaker, but, at the ſame time, you 'muſt own, much the more beautiful ſex.

'I am, SIR,

'your humble reader,

'DOROTHY CARE.'

N° 172. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

—Vitam excoluere per artes. VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 663.

They grac'd their age with new-invented arts. DRYDEN.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

I HAVE been a long time in expectation of ſomething from you on the ſubject of ſpeech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained, on that ſubject, as with any thing that ever came into the Lion's mouth. For this end, I ſend you the following ſketch. And am, yours,

PHILOGRAM.

'Upon taking a view of the ſeveral ſpecies of li-'ving creatures our earth is ſtocked with, we may 'eaſily obſerve, that the lower orders of them, ſuch 'as inſects and fiſhes, are wholly without a power

'of

'of making known their wants and calamities: Others, which are converſant with man, have ſome 'few ways of expreſſing the pleaſure and pain they 'undergo, by certain ſounds and geſtures; but man 'has articulate ſounds, whereby to make known his 'inward ſentiments and affections, though his organs 'of ſpeech are no other than what he has in common with many other leſs perfect animals. But 'the uſe of letters, as ſignificative of theſe ſounds, 'is ſuch an additional improvement of them, that I 'know not whether we ought not to attribute the 'invention of them to the aſſiſtance of a power more 'than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not 'but attend the firſt invention of letters, to wit, 'That all the world muſt conſpire in affixing ſteadily the ſame ſigns to their ſounds; which affixing, 'was at firſt as arbitrary as poſſible; there being no 'more connexion between the letters and the ſounds 'they are expreſſive of, than there is between thoſe 'ſounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately 'ſtand for: notwithſtanding which difficulty, and 'the variety of languages, the *powers* of the letters 'in each, are very nearly the ſame, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But, be the difficulty of the invention as great 'as it will, the uſe of it is manifeſt, particularly in 'the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or ſounds, becauſe this 'way we are confined to narrow limits of place and 'time; whereas, we may have occaſion to correſpond 'with a friend at a diſtance, or a deſire, upon a particular occaſion, to take the opinion of an honeſt 'gentleman, who has been dead this thouſand years. 'Both which defects are ſupplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means, we materialize 'our ideas, and make them as laſting as the ink and 'paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts

'by *art* viſible to the eye, which *nature* had made 'intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding 'a ſixth ſenſe, as it is a ſupply in caſe of the defect 'of one of the five *nature* gave us, namely, hearing, 'by making the voice become viſible.

'Have any of any ſchool of painters gotten them-'ſelves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or 'painting a landſkip, by laying down on a piece of 'canvas a repreſentation only of what nature had gi-'ven them originals? What applauſes will he me-'rit, who firſt made his ideas ſet to his pencil, and 'drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting 'repreſents the outward man, or the ſhell; but can-'not reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ 'by which the inhabitant is revealed: This art may 'reach to repreſent a face, but cannot paint a voice. 'Kneller can draw the majeſty of the queen's per-'ſon; Kneller can draw her ſublime air, and paint 'her beſtowing hand as fair as the lily: but the 'hiſtorian muſt inform poſterity, that ſhe has one 'peculiar excellence, above all other mortals, that 'her ordinary ſpeech is more charming than 'ſong.

'But to drop the compariſon of this art with any 'other, let us ſee the benefit of it in itſelf. By it 'the Engliſh trader may hold commerce with the in-'habitants of the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, without the 'trouble of a journey. Aſtronomers, ſeated at a 'diſtance of the earth's diameter aſunder, may con-'fer; what is ſpoken and thought at one pole, may 'be heard and underſtood at the other. The philoſo-'pher, who wiſhed he had a window in his breaſt, 'to lay open his heart to all the world, might as 'eaſily have revealed the ſecrets of it this way, and 'as eaſily left them to the world, as wiſhed it. This 'ſilent art of ſpeaking by letters, remedies the in-'convenience ariſing from diſtance of time, as well 'as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyp-

'tians,

'tians, who could preſerve their mummies for ten 'centuries. This preſerves the works of the im-'mortal part of men, ſo as to make the dead ſtill 'uſeful to the living. To this we are beholden for 'the works of Demoſthenes and Cicero, of Seneca 'and Plato: without it, the Iliad of Homer, and 'Æneid of Virgil, had died with their authors: 'but by this art, thoſe excellent men ſtill ſpeak to 'us.

'I ſhall be glad, if what I have ſaid on this art, 'gives you any new hints for the more uſeful or a-'greeable application of it.

'I am, SIR, *&c.*'

I ſhall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praiſe of the invention of writing, "written "by a lady." I am glad of ſuch a quotation, which is not only another inſtance how much the world is obliged to this art, but alſo, a ſhining example of what I have heretofore aſſerted, that the fair ſex are as capable as men of the liberal ſciences; and, indeed, there is no very good argument againſt the frequent inſtruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verſes of the charming author are as follow:

"Bleſt be the man! his memory at leaſt,
"Who found the art, thus to unfold his breaſt;
"And taught ſucceeding times an eaſy way
"Their ſecret thoughts by *letters* to convey;
"To baffle abſence, and ſecure delight,
"Which, till that time, was limited to ſight.
"The parting farewel ſpoke, the laſt adieu,
"The leſs'ning diſtance paſt, then loſs of view,
"The friend was gone, which ſome kind moments gave,
"And abſence ſeparated, like the grave.
"When for a wife the youthful patriarch ſent,
"The camels, jewels, and the ſteward went,
"And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and ſlow;
"But not a line, that might the lover ſhow;

" The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
" But had ſhe known of melting words, the charms
" That under ſecret ſeals in ambuſh lie,
" To catch the ſoul, when drawn into the eye;
" The fair Aſſyrian had not took his guide,
" Nor her ſoft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd."

N° 173. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

———Nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG. *Georg.* 4. *v.* 122.

The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale. DRYDEN.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurpriſe to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement, that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

" *Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,*
" *Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,*
" *Viduaque platane, tonſilique buxeto,*
" *Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi,*
" *Sed rure vero barbaroque latatur.*" *Ep.* 58. *l.* 3.

" Our friend Fauſtinus' country ſeat I've ſeen:
" No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
" No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
" The uſeleſs ſoil unprofitably ſhare;
" But ſimple Nature's hand, with nobler grace,
" Diffuſes artleſs beauties o'er the place."

There

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This was the taſte of the ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt entirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, *&c.* The pieces I am ſpeaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The firſt of theſe is already known to the Engliſh reader, by the excellent verſions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addiſon. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the moſt beautiful plan of this ſort that can be imagined, I ſhall here preſent the reader with a tranſlation of it.

The Gardens of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyſſ. 7.

" Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
" From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies:
" Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
" Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.
" Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
" The red'ning apple ripens here to gold:
" Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
" With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
" The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
" And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
" The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
" Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
" Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
" On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe;

" The

" The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
" The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
" Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
" With all th' united labours of the year.
" Some to unload the fertile branches run,
" Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun.
" Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
" The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
" Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
" Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
" And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
" Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
" In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
" Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd.
" This thro' the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
" Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground;
" While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
" And thence its current on the town beſtows:
" To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
" The people one, and one ſupplies the king."

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this deſcription contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince: it was incloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency, joined cloſe to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the garden; as alſo the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the nature and uſual place of our kitchen-gardens.

The two fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought by

by conduits or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf. We run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our trees in the moſt awkward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

" *Hinc et nexilibus videas è frondibus hortos,*
" *Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circum*
" *Porrigere, et latas è ramis ſurgere turres;*
" *Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra:*
" *In buxiſque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.*
" *Parte aliâ frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;*
" *Scutaque ſpiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.*"

" Here interwoven branches form a wall,
" And from the living fence green turrets riſe:
" There ſhips of myrtle ſail in ſeas of box:
" A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
" And loaded citrons bearing ſhields and ſpears."

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding, are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that *fineſt* which is leaſt natural. A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-ſeat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you ſee the

the champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of greens, to be diſpoſed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He repreſents, that, for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo gardener, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profeſſion, in the imagery of ever-greens. My correſpondent is arrived to ſuch perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women or children. Any ladies that pleaſe, may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their huſbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails, when he ſhows his garden, to repeat that paſſage in the pſalms, "Thy wife "ſhall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as "olive branches round thy table." I ſhall proceed to his catalogue, as he ſent it for my recommendation.

Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the ſerpent very flouriſhing.

The tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the ſame, with a tail of ground-ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine bear in bloſſom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair

A pair of giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a ſavine.

An old maid of honour in wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnſon in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of, a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet hog ſhot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig with ſage growing in his belly.

Noah's ark in holly, ſtanding on the mount, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardneſs.

N° 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

Salve Pæonia largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardanii gloria magna ſoli:
Publica morborum requies, commune medentum
Auxilium, præſens numen, inempta ſalus. CLAUD.

Hail, greateſt good Dardania's fields beſtow,
At whoſe command Pæonian waters flow,
Unpurchas'd health! that doſt thy aid impart,
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

IN public aſſemblies there are generally ſome envious ſplenetic people, who, having no merit to procure reſpect, are ever finding fault with thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves. This happens more frequently at thoſe places, where this ſeaſon of the year calls perſons of both ſexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epſom, Tunbridge,

bridge, and St. Wenefrede's well, wherein I could obſerve, that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf Eudoſia, writes a bitter invective againſt Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that ſhe herſelf is lame of the rheumatiſm. Another, who hath been a prude ever ſince ſhe had the ſmall pox, is very bitter againſt the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a ſharp wit hath ſent me a keen epigram againſt the gameſters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had ſeveral ſtrange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more conſtitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the phyſicians were not more buſy in deſtroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with ſeveral other common-place ſtrokes of raillery; I reſolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jeſt to ſee ſuch a grave ancient perſon, as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, beſides the neceſſity of complying with the cuſtom, by theſe means I paſſed undiſcovered, and had a pleaſure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little ſatisfaction to me, to view the mixed maſs of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the ſame benefits of nature, and mingling in the ſame diverſions. I ſometimes entertained myſelf, by obſerving what a large quantity of ground was hid under ſpreading petticoats, and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in compariſon to thoſe ſpaces that were diſtinguiſhed by flounces, fringes and furbelows. From the earth, my fancy was diverted to the water, where the diſtinctions of ſex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occaſion to ſome perſons of light imaginations, to compare

pare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two ſexes into one perſon; or to the ſtream wherein Diana waſhed herſelf, when ſhe beſtowed horns on Acteon: but by one of a ſerious turn, theſe healthful ſprings may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which, waſhed away all pain and anguiſh in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I ſhall make it my buſineſs, in this paper, to cool and aſſuage thoſe malignant humours of ſcandal which run throughout the body of men and women there aſſembled; and, after the manner of thoſe famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aſperſions, to reſtore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and ſet injured characters upon their legs again. I ſhall herein regulate myſelf by the example of that good man, who uſed to talk with charity of the greateſt villains; nor was ever heard to ſpeak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with ſeverity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I ſhall not ſcruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the Gameſters. I have indeed ſpoken incautiouſly heretofore of that claſs of men; but I ſhould forfeit all titles to modeſty, ſhould I any longer oppoſe the common ſenſe of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all thoſe with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of ſphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When, therefore, I ſee a gentleman loſe his money with ſerenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philoſopher. If he ſtorms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harriſon's table,

puts me in mind of a council-board; and the indefatigable application of the ſeveral combatants, furniſhes me with an unanſwerable reply to theſe gloomy mortals, who cenſure this as an idle life. In ſhort, I cannot ſee any reaſon why gentlemen ſhould be hindered from raiſing a fortune by thoſe means, which at the ſame time enlarge their minds. Nor ſhall I ſpeak diſhonourably of ſome little artifice and fineſſe uſed upon theſe occaſions; ſince the world is ſo juſt to any man who is become a poſſeſſor of wealth, as not to reſpect him the leſs, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon conſiderations like theſe, the ladies ſhare in theſe diverſions. I muſt own, that I receive great pleaſure in ſeeing my pretty country-women engaged in an amuſement which puts them upon producing ſo many virtues. Hereby they acquire ſuch a boldneſs, as raiſes them nearer that lordly creature man. Here they are taught ſuch contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain-lectures. Their natural tenderneſs is a weakneſs here eaſily unlearned; and I find my ſoul exalted, when I ſee a lady ſacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In ſuch a place as the Bath, I might urge, that the caſting of a die is indeed the propereſt exerciſe for a fair creature to aſſiſt the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to diſplay the well-turned arm, and to ſcatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am ſatisfied, that the Gameſter-Ladies have ſurmounted the little vanities of ſhewing their beauty, which they ſo far neglect, as to throw their features into violent diſtortions, and wear away their lilies and roſes in tedious watching, and reſtleſs elucubrations. I ſhould rather obſerve, that their chief paſſion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, becauſe, in ſpite of all ſlanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with

with the moſt dangerous creatures of our ſex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their eaſe of conſcience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table, and ſo highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exerciſe on Sundays.

The *Water Poets* are an innocent tribe, and deſerve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat thoſe authors with bitterneſs, who never write out of the ſeaſon, and whoſe works are uſeful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to ſweeten ſome ſour critics, who were ſharp upon a few ſonnets, which, to ſpeak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in ſome of theſe gentle compoſitions; and am perſuaded, that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, *viz.* "The "lover is inflamed in the water: or he finds his "death where he ſought his cure; or, the nymph "feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's "torment." Theſe being for ever repeated, have at preſent a very good effect; and a phyſician aſſures me, that laudanum is almoſt out of doors at the Bath.

The phyſicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To theſe charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more diſtempers than I ever had in my life. They had almoſt killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger preſcribed me a *little ſomething*, at my firſt coming, to keep up my ſpirits; and the next morning, I was ſo much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the ſcurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropſy gratis before night. In vain did I modeſtly decline theſe favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a doſe

from one of my well-wiſhers. I paid him, but withal told him ſeverely, that I never took phyſic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that ſuſpected poiſon; but the apothecary, with more ſagacity, gueſſed that I was certainly a phyſician myſelf.

The oppreſſion of civilities which I underwent from the ſage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making ſuch inquiries into the nature of theſe ſprings, as would have furniſhed out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the looſe hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince ſhould found hoſpitals, the noble and the rich may diffuſe their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath, and I, Neſtor Ironſide, have dedicated a Guardian.

N° 175. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1.

Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. *v.* 664.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted ſtill higher, had he had the advantage of Chriſtianity. According to our ſcheme of thoughts, if the word *memores*, in the front of this paper, were changed into *ſimiles*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and tranſmit a name to poſterity, is a vicious appetite; and will certainly enſnare the perſon who is moved by it, on ſome occaſions, into a falſe delicacy for fear

fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not ſubject to ſuch ill conſequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or, to ſpeak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim, is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this ſelf-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taſte, than that of the late Mr. Boyle, who founded a lecture for the "Proof "of the Chriſtian Religion, againſt atheiſts, and o-"ther notorious infidels." The reward of perpetual memory amongſt men, which might poſſibly have ſome ſhare in this ſublime charity, was certainly conſidered but in a ſecond degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him, as well as ſpeak of him, when he was gone off our ſtage.

The world has received much good from this inſtitution; and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhauſtible ſubject of the eſſence, praiſe and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a ſincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occaſion. It eminently appears from this obſervation, that a particular bleſſing has been beſtowed on this lecture. This great philoſopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only ſuitable to our condition, but to his own at the ſame time. It is a ſight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the perſons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the ſame work.

This worthy man ſtudied nature, and traced all her ways to thoſe of her unſearchable Author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praiſe

and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courſes of philoſophical inquiries, (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book, entitled, *Phyſico-Theology*. Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminſter in Eſſex. I do not know what Upminſter is worth; but I am ſure, had I the beſt living in England to give, I ſhould not think the addition of it ſufficient acknowledgment of his merit; eſpecially ſince I am informed, that the ſimplicity of his life is agreeable to his uſeful knowledge and learning.

The praiſe of this author ſeems to me to be, the great perſpicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleaſing to people who are ſtrangers to ſuch inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very deſirable entertainment, to find occaſions of pleaſure and ſatisfaction in thoſe objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiſer or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, ſhow us the wonders and ſpectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their ſeveral ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to their different paths in which they are to move and provide for themſelves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to ſwim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear ſtreams; to howl in foreſts, or converſe in cities. All life, from that of a worm to that of a man, is explained; and as I may ſo ſpeak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the obſervations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without ſuch explications, ſtrike us only with confuſion and amazement.

The

The man who, before he had this book, dreſſed and went out to loiter, and gather up ſomething to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himſelf amuſement; the very air he breathes, ſuggeſts abundant matter for his thoughts. He will conſider, that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the ſame maſs of air, vapours and clouds, which ſurround our globe; and of all the numberleſs animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their noſtrils, he only ſtands erect, conſcious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philoſophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleaſed as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are abſolutely neceſſary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a ſort of reaſonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and ſurround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itſelf, the diſtribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uſes of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffuſed and general, be let down to particulars, to different ſoils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and ſtones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himſelf eaſy and happy in it, by the gift of ſenſes, by their ready organs; by ſhewing him the ſtructure of thoſe organs, the diſpoſition of the ear for the receipt of ſounds, of the noſtril for ſmell, the tongue for taſte, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our ſight.

The

The whole work is concluded (as it is the ſum of fifteen ſermons in proof of the exiſtence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each diſtinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be deſired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the ſons of men.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME THIRD.

The FIGURES refer to the NUMBER in which the *Matters* are contained.

A.

ACTIVE men, compared with ſpeculative, No. 130.
Adam, his viſion of ſouls, 138.
Adamite, a ſect ſo called, 135.
Alcinous, his gardens deſcribed, from Homer, 173.
Alehouſe-keeper, an elegant one on Hampſtead road, 144.
Allegories, directions for uſing them, 151.
Alnaraſchin, King of Perſia, his ſtory, 167.
Alonzo, Don, a fatal inſtance of the effects of jealouſy, 123.
Alphonſo, his ſtory from Strada's Lucan, 119.
Anacreon, his inſtructions to a painter for painting his miſtreſs, 168.
Anaximander, a ſaying of his, on being laughed at for ſinging, 135.
Anceſtors, their examples ſhould excite to great and virtuous actions, 137.
Anceſtry, how far to be venerated, ibid.
——— renders the good only illuſtrious, 123.
——— ridiculous for a man to value himſelf upon it, 137.
Ancients diſtinguiſhed by Strada, 119.
Androcles, ſtory of him and the lion, 139.
Anger, defined, 129.
Ants, natural hiſtory of them, 128, 156, 158.
Ariſtotle, contemned cenſure, 135.
Art, thoſe moſt capable of it, always fond of nature, 173.
Athalia (of Racine) part of it ſublime, 117.
Athenais, a Grecian virgin, married to the Emperor Theodoſius, 155.
Attraction of bodies applied to minds, 151.
Auguſtus Cæſar, Virgil's praiſes of him, 138.

B.

BARSISA, Santon, his ſtory from the Turkiſh tales, 148.
Bath, cuſtoms of that place, 174.
Beauty at war with fortitude, 152.
Benevolence, the ſeeds of it implanted in the human ſoul, 126.
Betty, Miſs, her hiſtory, 159.
Bias, his way of ſilencing calumny, 135.
Binicorn (Humphrey) his propoſal for printing a diſſertation on horns, 124.
Birds, their examples propoſed to imitation, 125.
—— obſervations on their conjugal and parental affections, ibid.
Blood, by what tainted, 137.
Bodkin, Timothy, his letter concerning ſhort ſwords, 145.
Boileau, a French critic, his account of the ſublime, 117.
Boſoms, naked, a great grievance, 116.
——— the Pope's order againſt them, ibid.
Bribery, none in a preſent of liquor, 160.
Bruce, Lord, his challenge to, and duel with Sir Edward Sackville, 129, 133.

C.

CALUMNY, nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, 135.
——— how ſilenced by philoſophers, ibid.
Care, Dorothy, complains of mens open boſoms, 172.
Chaplains to perſons of quality ought to be reſpected, 163.
Charity, a virtue of the heart, 166.
——— a ſignal proof of the divinity of the Chriſtian religion, 126.
——— intended by Neſtor Ironſide, Eſq; 166.
Chryſo Magnet, or the loadſtone which attracts gold, deſcribed by Strada, 122.
Claudian (Strada's) 119.
——— Pluto's ſpeech to Proſerpine, from him, 164.
Clergymen, conſidered as philoſophers, 130.
Clown, character of an impudent one, 162.
Club, ſilent club, 120.
—— terrible club, 143.
Complaiſance, uſeful in converſation, to make it agreeable, 162.
Conſcience, is to the ſoul what health is to the body, 135.
——— the efficacy and force of it in the hour of death, 136.
——— a good one, the only relief againſt the pain of calumny, ibid.
Coquette, how ſhe ſhould paint herſelf, 140.
Countrymen, meeting abroad, their familiarity, 126.

Coxcomb, at the head of a family, a melancholy thing, 159.
Creation, works of, the divine conſideration of them, 175.
Cromwell (Oliver) what Monſieur Paſchall ſays of his death, 136.
Cunning oppoſed to wiſdom, 152.
Cupid, with eyes, 127.

D.

DAMO, a daughter of Pythagoras, to whom he left his writings, 165.
David (King) a rabinical ſtory concerning him, 138.
Davis, Sir George, his adventure with a lion, 146.
Death, the hope of good men in it, 169.
——— what only can ſpeak life in the midſt of it, 150.
——— compared to Proteus, 136. Whence the abhorrence of it proceeds, 169.
Defamation, the art of it diſcovered, 170.
Denham, Sir John, his directions for tranſlating, 164.
Derham, Mr. his book of Phyſico-Theology commended, 175.
Diogenes, a ſevere ſaying of his to one that ſlandered him, 135.
Diſtreſs, imaginary, the greateſt part of man's affliction, 162.
Dream concerning death, 136.
Dreſs, genius diſcovered therein, 149. Compared to poetry, ib.
Duels, proceed from falſe honour, 133.
——— ought to be aboliſhed, 128.
Dump, Goody, her letter complaining of a ſullen huſband, 132.
Dunkirk, animadverſions concerning demoliſhing it, 128. 132.
Dutch, not ſubject to the ſpleen, 131.

E.

EAR-RING, Nicholas, Eſq; his letter concerning a ſcolding wife, 132.
Earth, its inhabitants ranged under two general heads, 130.
Eliza, the character of a good mother, 150.
Engliſh, famous for oddities, 144.
Epictetus, his ſaying concerning cenſure, 135.
Eve, her treating of an angel deſcribed by Milton, 138.
Evites, women ſo called, and why, 142.
Evergreen, Anthony, his collection of fig-leaves for the ladies, ibid.
Euſden, Reverend Mr. tranſlations of his from Claudian, 127, 164.
Examination, ſelf, advantages attending it, 158.
Examiner, his knack at finding out treaſon in words, 160. Has no talent for panegyric, 170.

F.

FAMILY, head of, dangerous when bad, 165.
——— miſtreſs of, a good one deſcribed, from the Book of Proverbs, 166.
Fear of God, all true fortitude founded on it, 117.
Feet, pretty ones, a letter concerning them, 133.
Fig-leaf (Leonilla), her letter concerning modeſty-pieces, 118.
Flattery, grateful to human nature, 135.
Foreſight, Frank, his good conduct on his marriage, 147.
Fortitude founded on the fear of God, 117.
——— at war with beauty, 152.
France, the fountain of dreſs, 149.
Free-thinkers, their abſurdities and hateful characters, 169.
Accuſe the Chriſtian religion as defective in friendſhip, 130.
Like the Jewiſh Sadducees, conſidered as Automata, ibid.
French, trade prejudicial to England, 170.
——— nobleman, memoirs of one, 150.
Friendſhip promoted by the Chriſtian religion, 126.

G.

GALLANTRY, precautions againſt it, 123.
Gameſters, a panegyric on them, 174.
Gaming, ill conſequences of that vice among the ladies, 120.
Gardens, the beſt not ſo fine as nature, 173.
Gentleman, wherein really ſuperior to a mechanic, 130.
Gold-finch, a beau, his behaviour to his offſpring propoſed for imitation, 125.
Grave-digger in Hamlet, humour of that character, 144.
Greek, two ſorts, 169.
Greens, a curious collection to be ſold, 173.

H.

HERMAPHRODITICAL habit, deſcribed, 149.
Hiſtory of a Greek poet, 141.
Honour, what, 161.
——— wherein commendable, and when to be exploded, ibid.
——— deſcribed, ibid.
——— temple of, can be entered only through that of virtue, ibid.
Humour, the Engliſh diſtinguiſhed by it, 144.
——— Engliſh, accounted for by Sir William Temple, ibid.
Hunting, a poem in praiſe of it, 125.

I.

IDLENESS, a great vice, 131.
——— a means to conquer it, ibid.
Ignorance and vice taints the blood, 137.
Ironſide, Neſtor, Eſq; engaged in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone, 166. His intended charities when he diſcovered it, ib.
——— Mrs. Martha, her character, and love of anceſtry, 137.

L.

LADY's woman, muſt have the qualifications of a critic in poetry, 149.
Laudanum, why out of doors at Bath, 174.
Law-ſuits, methods of deciding them in India, 133.
Learning, proper for women, 155.
Leo II. his letter to the Guardian, 124.
Letter from Neſtor Ironſide to Pope Clement VIII. 149.
—— from Tom Swagger to Old Teſty, 145.
Letters, difficulties which attended the firſt invention of them, 172. Their great uſe, ibid.
Lewis XIV. renowned for inviolably keeping treaties, 128.
Lingerers, account of them, 131.
Lion, ſcandalous reports of him, 134. Hiſtory of his ſpecies, 139. Calculation of his nativity, 140.
—— Sir George Davis's lion, 146.
Liquors, no bribery in them, 160.
Longinus, his beſt rule for the ſublime, 152.
Love, perſonated by Ambition and Avarice, ibid.
Lowngers, a ſect of philoſophers at Cambridge, 154.
Lucas, Dr. his practical Chriſtianity recommended, ibid.
Lucifer, his deſcription of a maſquerade at the French ambaſſador's, ibid.
Luſt, oppoſed to modeſty, 152.
Lyrics, the Engliſh very fine, 124.

M.

MACHINES, modern freethinkers are ſuch, 130.
Mankind, ranged under the active and ſpeculative, ibid.
Mantua-makers ſhould be expert anatomiſts, 149.
Marriage, extravagant expences after entering into it, cenſured, 147.
Martial, his verſes on a country-ſeat, 173.
Maſquerades, account of them, 142, 154.
Maſter, the efficacy of his example, 165.
Mechanics, in what really inferior to gentlemen, 130.

Medals, ſtruck in France on aboliſhing duels, 129.
Memoirs of the diſcovery of a French nobleman's children, 150.
Memorial from Dunkirk anſwered, 128.
Merchants, of great benefit to the public, 170.
Milton's deſcription of Eve's treating the angel, 138.
Milliners, general remarks on them, ibid.
Miſtreſs of a family, a good one deſcribed from the book of Proverbs, 168.
Modeſty oppoſed to luſt, 152.
Modeſty-pieces laid aſide, 118. A modeſty-piece loſt at the maſquerade, 145.
Molehill, a lively image of the earth, 153.
Molly, the barber's daughter, her hiſtory, 159.
Moraliſts, quaint, a ſaying of theirs, 136.
More, Sir Thomas, his poem on the choice of a wife, 163.
Mortality, bill of, out of the country, 136.
Mother, character of a good one, 150.
Mum, Ned, his letter concerning the ſilent club, 121.
Myia, daughter of Pythagoras, account of her and her works, 165.

N.

NATURAL hiſtory, a diverting and improving ſtudy, 160.
Nature, the contemplation of it exalts the ſpirits, 169.
Necks of women immodeſtly expoſed, 118, 122.

O.

ODDITIES, the Engliſh famous for them, 144.

P.

PARENTS love to their children conſidered, 150.
Paſchall, Mr. his obſervations on Cromwell's death, 136.
Patience, oppoſed to ſcorn, 152.
Pedigrees, the vanity of them ridiculed, 137.
Peruke, a kind of index of the mind, 149.
Philogram, his letter on ſpeech and letters, 172.
Philoſopher's ſtone, Mr. Ironſide's ſearch after it, 166.
Phyſicians never take phyſic, 175.
Phyſico-Theology, by Dr. Derham, recommended, ibid.
Picts, women untuckered adviſed to imitate them, 140.
Piſmires, nations of them deſcribed, 153.
Plato, what he ſaid of cenſure, 135.
Pleaſure, not to be exclaimed againſt in the reclaiming of youth, 127.
Poetry, compared with dreſs, 149.
——— different ſtyles required for the different kinds of it, 149.

Poet,

Poet, hiſtory of an ancient Greek poet, 141.
Poſterity, the regard we ſhould have thereto, 138.
Praiſe, grateful to human nature, 135.
Pride, oppoſed to honour, 152. That vice expoſed, 153.
Prieſt, the reſpect due to that title, 130.
Prim, Ruth, her advice to Neſtor Ironſide, 132.
Proluſions of Strada on the ſtyle of poets, 119, 122.
Proteus compared to death, 136.
Proverbs, concerning a good miſtreſs of a family, 168.
Providence, a remarkable inſtance of its interpoſition, 117.
Prudes, how they ſhould paint themſelves, 140.
Pythagoras, his learning and that of his family, 165.
——— his invention the foundation of Britiſh commerce, 130.

R.

RAKES, characteriſed, 131.
Recluſe, idleneſs expoſed, ibid.
Repartee, a quick one in parliament, 137.
Riding-dreſs, why called Pindaric, 149.
Ringwood, Jack, his Temple-education deſcribed, 151.
——— his milliner's and ſhoemaker's bills, ibid.
Roarings of Button's lion, 121.
Rocheſter (Biſhop of) his definition of wit, 141.
Roſcommon (Earl of) his rule for tranſlating, 164.
Ruſtyſides, his letter on maſquerades, 142.

S.

SACKVILLE, Sir Edward, his anſwer to Lord Bruce's challenge, 129.
——— account of his combat with Lord Bruce, 133.
Santon Barſiſa, his hiſtory from the Turkiſh tales, 148.
Schacabac the Perſian, an inſtance of his complaiſance, 163.
Scorn oppoſed to patience, 152.
Sexes, the comparative perfections of them, 152.
—— at war, reconciled by virtue and love, ibid.
Sickneſs, the effects it has on the mind, 132.
Sloth more invincible than vice, 131.
Smallcoal-man, his muſical talent, 144.
Socrates contemned cenſure, 135.
Sophia refuſes a preſent of jewels on her marriage, 147.
Soul, ſympathy of, 150.
South, Dr. extract from his diſcourſe on a good conſcience, 135.
Speculative part of mankind compared with the active, 130.
Speech, a diſcourſe thereon, 172.
Spleen, the Dutch not ſubject to it, 131.

Spring, the beauties of that ſeaſon deſcribed, 125.
——— verſes thereon, ibid.
——— called the youth and health of the year, 126.
Squires, country, ignorant of nature, 169.
Statius (Strada's) 122.
Steele, Mr. his letters about Dunkirk, 169.
Stomachers for beaux, 172.
Sublime, Longinus his beſt rule for it, 152.
——— Boileau's notes on it, 117.
Sullen huſbands complained of, 132.
Swagger, Tom, his letter to Old Teſty, 145.
——————— affronted, 171.
Swords, the immoderate length of them condemned, 143, 145.
Sympathy of ſouls, 150.

T.

TEMPLE education, account of it, 131.
Temple, Sir William, his character of the Dutch, 131.
——————— his remarks on the garden of Alcinous, 173.
Teraminta, like a wagtail, 125.
Terrible club, account of it, 143.
Theano, the wife of Pythagoras, taught philoſophy, 165.
Theodoſius, the Emperor, married to Athenais, a Grecian virgin, 155.
Thrift, Generoſity, his letter about French trade, 170.
Time, not to be ſquandered, 158.
Timogenes, a man of falſe honour, 161.
Timoleon, the Corinthian, his piety and remarkable preſervation, 117.
Topknot, Dr. why ſo called, 116.
Tory, Engliſh, his letters about demoliſhing Dunkirk, 128, 132.
Trade with France prejudicial to England, 170.
Tranſlation, Lord Roſcommon's rules for it, 164.
——————— the beſt means of refining and poliſhing a language, ibid.
Tremble, Tom, the Quaker, his letter on naked breaſts, 116.
Tugghe, Sieur, of Dunkirk, his impudence, 128.

V.

VARIETY, the nature and ſweets of it, 138.
Verſes, deſcribing the gardens of Alcinous, 174.
Verſes from Anacreon, 168.
——— out of Claudian, 164.
——— from Euſden's tranſlation of the rape of Proſerpine, 164.
——— Eve treating an angel deſcribed from Milton, 138.
——— on gardening, 173.

Verſes

Verſes from a manuſcript on hunting, 126.
——— from Martial, 173.
——— month of May, 125.
——— from Racine's Athaliah, 117.
——— deſcribing the ſpring, 126.
——— concerning tranſlation, by Lord Roſcommon, 164.
——— the court of Venus from Claudian, 127.
——— from Virgil, tranſlated by Dryden, 139.
——— on wit and wiſdom, 141.
——— on the art of writing, by a lady, 171.
Vice taints the blood, 138.
Virgil, remarks on his praiſe of Auguſtus, 139.
——— (Strada's), commended, 116, 122.

W.

WAGTAILS, their way of courting, 125.
Weather, fine, the pleaſure it occaſions, 126.
White, Thomas, his letter to Neſtor Ironſide concerning the philoſopher's ſtone, 167.
Wife, Sir Thomas More's direction for the choice of one, 164.
Wiſdom oppoſed to cunning, 153.
Wiſeacre, Squire, the cauſe of his ruin, 147.
Wit defined by the biſhop of Rocheſter, 141.
Women ſhould have learning, 155.
——— wiſdom and knowledge recommended to their ſtudy; 155, 159, 165.
——— none in the world, ibid.
Wounds, moſt dangerous on a full ſtomach, 133.
Writing, verſes on that art by a young lady, 171.

END of VOLUME THIRD.